

August 19, 1959

Registered in Australia for transmission by post as a newspaper.

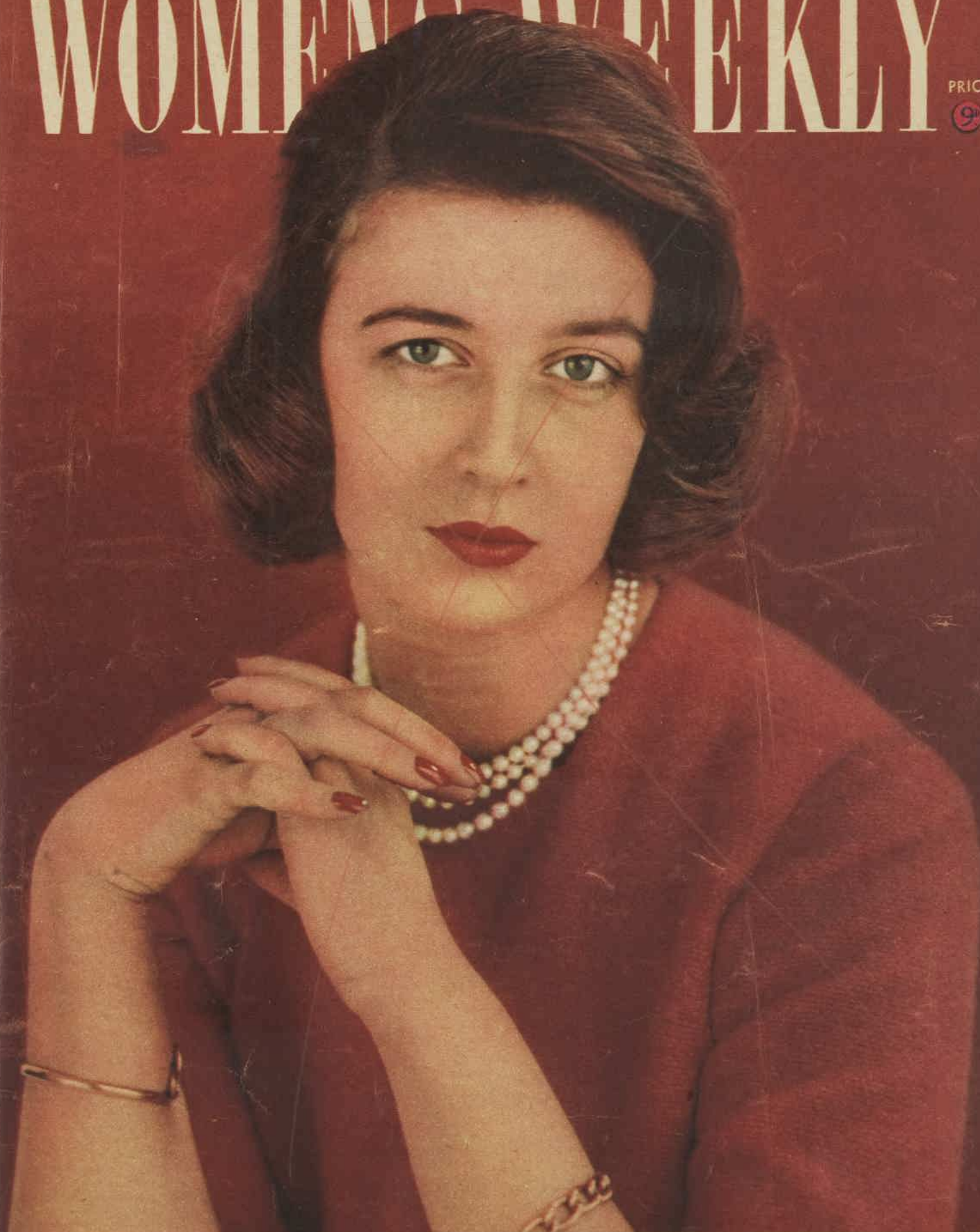
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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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Brisbane: 81, Elizabeth St., Brisbane. Letters: Box 4087, G.P.O.
Adelaide: 24-26 Halifax St., Adelaide. Letters: Box 1833, G.P.O.
Perth: C/o Newspaper House, 128 St. George's Terrace, Perth. Letters: Box 4910, G.P.O.
Tasmania: Letters to Sydney address.

AUGUST 19, 1959

Vol. 27, No.

Our cover

• The intelligence and charm of Princess Alexandra shine through a lovely portrait by Royal photographer Cecil Beaton. The Princess arrives in Canberra on August 14. An Alexandra scrapbook, pages 10 and 11.

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Teenagers' Weekly, featuring Listen Here (page 7) and Here's Your Answer (page 10).

THE WEEKLY ROUND

• There is a story to the naming of Bective, the homestead 16 miles from Tamworth, N.S.W., where Princess Alexandra will stay during her Australian tour (pages 8 and 9).

MORE than 100 years ago a settler named Bobby Pringle pitched his tent by the Peel River, choosing a site where he could watch the aborigines who hunted in the area.

When he replaced the tent with buildings, the aborigines called the property Bobbagullion, corrupting the English words, "Bobby's gunyah," meaning camp.

Bobby Pringle's sisters didn't like the name, and it was changed to Bective.

Bective has been the home of Mrs. James Vickery since 1905.

When Princess Alexandra arrives at Bective she will walk through a white gate, down a path shaded by gums and jacarandas, and enter a conservatory full of ferns and tree begonias.

This is now the main entrance. In the horse-and-buggy days it was the back door.

NEXT WEEK

• Four pages of superb photographs of a "house of tomorrow" introduce 11 pages for the homemaker in our next issue. The section shows the effects achieved by an expert interior decorator: the color that creepers give to a garden.

Princess Alexandra will also stay at Bungowanah Park outside Albury, N.S.W., the home of Mr. and Mrs. Keith McRoberts.

If she goes into the Mr. Roberts' library she might be tempted to stay up late.

Mr. McRoberts collects first editions, but says the "only about 1000 of the 4000 volumes in the library are valuable."

Our Paris Parades

• Bookings are now open for the gala Sydney opening of our parades, "Paris in the Spring," at Mark Foy's, on Derby night, October 3.

Cocktails and savories will be served at 7 p.m. and the parades will follow. A seven-course banquet of French dishes with selected wines is being planned. Dancing will follow the dinner. French champagne will be served.

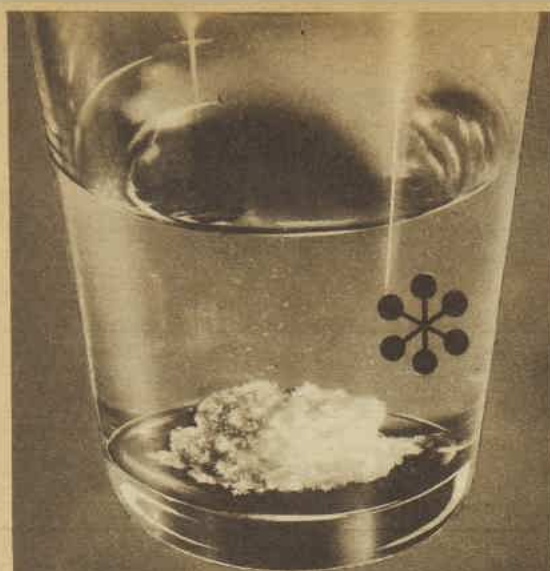
Bookings for the gala and for the daily parades from October 5 to 15 can be made at the Empress Ballroom, the ground-floor inquiry desk, by phone or mail. Tickets for the gala are seven guineas each; daily parades, 10/6.

The daily parades will be at 2.30 p.m. and 6 p.m. on weekdays and at 10 a.m. on Saturday, October 10.

Red stars in the spotlight

• Scene from "Walpurgis Night," danced by members of the Bolshoi Ballet. Bacchus (Yuri Kondratov) holds aloft Bacchante (Nina Chkalova). In the foreground is Pan (Esfandiyar Kashani). The nymphs are Nina Fedorova, Rimma Karelskaya, and Margarita Smirnova. The company will open in Sydney on August 15. Picture by Laurie Kimber.





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A night inside a maternity hospital

● By staff reporter RONALD McKIE, who spent a night in the corridors and staff rooms of Sydney's biggest maternity hospital, meeting doctors and nurses—and 11 very new citizens who hadn't been there when he arrived.

"YOU'RE just in time," Dr. Bradfield said as I reached King George V Memorial Hospital, Sydney, soon after 8 p.m. "One's just coming."

He hung up my coat, edged me into a faded blue gown, capped me in white, handed me a mask.

I was still fumbling with the tapes behind my ears when, at 8.5 p.m., Baby Badger, of Hargrave Park, took his first breath and cried—the cry I was to hear so often that night, the dry, rasping, irritable cry of the newborn.

He was still protesting at the noisy world he had entered when I was hurried along a short corridor to watch him wheeled into the labor nursery.

Baby Badger, much more human than I'd expected, hardly wrinkled at all, but looking a bit worried about world affairs, was two minutes old when Dr. Bradfield bent over him.

Oxygen test

"Still a bit blue," he said, pointing to the faint mauve blush under the baby's almost brick-red skin. "A little cyanosed (shortage of oxygen during birth). Probably due to sedation. Not unusual."

He motioned to a nurse, who fed a thin red rubber tube from an oxygen bottle up one of the baby's nostrils and left it there.

"He's all right . . . strong, healthy. Watch."

He touched the baby's hand with his finger. The baby's fingers wriggled, searched, closed on the finger. The baby wouldn't let go.

I was still watching, fascinated, as a sister put her head into the nursery.

"On view, Doctor," she said. Alan Bradfield's eyes smiled above his mask. "That means another one is coming."

Gently, he recovered his finger. The baby blinked, moved his tongue in a curious rolling motion, squirmed like a witchetty grub, and said, "Graaaaaaaah."

In the next 75 minutes three more babies arrived—the last two instrument births.

Baby Hobson, of Toongabbie—a girl—joined the 2,800,000-000 people in the world at 8.15 p.m., another patient had her baby 25 minutes later, and Baby Calafatis, of Sefton—another girl—was born at 9.15 p.m.

This was an hour or more of ordered chaos when the air



A CUPPA is enjoyed by three of the hospital nursing staff in their first spare moment after a seven-hour rush of delivering babies. Nurse June Austin-Jones pours the tea for Sister Maureen Frizell (centre) and Sister Elizabeth Callander.

was weighted with ether and even the lights in the corridor, the wards, the nursery, the scrubbing room seemed to burn less brilliantly in a haze of white and blue movement.

The speed and extraordinary calm of hurrying nurses . . . The dry swish of long gowns . . . The muffled click and echoing clamor of instruments dropped in metal basins . . . The argumentative rattle of a trolley . . . The urgency of a phone . . . Voices far off behind a door . . . The black hands of the big wall clock measuring the minutes.

"Unforgettable"

A girl calling for her mother . . . A groan . . . A thin wail masked by ether . . . And then, sudden, exciting, and unforgettable, the dry, petulant cry of the miracle of life beginning.

In the centre of all this activity, at the junction of the main delivery rooms, the scrubbing room, and the nursery, sat Sister Maureen Frizell, the senior sister in charge.

Watching her, as she issued orders to her nurses, talked on the phone, talked to doctors, checked medical charts and records, was like watching a captain on his bridge in action.

"Will you scrub up and assist . . . Bed eight."

listening, seemed like pawns being moved in a quick chess game.

To the initiate this was any shift, any hour, any minute. Just straight routine, practised and perfected.

But to the stranger like myself, seeing and hearing it all for the first time, it was magnificent.

By 10 p.m. the rush was over. Eight babies were on the scoreboard. Four had been born between 4 p.m. and 8 p.m., and four after 8 p.m.

But it wasn't until 11 p.m. that Sister Frizell, Sister Elizabeth Tate, and Sister Mary Considine, and Nurses Parker, Mitchener, Holle, and Duncan were able to relax—just a little.

Welcome break

Some of them, for there was still work to do, gathered in the long narrow kitchen, lit cigarettes, made tea, and cut themselves a sandwich.

It was Sister Frizell's first cup of tea, her first food or drink, for seven hours, and the first cup for some of the others, too.

"It can happen on any shift," she said.

Her eyes were tired, but what she and the others didn't say was that with babies coming and mothers to look after a nurse doesn't think of stopping work—even for a cuppa.

I learnt that about 4500 babies are born at King George V Hospital every year—about one baby every 90 minutes; that the record in the experience of the girls was 12 babies in an eight-hour





FOUR ARMS FULL. Sisters Muriel Dowzer (left) and Sister Moya Harvey, both Queenslanders, with seven of the 11 babies born at the hospital between 4 p.m. and 4 a.m. It was less than 48 hours after their birth when the babies "posed" for this picture. From left are babies Leslie, Cutajar, Badger, Calafatis, Santoro, Glover, and Hobson.

shift; that about 54 per cent. of all babies are born at night; that Sister Tate had delivered 1500 babies up to a few years ago—and had then lost count. "I've had other jobs, but this is the most personally satisfying I've ever done," said quiet-voiced Sister Considine.

They recalled some of the first things mothers say when their babies are born.

"Is the baby all right?" and

SEVEN BABIES — six of them settled in cots — are watched attentively by Sister Moya Harvey (left) and Sister Muriel Dowzer.

"Is it a boy or a girl?" seem to battle with each other for first place, but there are many variations on these.

"Has it got all its fingers and toes?" one mother asked.

The two I liked best were:

"Are you sure it's a boy—

are you absolutely sure?" And:

"I bet he's just like his lazy

old man."

Around midnight the labor ward was alerted for two more babies, but Dr. Bradfield said, "Another hour at least. Come and relax in my room."

Dr. Bradfield, the hospital's Clinical Superintendent, had been on duty since 7 that morning. I didn't learn until later that he stayed on duty until 4 a.m., then got only a few hours' sleep before going on duty again.

Still in his white boiler suit, he stretched on the bed, lit a cigarette, and talked.

"Immediately a baby is born his eyes are swabbed with saline and a suction tube is put into his mouth and then down into his stomach to clean out any foreign matter.

"He then takes his first breath without any aid like slapping, which is completely taboo today.

"Within a minute or so of birth the umbilical cord is clamped and cut, and the baby taken immediately to the nursery, where he is cleaned and the cord tied.

"Some babies have their

eyes open seconds after birth, and even make sucking movements.

"Some cry loudly, others hardly at all. Some lie quietly with eyes closed. Others blink and squirm and move their tongues.

"Generally, the first position they assume in the cot is the position they were in inside the mother. A face-presentation baby, for example, born with chin up instead of down, will lie for some hours with his chin in the air."

I wanted to know if there was any one overall factor which helped a woman to easier labor and birth.

He thought for a moment.

Easier birth

"The woman who has been able to talk freely to her doctor, to discuss all phases of her pregnancy with him, who knows what happens in birth, and who has complete confidence in her doctor, generally comes to labor relaxed and without fear.

"She generally has an easier birth than the tense, nervous woman who has never been able to discuss her problems.

"I'm a great believer in the therapy of talk."

We went back at last to the labor wards, where a new shift had taken over.

Sister Joan De Coek was now in charge, and with her

Sister Betty McMurtrey and Sister Moira Campbell, and Nurses Finlay, Currie, Greaves, and Mailey.

We'd been back only a few minutes when a nurse hurried into the kitchen.

"Fully," she said. "On view."

"Work to do," someone said, and the kitchen emptied.

Baby Leslie, of Oyster Bay—a girl—was born at 1.15 a.m., and Baby Cutajar, of Darlington—a girl—was born at 1.25 a.m.

And born in the same, almost uncanny atmosphere of quiet orders, hurrying nurses, calm efficiency—of dedication.

More cups of tea in the kitchen, and then, at 3.35 a.m., Baby Santoro, of Turramurra, arrived—a boy, and the eleventh baby since 4 p.m.

The mother, an Italian girl, knew no English. Her doctor knew five words of Italian.

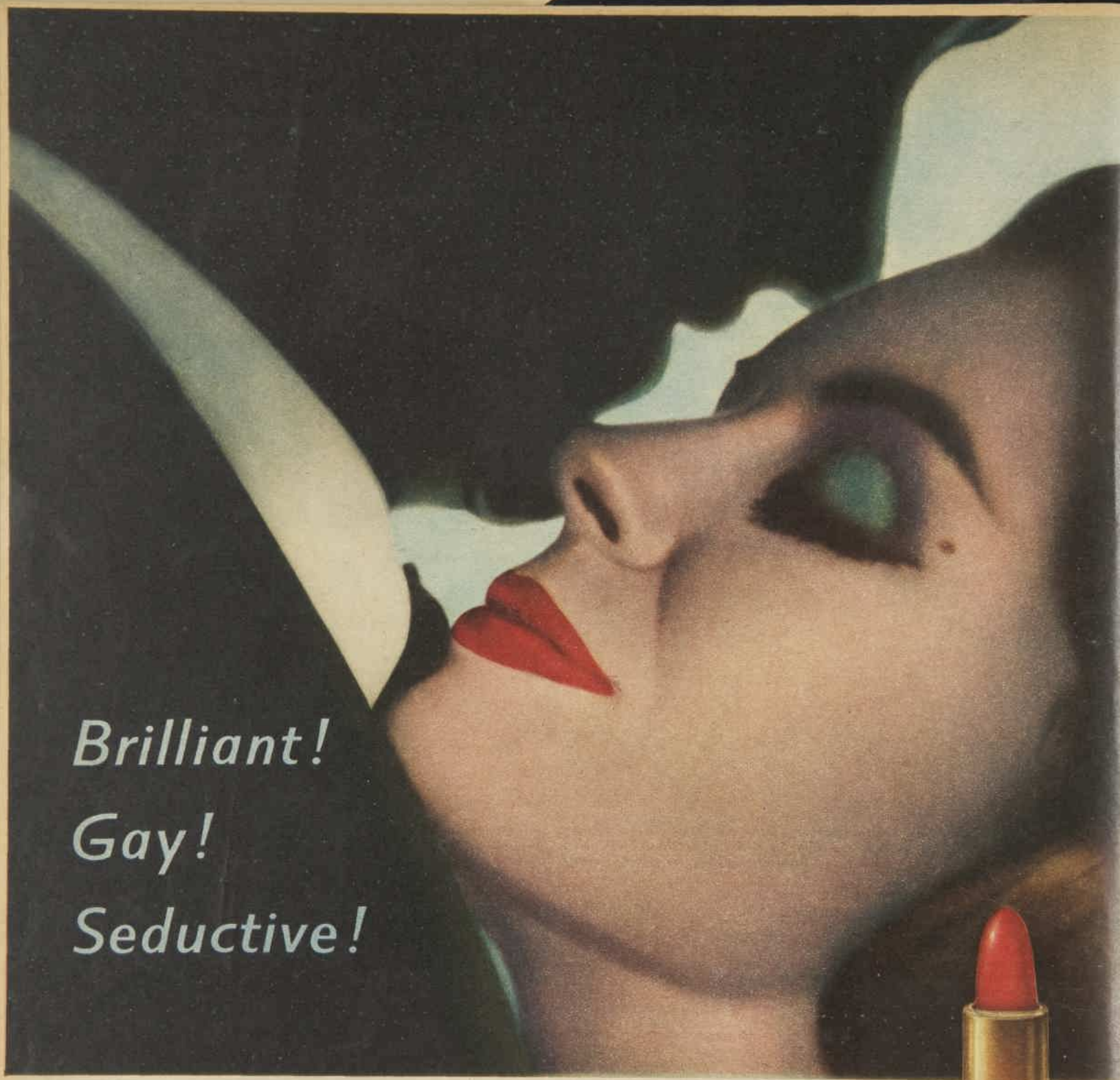
From one of the rooms came the doctor's encouraging shouts of "Bambino avanti," "Respira," "Bambino avanti," and finally a triumphant shout, louder than the others, of "Buona ragazza" (good girl).

Dawn was only half an hour away when I left the hospital after a night among wonderful people—mothers, nurses, and doctors, and 11 very new Australians.

I drove home—a tired and humble man.



RELAXING over a cup of tea after the strain of the evening's work in the maternity hospital is Sister Maureen Frisell, who was in charge of the shift during which most of the 11 babies were born.



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 19, 1959

IT'S THE LIPSTICK WITH THE ENCHANTED TOUCH . . . GLIDES ON . . . STAYS ON

KNEES — OR NO KNEES?

- The new short skirts at the House of Dior leave knees bare — but the rest of Paris is lowering the hemline.
- Macabre Charles Addams style clothes at Dior shocked many fashion writers, but the New York "Herald-Tribune" reported of young designer Yves Saint-Laurent: "We guess he's still a hero."

● In its Paris autumn collection the House of Dior flatly contradicts the longer hemlines established by every other leading couturier.

In a "Toulouse Lautrec" collection which bored the knee, Dior designer, Saint-Laurent did the direct opposite to the "long line" of Paris, with its below-fingertip-length jacket, longer skirts, no waistline, and suggestion of squared-up mannish tailoring.

Saint-Laurent showed can-can dresses, short jackets nipped at the waist, Christmas-cracker skirts caught at the knee with a band and a bow, and a pear-shaped silhouette ballooning into a deep band.

And for evening there was a trailing fishtail train below the band—but always slit up in front, revealing the knee.

His other line is pure Charles Addams — macabre — looking dresses in black crepe falling loosely around the figure to a pointed train, with trailing stole.

The Charles Addams line is in direct contrast to the puff-ball, frou-frou, or peardrop look for afternoon and evening dresses.

Toulouse Lautrec hairdos, masses of lace frilling beneath can-can skirts which reveal the knee, elongated satin-jewelled shoes, frou-frous puffed around the knees, high diamante dog-collars, and deep pearl-and-diamante stomachers — all these recaptured the living of late-Victorian dressing.

Dior daytime clothes followed the line of other seasons, with neat jackets, marked waists, straight skirts with front fullness, simple singlet necklines, or straight tops with narrow shoulder-straps on tweed dresses.

All Dior's coats are seven-eighths in length.

The Victorian note is continued in topcoats with large jet, or passementerie, buttons.

Deep fox fur and black-diamond mink are luxury linings for coats and evening capes of rich satin draped in a candy-bag manner.

The reception the Dior clothes received is as yet difficult to gauge.

Said the New York "Herald-Tribune": "The Dior personnel looked a little green round the gills as most of the Press showed their way through the incoming champagne trays in a hurry to report that 'hobbies are here again.'"

"The management still does not know for sure whether its boy has fallen flat on his face or become a hero."

Topcoats with kimono sleeves

Pierre Cardin showed by far the most exciting collection in Paris, with emphasis on loosely cut topcoats.

Cardin's lengths are a good three to four inches below the knee for daywear. Evening skirts are shorter than ankle-length.

Famous for coats, Cardin shows kimono-sleeved coats in

wide blazer stripes, white to black, or pale blond to rich butterscotch. They are pulled in at the waist with the belts, like dressing-gowns.

For evening wear, Cardin's clothes give the merest hint of fitting the figure. Long, straight black velvet jackets go over black satin skirts, or long directoire chiffon falls from a strapless top, merely breaking the figure at the waist with the slightest in-curves.

Long and slinky for evening

This long, slinky look for evening is one that Pierre Balmain does with even greater authority. His sheathed dresses of satin or velvet, stopping three inches above ankles, look like being the bit of the winter.

The widest belt in all Paris spans from waist to bosom in the Ricci collection. It's curved, curved, curved, all the way.

Chenille fabrics are newest for theatre coats, and some look like Victorian plush tablecloths.

Textures for daytime wear are bright and tweedy.

Long-haired fox fur in choker collars is a most popular trend for tweed topcoats.

Colors this winter are a good deal of white for evening, and deep chocolate-brown with white, or black with white. Fuchsia and parma-violet are still in favor, and all shades of grey and black mix with bright red, sharp peacock-blue, and turquoise.

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RISDON

IVY-COVERED Risdon homestead, where Princess Alexandra will stay from August 22-24, is a green-and-white landmark ten miles from Warwick, on the Darling Downs, Queensland. It is encircled by hills and set in rich undulating cattle-grazing country. Risdon Stud is famous for its Santa Gertrudis cattle.

Station manager Mr. Howard Douglas and Mrs. Douglas have prepared large, airy rooms for the Princess in the lovely country mansion, where bay windows look over glorious gardens.

Spacious and gracious living make Risdon ideally suited for a Royal visit. The large lounge and dining-room are cooled and shaded by the ivy-covered roof. The grounds have fine trees, well-kept flower plots, a fountain; and palm trees form an archway up the drive.

Charming Mrs. Douglas and her six-foot-two husband are both descended from pioneer families in Queensland.

Risdon Stud, 7500 acres in extent, is owned by King Ranch (Aust.) Pty. Ltd., directors being Sir Rupert Clarke (Chairman), of Melbourne; Mr. Sam Hordern, Bowral, N.S.W.; Mr. Peter Baillieu, Echuca, Victoria; and American Mr. Robert J. Kleberg, King Ranch, Texas, U.S.A.



ROSEBANK

IT'S to be "a fairly quiet horse" for Princess Alexandra to ride when she stays at Rosebank Station, near Longreach, Queensland. Reason is that Princess Alice herself, staying at Rosebank last May, suggested this to manager Mr. Frank Barton and Mrs. Barton, Alexandra's host and hostess.

The Royal visit is August 25-27.

Rosebank homestead is a lovely, spreading country house, built of timber. Princess Alexandra and her party will have seven bedrooms—with private bathroom for the Princess—and a billiard-room containing a grand piano.

When the Princess arrives, the gardens will be alight with vivid ranunculi, stocks, and flowering fruit and cedar trees.

This 16,000-acre sheep station belongs to the firm of McKenzie and Smith. Mrs. Barton was formerly Heather McKenzie, and her mother, Mrs. J. C. McKenzie, winters at Rosebank.

BECTIVE

A ROYAL car will bump over a cattle-grid and pass up a pepper-tree-lined driveway when Princess Alexandra arrives at Bective, Tamworth, the home of Mrs. James Vickery.

The Princess will really feel in the country at Bective. From long verandahs she will look over rolling paddocks towards the distant Moonbi ranges; she will see Bective's famous Hereford stud cattle; walk through conservatory and fernery where expert gardener Mrs. Vickery has staghorns hanging, maidenhair fern growing out of enormous sawn-off tree-trunks. Visit is September 12-13.

Mrs. James Vickery, who will be hostess to the Princess, is over 70 but has ageless charm and wit, the art of making anyone feel at home. Her taste is obvious everywhere. Comfortable leather armchairs are drawn up near marble fireplaces where bush logs blaze. Carpets from Peking, deep green or vieux-rose, lie in the long hallway and dining-room. Original paintings hang on the walls.

The hallway (pictured) has a tall grandfather clock and plants growing in oriental urns. At far end, on the right, is Princess Alexandra's bedroom door.



Princess will stay

● Princess Alexandra will stay at each of these lovely Australian country homes. Hostesses have been told she likes simple foods, dislikes shellfish.

TALINDERT

FOUR-YEAR-OLD champion racehorse Misting (in our picture) is in luck — he's almost certain to be introduced to Princess Alexandra.

For Misting lives at Talindert. And when Princess Alexandra arrives, on September 20, at this beautiful country home of the chairman of the Victoria Racing Club, Sir Chester Manifold, and Lady Manifold, she will have a companion her own age in 22-year-old Sally, her hosts' youngest daughter.

Sally, who, with Lady Manifold, owns Misting, and has made him a family pet, is most anxious for him to meet the Princess.

Misting happily munched apples fed to him by his owners as he was photographed for our reporter by head groom Mr. J. Ryan.

With professional pride, Mr. Ryan stood the grey for the picture, explaining that a horse had to be photographed on the off-side of his mane.

Misting ignored the fuss, and kept on munching.

The Manifolds' thoroughbred stud is famous—they have more than 100 horses, and they'll easily be able to provide a hack for the Princess.

The Princess will also be able to play tennis if she wishes, or walk in the lovely garden, tended by three gardeners, when the daffodils will be out.

The lovely old bluestone house, built in the 1880s, is being partially redecorated, and the Princess will sleep in a large twin-bedded room with pale blue satin covers, and white organdie curtains tied with blue bows.



BUNGOWANNAH PARK

FRESHLY caught Murray cod will be included in the breakfast menu when the Princess stays overnight on September 15 at Bungowannah Park, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Keith McRoberts, seven miles from Albury.

Behind the off-white roughcast homestead, with its deep blue shuttered windows, glossy-coated Hereford cattle graze under gums and willows.

If Princess Alexandra were travelling by local taxi instead of Royal car, the cab-driver would doubtless point out a culvert along the Howlong Road from Albury, and tell her "We're now passing the spot where the murdered 'Pyjama Girl' was found."

For there's not a taxi-driver in the district who doesn't tell the 20-year-old story.

At Bungowannah Park only special preparation for Princess Alexandra's visit was a fresh coat of palest pink paint for the walls in the Royal bedroom (pictured).

Otherwise, the gracious pattern of the McRoberts' lives means the Princess can walk into their home just as a friend might.

The Princess' bedroom has antique ivory furniture and mushroom-pink carpet and hangings.

She will sleep between fine, Irish linen sheets and use monogrammed pillowcases which were in Mrs. McRoberts' trousseau 20 years ago.

At dinner, the massive walnut table in the sage-and-tobacco dining-room will be laid with an ivory hand-embroidered cloth. Mrs. McRoberts will use her gold-and-white Minton dinner-service.

Mr. McRoberts owns many literary treasures, including a letter written by Elizabeth I to Henry IV of France, shrewishly warning him to have nothing to do with Spaniards.



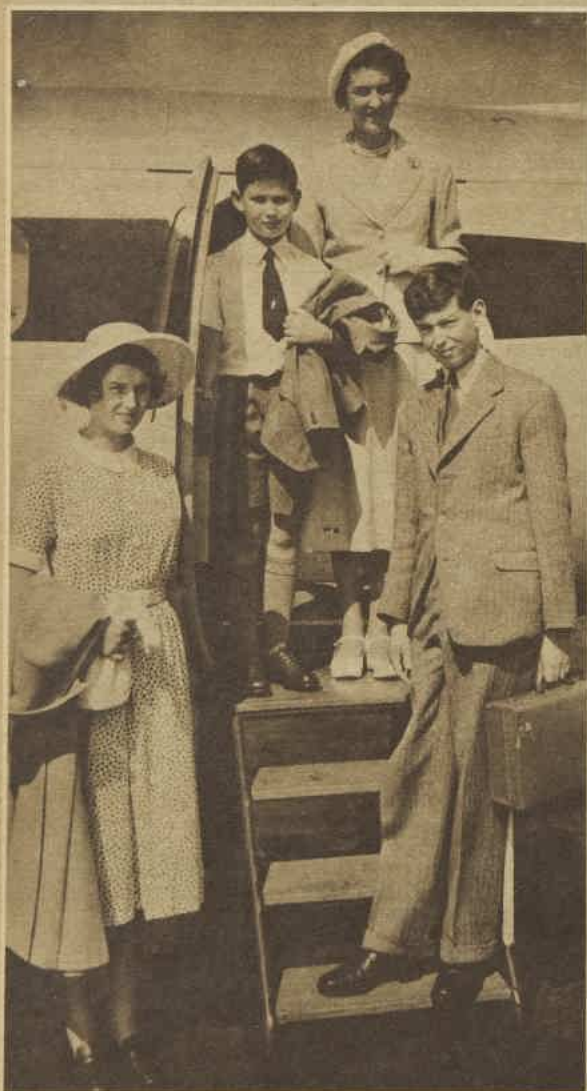
1937. The Duchess of Kent and her three-month-old daughter, Princess Alexandra, who was born on Christmas Day, 1936.

ALEXANDRA

● These pictures show some of the highlights in the life of Princess Alexandra — whose Royal tour of Australia begins on August 14. The Princess will stay in Canberra until August 18, when she will be flown to Queensland.



1939. Princess Alexandra Helen Elizabeth Olga Christabel was a lively and good-natured child. In the nursery she was often called Sandra, a name her cousin Princess Margaret coveted some years later.



1950. On her way to a Channel Island holiday with the Duchess of Kent, the Duke of Kent (foreground), and Prince Michael.



1945. Leaving St. Paul's with her mother and Prince Edward after a thanksgiving service.



1954. Confident in a Hartnell gown, the Princess arrives at Grosvenor House for her first official ball.

THE HAPPY PRINCESS



1959. The Princess met Girl Guides, Scouts, younger farmers, and members of other youth movements at a children's rally in Hereford.



1954. A special picture of the Princess, in a white embroidered evening gown, taken by Cecil Beaton before the Princess' Canadian Royal tour.



1955. In July, during her first full day of public engagements, the youngest pupil of St. Edmund's School, Canterbury, gave the Princess a bouquet.



1957. Princess Alexandra examines an exhibit at the Youth at Work display at Wimbledon Town Hall. Elegant and vivacious, the Princess has inherited all the charm of her father, who died in a 1942 air crash.



ANY TIME OF THE MONTH

Poised . . . she's natural, very much at ease, sure of herself, of her clothes, her looks. Even when it's time of the month for her, she's poised. She relies on Tampax — trusts its sure protection, while keeping her secret safe.

Confident . . . why shouldn't she be? With Tampax internal sanitary protection, she's never bothered with bulging, chafing pads . . . with odour . . . with disposal problems. She knows Tampax is the safer way, the more modern way.

Why aren't you a Tampax user, too? You know, with Tampax you're apt to forget all about differences in days of the month! Try it this month. Choose from two absorbencies: Regular and Super, at any chemist's or store. Month's supply goes easily into your handbag.



Invented by a doctor—now used by millions of women. If you'd like a sample (in plain wrapper) just send name, address and 7d. in stamps to The Nurse, Dept. A, World Agencies Pty. Ltd., Box 3725, G.P.O., Sydney.

STOP CORNS



Scholl's ZINO-PADS

End corn pain instantly with these world-famous, super-soft pads. Soothe, cushion, protect. Medicated discs remove corns. Sizes also for Callouses, Bunions. 3/- packet at Chemists, Stores, Shoe Dealers, Scholl Depots.



Give Your Baby LOVELY CURLS Bonish nasty cradlecap 4 weeks treatment 4/10 **Curlypet**

HOMIE UNIT CONTEST

HOW TO ENTER

For this week

Cut out the questionnaire on this page.

Cut out the contest coupon and the final contest coupon on the page opposite.

Fill in the questionnaire, the contest coupon, and the final contest coupon.

For your total entry . . .

Gather together the four earlier questionnaires and the four earlier contest coupons, printed in The Australian Women's Weekly in relation to our Home Unit Contest, in the issues of July 22, July 29, August 5, and August 12.

Make sure that you have five questionnaires altogether (including No. 5 in this issue), and that all five are filled in.

Pin together the five questionnaires.

Make sure that you have five contest coupons (including No. 5 in this issue), plus the final contest coupon (printed on opposite page). Make sure all these are filled in.

Pin together the five contest coupons and the final contest coupon.

Your total entry will consist of the five questionnaires AND the five contest coupons AND the final contest coupon.

Post your total entry to "Home Unit Contest, Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney," to reach there by 5 p.m. on August 24.

CONDITIONS

1. An entry for The Australian Women's Weekly Home Unit Contest will comprise five completed questionnaires as published in five different issues of The Australian Women's Weekly, together with five completed contest coupons as published in the same five issues, and a completed contest coupon as published with a list of 32 features in the issue of The Australian Women's Weekly published in the last week of the contest.

2. Entries must be enclosed in a sealed envelope and be posted, with the proper value of postage stamps affixed, through the mail addressed to "Home Unit Contest, Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney," and be delivered in that box before contest closing time.

3. The contest closing time is 5 p.m. on August 24, 1959.

4. You can send as many entries as you wish, but each must comprise the complete set of contest coupons and questionnaires.

5. Entries containing alterations will not be accepted. Entrants should work out their answers on separate sheets of paper before finally filling in their answers, which MUST be on the forms printed in The Australian Women's Weekly.

6. Employees of Australian Consolidated Press Ltd. and its associated companies, and of Lend Lease Corporation Ltd. and Civil and Civic Contractors Pty. Ltd. are not eligible to enter. Nor are their husbands, wives, parents, children, brothers, or sisters.

7. Entries which do not fully comply with these conditions, including entries delivered after the closing time, will be disqualified.

8. All entries, whether disqualified or not, shall become the property of Australian Consolidated Press Ltd., on receipt.

(This contest is governed by the conditions as published in our issue of August 5).

● This is the final week of our popular Home Unit Contest, in which you can win a £7500 home unit, with a Harbor view from both lounge and balcony, in the select and handy Sydney suburb of Elizabeth Bay.

● Closing time for entries is 5 p.m. on August 24.

THE prize home unit is in Ithaca Gardens, a ten-storey building being erected for Lend Lease Corporation Ltd. by a leading firm of constructors, Civil and Civic Contractors Pty. Ltd. Architect is the well-known Mr. Harry Seidler.

The prize unit is two-bedroomed, and extends right through the building, with windows back and front.

The modern bathroom has both bath and shower recess. The kitchen sink is stainless steel, and roof laundries have automatic washing-machines.

Layout is both functional and gracious, and a tasteful color scheme in elegant pinks, browns, and greys has been created by interior decorator Miss Sonya Lester.

The lounge measures 20ft. 10in. by 15ft. 9in. The master bedroom is 15ft. 4in. by 11ft. 9in., and a second bedroom 14ft. 1in. by 8ft. 6in.

The contest is presented by The Australian

HOMIE UNIT DISPLAY CENTRE

● Competitors are especially recommended to visit the Home Unit Display Centre, Caltex House, Kent Street, Sydney, before finally filling in their entries.

● The Centre offers the public information about most of the home units for sale in Sydney.

● It's open till 8 p.m. on weekdays, from 11 a.m. to 2 p.m. Saturdays, 2 to 4.30 p.m. Sundays.

Women's Weekly in conjunction with Lend Lease Corporation Ltd., a company specializing in financing building projects.

Lend Lease Corporation has provided the prize home unit, and will pay all legal costs and expenses (including stamp duty) to transfer ownership of the prize to the winner of the contest.

Competitors must fill in the five questionnaires published in The Australian Women's Weekly during the five weeks of the contest, and also the five contest coupons, and the final contest coupon. (See "How To Enter" and "Conditions.")

Before judging begins, "contest" answers will be separated from "questionnaire" answers.

A panel of experts, who will be the judges, will record their "contest" answers, and the competitor whose entry agrees with the experts or is nearest to their choice wins the £7500 home unit.

"Questionnaire" answers will be used in a survey of what facilities home-unit buyers most desire.

No. 5. CUT OUT

Number in family

(1) One

(2) Two

(3) Three

(4) Four

(5) Five

(6) Six or more

MY SUBURB:

or

TOWN:

I live

(1) With parents or board

(2) In a rented flat

(3) In a rented house

(4) In my own home unit

(5) In my own house

QUESTIONNAIRE

● During the past four weeks, for our home-unit survey, we have asked your advice on a great many aspects of home-unit design and arrangement.

Age of dwelling is

(1) 0-5 years

(2) 5-10 years

(3) 10-20 years

(4) 20-40 years

(5) Over 40 years

My age is

(1) Under 21

(2) 21-30

(3) 31-40

(4) 41-50

(5) Over 50

The dwelling is of

(1) Brick

(2) Timber

(3) Fibro

(4) Other

The two MAIN ROOMS of the dwelling are

(1) Dining-room and kitchen

(2) Kitchen and lounge

(3) Bedroom and lounge

(4) Lounge and dining-room

(5) Bedroom and kitchen

(6) Other rooms

THE information you give will be used in the near future to help designers of home units to meet the needs of the buying public.

To help classify the information and so establish the usefulness of our survey, we ask you, this week, to fill in our final questionnaire.

Indicate your answers by marking a tick (✓), or, where necessary, writing words in the appropriate space provided.

Answers to all five questionnaires will be treated as confidential.

The "Questionnaire" answers will be computed on electronic machines, one of which is worth £20,000, owned by International Business Machines.

Number of bedrooms

(1) One

(2) Two

(3) Three

(4) Four or more

To increase the value of this questionnaire we ask you to write down, IF YOU SO DESIRE, the name of your street.

Name of street

IN ITS FINAL WEEK



MODEL of the prize home unit, shown at the Home Unit Display Centre, Caltex House, Sydney, is inspected by Mr. and Mrs. Warren Brown, of Cremorne, and their daughter Terry.

No. 5. CUT OUT

CONTEST

● This week we publish, below, the final group, numbers 29-32, of our list of 32 features of home units.

● Carefully think over the merits of each feature in the group numbers 29-32, then

● Number them 1-4 in what you consider to be their order of importance to the home-unit buyer, placing the figure one against the most important.

● Cut out this contest coupon so that when it is completed you can send it as part of your total entry.

29 Sound-proofing in latest wall treatment.

30 Privacy without isolation.

31 Large living-room windows without loss of privacy.

32 Reputable and considerate people as neighbors, in accordance with the protection offered by the Articles of Association.

Competitor's name and address
(PLEASE USE BLOCK LETTERS)

NAME

ADDRESS

FINAL. CUT OUT

FINAL CONTEST COUPON

● We now republish, below, the total 32 features of home units which we have presented in groups in the other five contest coupons.

● Before filling in this final contest coupon, you should reconsider this whole list carefully as one big group.

● Then choose from the total 32 features the

ten you consider to be the most important to the home-unit buyer.

● Number the ten, 1-10, in what you consider is their order of importance to the home-unit buyer, with figure 1 against the most important, then nine more numbered in order of importance.

● Cut out this coupon so that when completed it can be sent in with the rest of your entry.

1 Cheaper fares and less travelling time due to closeness to city.

2 Expensive locations made possible through sharing of cost.

3 Latest stoves, taps, door, window, and electrical fittings, as vendor can select best available at economic rate.

4 Garaging in your own building area.

5 Generous supply of power points.

6 "Built-in" incinerators and garbage disposal.

7 High standard durable plumbing and sewerage.

8 Plenty of cupboard and storage space.

9 Recessed areas provided for built-in furniture of your own choice.

10 Compact kitchens, designed to minimise work and walking.

11 Lighter housework because of compact design and easy-to-clean surfaces.

12 Quick and easy washing with modern machines and dryers.

13 Closeness to local shops.

14 Increased leisure time for workers in the family—no maintenance, odd jobs.

15 Wide choice in size and design.

16 Freedom to express own personality in the decor of your unit.

17 Nearness to entertainment centres for night-time outings.

18 Nearness to parks, children's playgrounds, schools, churches, and other community features.

19 Imaginative planning to exploit permanent beautiful views.

20 Nearness to city and harbor for participation in sporting and communal activities.

21 Enjoyment of gardens and lawns without personal responsibility.

22 Superior planning by top-ranking architects.

23 Government and Municipal requirements all met prior to purchase.

24 Savings in rates with rated value of site divided amongst many owners.

25 Employment of a Building Manager to deal with administrative worries and upkeep emergencies.

26 Annual family budget simplified by expert estimating for maintenance, taxes, etc.

27 Lower price than for a comparable modern house.

28 Market value preserved by solid construction essential to large buildings, and regular maintenance.

29 Sound-proofing in latest wall treatment.

30 Privacy without isolation.

31 Large living-room windows without loss of privacy.

32 Reputable and considerate people as neighbors, in accordance with the protection offered by the Articles of Association.

Competitor's name and address
(PLEASE USE BLOCK LETTERS)

NAME

ADDRESS

LUCAS



GO GAILY — in Lucas Nyaloc

Cool, carefree, in the 100% nylon knitted fabric that won't crease, won't fade, dries fast. The name you've loved for years in a range of new designs — for the young and the young at heart.


8964/68. Best loved summer companion, a white dress scattered with colour and the young flattery of a wide cool neckline. Here, fashu-like folds, cleverly draped and bowed, extend to a hint of sleeve. Inimitable Lucas Nyaloc printed in our artist's neon pinks,

and a wide range of colours on white in sizes 12-36. Price: £10.10.0.

8967/73. Patterned in misty grey and pink, this charming Lucas classic with a faintly tailored top. Cut in a shallow V, a softly gathered bodice echoes the deep neckline, with a crisp little button-trimmed cuff. Recipe for a really immaculate summer in sizes from 16-42. Price: £11.11.0.

Other Nyaloc styles from £6.19.6.

LUCAS
nyaloc

MADE FROM  YARN

For the name of your nearest store or salon, please write to Lucas, 27 Flinders Lane, Melbourne, makers also of fine lingerie.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 19, 1959



SIPPING COOL DRINKS between dances are Michael Alexander and Elizabeth Kendall, of Newcastle. They were attending the Newcastle Spinners' Ball.



NAVY LEAGUE BALL guests included Patricia Town, of Beauty Point, and Lieutenant Lynn Betts, from H.M.A.S. Melbourne. The ball was held at Princes and the ballroom was decorated with lifebuoys.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS

THREE hundred members of the first-night audience for the Bolshoi Ballet at the Elizabethan Theatre on August 15 will enjoy a formal dinner beforehand at Princes.

THE dinner is being arranged by the Elizabethan Theatre Trust ball committee, and president Mrs. Ken Hill tells me that those present will include the Premier, Mr. Cahill, and Mrs. Cahill, the Lord Mayor, Alderman Jensen, and Mrs. Jensen, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Moses, Mr. and Mrs. Marcel Dekyvere, Mr. and Mrs. George Sample, Mr. and Mrs. I. Platt Hepworth, Mr. and Mrs. John Henderson, Mr. and Mrs. Tony Buckingham, and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Parsons.

OUR account of the marriage of Miss Morna White, of Warrarwee, to Mr. Peter Kopke, of Western Australia, was incorrect. The wedding did not take place as reported.

COCKTAIL PARTY at the Australia Hotel for famous singer Jan Peerce and his wife, chatting with Sir Frank Tait (centre). The party was attended by 120 guests, who were greeted by Sir Frank Tait and Mr. and Mrs. Rudi Toinay.

SURFERS' PARADISE honeymoon for Carolyn and Brian Bartlett. Carolyn is the only daughter of Mr. R. S. Cunningham, of North-bridge, and the late Mrs. E. Cunningham, and Brian is the eldest son of Mrs. E. Bartlett, of Neutral Bay, and the late Mr. V. Bartlett.

LOVED Michele Meagher's white velvet Empire wedding gown when she married Alexander Baldry at Cootamundra's Sacred Heart Church. Michele is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Meagher, of Milton, Cootamundra. Alex is the third son of the late Mr. and Mrs. A. Baldry, of Wallandoon, Wallendbeen.

LOOKING forward to the curry and cheeses to be served at the Sancta Sophia Association's "at home" at the college on August 15. This is the 11th annual function organised by the committee, and the proceeds go to the scholarship fund.

SAW Wendy Scherf and Robert Kirkby in town last week shopping for their engagement ring. Wendy, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. Scherf, of "Little Ben," Emmaville, chose a round diamond with three diamonds each side. Robert is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Clive Kirkby, of "Shannon Vale," Glen Innes.

Anne



VISIT TO M.G.M. STUDIOS, Hollywood, for Mr. and Mrs. Richard Binnie, of Mirannie, chatting with film star Eleanor Parker (centre). Mrs. Binnie was the winner of our Red Cross "Bride of the Year" quest, for which the prize was a world tour for two.



CONGRATULATIONS were received by Margaret Saddington and Kevin Miller (couple centre), who announced their engagement at the Newcastle Spinners' Ball. Admiring the ring are Hilary Charker (left) and Dr. Trevor Reese.



BY APPOINTMENT TO
HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II
MANUFACTURERS OF PAINT
BRITISH PAINTS LIMITED, NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE

British Paints Limited presents

THE WORLD'S GREATEST COLOUR RANGE

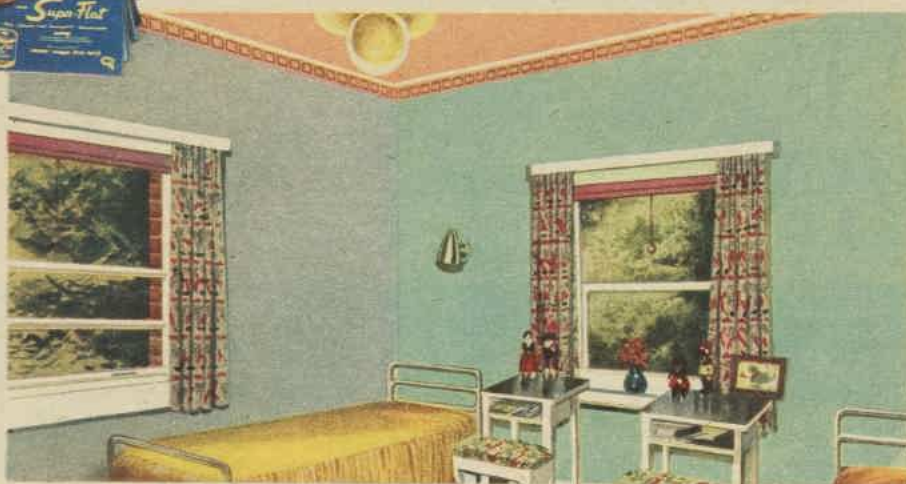
in the world's most luxurious velvet flat enamel

Supa-Flat

VELVET FLAT ENAMEL



See the Supa-Flat Intermix Colour Book at authorised British Paints agents everywhere, or discuss these fabulous high-fashion decorator colours with your architect or master painter. Large colour chips make your final choice EASY.



Fan out the BIG sheets of the fabulous SUPA-FLAT INTERMIX COLOUR BOOK. Select your own colour combination for contrast or harmony, from this magnificent range of modern colours.

For this modern treatment, the striking feature colours and delicate pastels were selected from the SUPA-FLAT INTERMIX COLOUR BOOK the world's greatest colour range.

FOR INTERIOR AND EXTERIOR

Guaranteed to be made to the most rigorous exterior standards which, obviously, ensure greater all-round durability for interior use at no extra cost.



No other FLAT ENAMEL has all these features:

- Sensational covering power
- One-coat cover with roller
- So very easily washed
- Self-sealing. Mould and fungus proof
- Leaves no lap or brush marks
- Extremely durable and colour-fast
- A luxurious velvet flat finish that adds beauty everywhere

COMPANION PRODUCTS

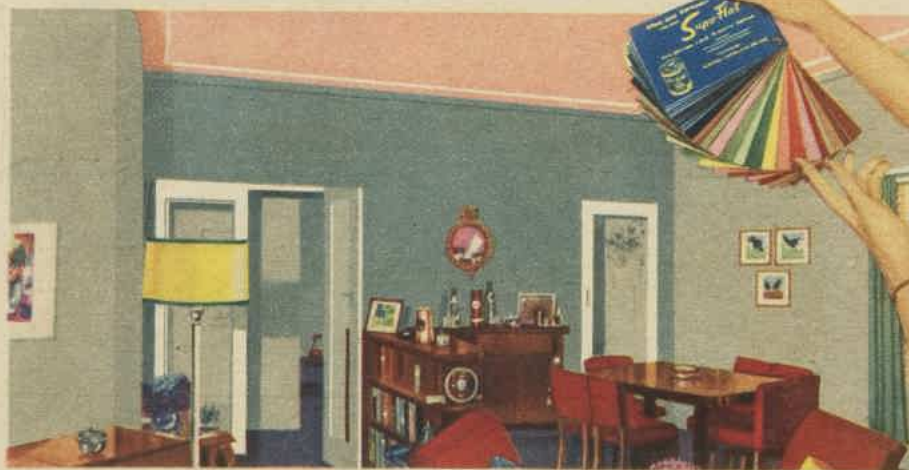
To be used in conjunction with SUPA-FLAT for woodwork, doors, window and skirting boards of your own room. Your choice can be brilliant gloss or satin finish, whichever you prefer.



British Paints Limited
GLOSS-MASTA
BRILLIANT GLOSS ENAMEL
For exterior and interior. Its brilliant gloss looks and wears like baked enamel. One coat covers any colour.

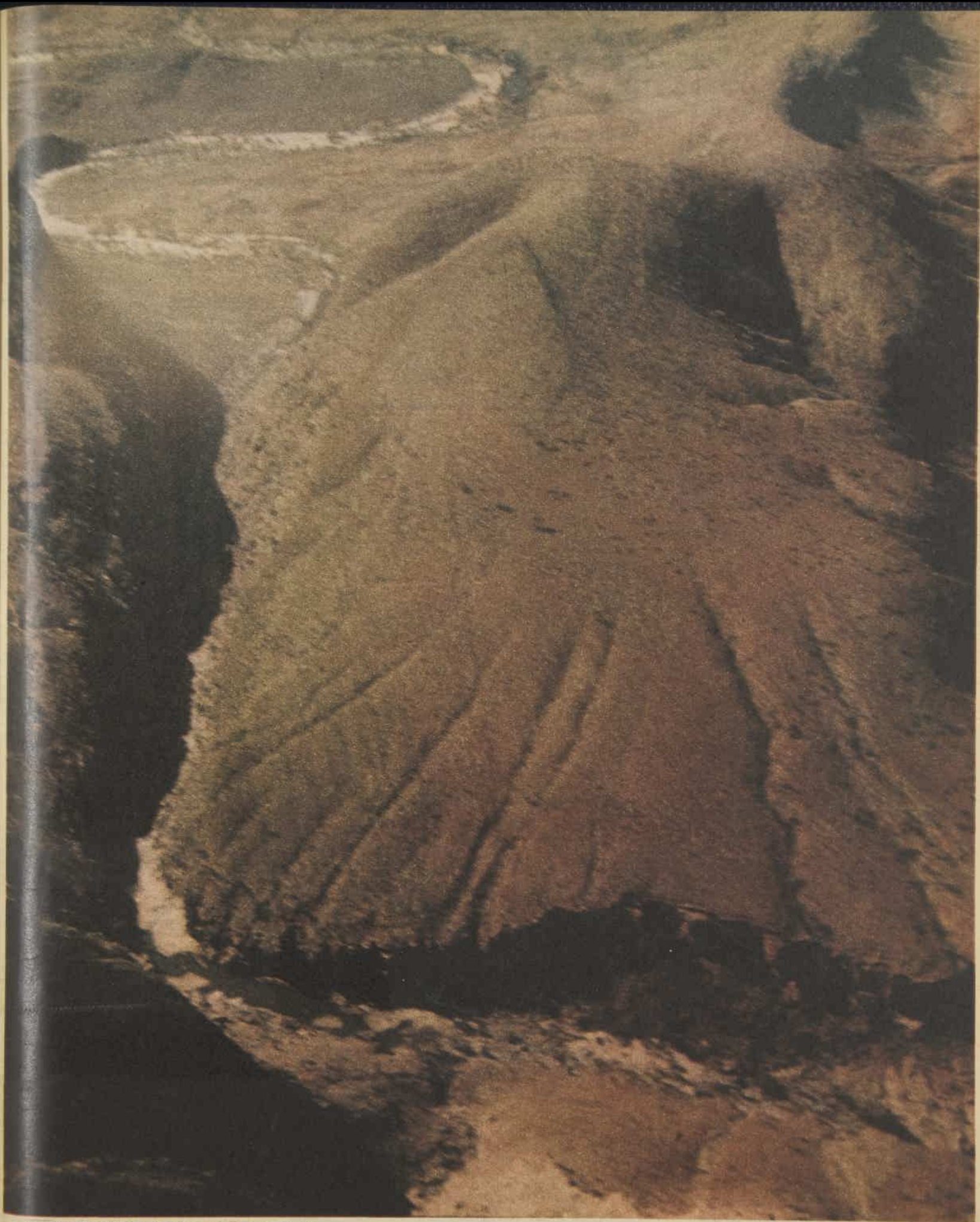


British Paints Limited
SATIN-TONE
SATIN-FINISH ENAMEL
For interior woodwork. Specially recommended for walls and ceilings of kitchens and bathrooms.



EVERY answer to EVERY painting problem "DESIGN FOR COLOUR" the outstanding authority on colour in the home 10/- A COPY at all authorised British Paints Limited Agents

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 19, 1959



AUSTRALIA FROM THE AIR

• Central Australia's chief river, the Finke, cuts through the massive Ormiston Gorge, one of the most breathtaking beauty spots in the colorful Macdonnell Ranges. To see the gorge, tourists travel 120 miles west from Alice Springs and stay at Glen Helen Lodge, the former homestead on Glen Helen station. In this picture by Miss J. Hewitt, of Upper Chute, England, the Finke has dried up into a series of waterholes. Sometimes the river does not flow for four or five years, but, even when it is dry, water can be found in many places under its sandy bed. The Ormiston Gorge is a favorite subject of aboriginal painter Albert Namatjira, famous for his landscapes.

Keen's Curry makes good cooks better!

Keen's Curry has wonderful ways with all kinds of foods. Used in the right amount it makes delicious curries exactly to your taste—mild, medium or hot. Its delicate blend and true Indian flavour add a new subtlety to many dishes. Try a little today in your soup, stew, casserole or summer salad.



Keen's Curry

MAKES MILD, MEDIUM OR HOT CURRIES



Made by the manufacturers of Keen's Mustard

Enjoy a **DRY** Towel—use **Wettex** **FIRST!**

Before you reach for your bathroom towel—use Wettex to soak up the worst of the wet! Keeps your towel fresh and dry for the final rub-down! And no more hard-to-dry, "winter-wet" towels either! Wettex is so hygienic—germproof, boilproof! In prints or plains—so easy to have a personalised Wettex for every member of the family!

Wettex
THE WONDER CLOTH

...101 uses in every home!

LETTER BOX

• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters signed for publication.

Why not love in the fifties?

I AM 58, and soon to be married to a 62-year-old widower. My married niece considers I am silly, sentimental, and lovesick; that people of my age should not think of marriage. Surely a person has the right to marry when and whom he or she pleases, regardless of age.

£1/1/- to "Bride Elect" (name supplied), Baulkham Hills, N.S.W.

Vandals mar beauty

HOLIDAYING recently in the Northern Territory, I was appalled to find the glorious scenery marred by thousands of beer bottles and cans. Richly colored walls of gorges and chasms were also defaced with names cut into stones, once held sacred by native Australians. I couldn't imagine who would cause such litter until on the return journey in the "Ghan" I saw four boys just out of their teens throw seven beer bottles from the train window in less than two hours.

£1/1/- to Miss J. Herbert, Glen Waverley, Vic.

Hard to digest

AS a sufferer, I ask Mrs. Kramer (15/7/59) if she really thinks she can cover her mistakes in cooking with sauce and icing? Her attitude may stop her from getting ulcers, but is probably the cause of others having them.

£1/1/- to Miss L. McNaught, Shorncliffe, Qld.

Friends in need

I OFTEN complained about the size of our town, but how grateful I am now for its smallness. I had just set about making the first formula for my first baby when I broke the jug and lost the mixture. The baby was screaming. I ran to a local store for another jug, and also let the tears fall. There were many stares. No sooner had I reached home than I was met by one of the married women from the shop. The boss had sent her down to help out a very new mother. Thank goodness for a friendly town.

£1/1/- to Mrs. K. Dilger, Rosbery, Tas.

Gruesome thought

AS a secondary-school pupil, I think Mrs. Nellie Miller's suggestion (15/7/59) that young people should make wills is gruesome. I am sure there is plenty of time for making wills when we are older. Few would like to make a will at such a young age.

£1/1/- to Fay Sheehan, Ermington, N.S.W.

One sweet day

TO limit the intake of sweets by my children we have a "Sweets Day" once a week. They select inexpensive items and eat them in one glorious binge or spin them out for several days, according to their natures. But the eating of their sweets is always followed with an apple to clean their teeth. On other days I hand out celery, cheese, fruit, dates, or raisins when hunger gnaws.

£1/1/- to Mrs. S. M. Cleine, Red Hill South, Vic.

Guest who's best

PEOPLE are always giving advice on how to be a good hostess. But what about the good guest? I give my vote to the one who stays in bed for breakfast, is prepared to entertain herself part of the time, and doesn't outstay her welcome.

£1/1/- to Mrs. V. Kellon, Gladstone, Qld.

Day-dreaming out

WOMEN often say that as housework doesn't require much thought, they use the time spent on chores to working out problems, enjoying imaginary conversations, or indulging in flights of fancy. Doing it myself, I found I was taking too much time over certain tasks, and recently made a conscious effort to concentrate on the job in hand. Working systematically, I found I now have extra time to spend doing something I really enjoy.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Tess Kloot, West Preston, Vic.

Hence the beauty

I AM often asked the secret of my natural "peaches-and-cream" complexion. It is no secret. I drink three glasses of cold water and a glass of orange juice a day. I never eat fried foods or pastry, and have few cakes and sweets. I spend a lot of time in the open air; rarely have late nights; no cigarettes; no alcohol. I use little make-up other than lipstick, and never go to bed without washing my face with soap and water.

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. McIntosh, Roseville, N.S.W.

Days of grace

AGREEING with Mrs. Effie Newton (8/7/59), I'd say life does begin at forty. I wouldn't go back to my young days for anything. My family has grown up, and my boys wait on me—and love it. I spend more time on my appearance, belong to drama and singing groups, and am free to go to the pictures with my husband. And I have never before had such a charming lot of men friends who call in for a friendly chat. I feel graceful now that I am getting on. And so should we all!

£1/1/- to "Graceful" (name supplied), Sheffield, Tas.

Personality—plus

WHAT a good job Mag the 16-stone mannequin (8/7/59), must do for women who feel self-conscious and miserable about their size. She shows it is not weight that matters—but a woman's personality. Her words will cheer many women and help them to see things in the right perspective.

£1/1/- to "Ten-Ton Ton" (name supplied), Melway, W.A.

Obviously a man

"SYMPATHISE" (8/7/59), who took a census of inane clichés in daily conversation, is obviously a man. No woman would have time to go to such lengths to record titbits of chatter. What intrigues me is how much he cost his employer in wasted time performing these mathematical feats of inanity.

£1/1/- to Mrs. A. Higgs, Melbourne.

Ross Campbell writes...

WHAT lovely stuff handwriting is. I don't mean just good handwriting or "a dashing fist" as they used to call it.

Some of the nicest handwriting is not at all expert. I specially like that of young persons who have not got up to running writing yet, and can't quite keep the lines straight. I know a little girl named Laura who signs her name nicely like this:

Laura

The attractive thing about all handwriting is that it is human. It doesn't come from a machine.

When I get letters I put the ones with typing on the envelope aside and open the handwritten ones first. They are the ones that set me thinking: "Who's this? What's he got to say? Or—what fun—is it a she?"

There are certain kinds of letters, on the other hand, which chill your enthusiasm.

It is a fair bet that any letter

S.W.A.L.K.



with printing on the envelope is dull. I greatly dislike those envelopes with little windows in them, so that your address can be read off the letter inside.

They seem to say: "I'm very busy, you know, and I haven't time to type your name on the envelope. After all, you're not terribly important, are you?"

The lowest of the low, in the class of letters with windows, are ones that are not sealed down, but have the flap tucked in the back like a shirt. They are usually bills. They practically shout: "Chuck me aside. I'll keep!"

When you get letters with a type-written address, it is a sound rule that the worse the typing the more interesting the letter.

If the typing is neat and professional, I find that the letter contains only an invitation from the Acme Spud Importing Company to attend the unveiling of a king-size potato, or something of that sort.

Letters in amateurish typing are more promising. Though now and again one lets you down. I got one last week, not too well typed, which I opened hopefully.

It was a furious letter from a young lady who hates me like poison. She declared she would like me to be put in a barrel and sent to Outer Mongolia because I said Frank Sinatra was "a scrawny little fellow." I'm sorry I upset her. Frankie may be able to sing all right, but I still think he is a bit undernourished.

Yes, there are too many typewritten, roneoed, or printed letters today. Give me the old pen for warmth of feeling. O for the touch of a vanished longhand!

Some day a clever publicity man, perhaps working for the Acme Spud Importing Co., is going to think of sending out all his circulars in old-fashioned handwriting. And people will be so pleased they may even read them.

WHERE THE ROAD ENDS

By ZDENA
RYSAVY

A complete short story

THE hand pulling the rope was old, wrinkled, and not very clean. The other, swinging a little gumtree twig, looked the same, only its thumb was missing.

"Come on, cow," the old man pleaded with the animal tied to the rope. "Come on, girl, don't be scared."

The cow moved reluctantly and the old man smiled, his face breaking like calm water with a stone thrown in, unaccountable lines appearing on his dark weather-beaten skin, his bare gums shining.

"Ah, that's better," he said with relief. "I thought you'd never move. But you're a good cow. You and me are going to be great pals. You'll see." The cow looked at him doubtfully and started to walk.

"You don't have to be scared," the old man said soothingly. "I won't eat you. Look," he threw the twig away, "now, is that better? Perhaps you didn't like that. But I wouldn't hit you. Don't worry, cow." She started to walk swiftly and the old man trotted along to keep its pace. "Now, who is dragging who?" he chuckled breathlessly. "I wish you had some respect for my age. Do you realise that I must be about ten times as old as you are? Imagine that, cow, ten times! When I was a baby like you are I could run just as fast. Maybe even faster. I was a pretty quick lad on my legs then."

He slowed down and finally stopped, wiping his wet forehead with his sleeve. The cow turned her head and eyed him curiously.

"My stomach is too full," he said apologetically. "They fed me too much and it's not used to it. It feels as if it was loaded with bricks. Golden bricks," he chuckled. He rubbed his stomach with the palm of his hand lovingly and, shrugging, arranged the tuckerbox hanging on his shoulders.

"You should have seen it, cow," he grinned. "Ma'am, you never saw such a dinner in your life and I hardly remember seeing a better one. Chicken soup and roast pork—must've been half of a pig at least. And four different vegetables. And home-made ice-cream and cream and coffee. Would you believe it, cow? And all done specially for me. For me alone, as if I was a passing king." He patted the cow's back fondly.

"You should be happy to belong to such a celebrity, you lucky cow." The cow moved restlessly and the old man sighed, his eyes twinkling. "What do you care? What's chicken soup and roast pork to you? Probably make you sick. Oh, well, come on, girl, let's get moving."

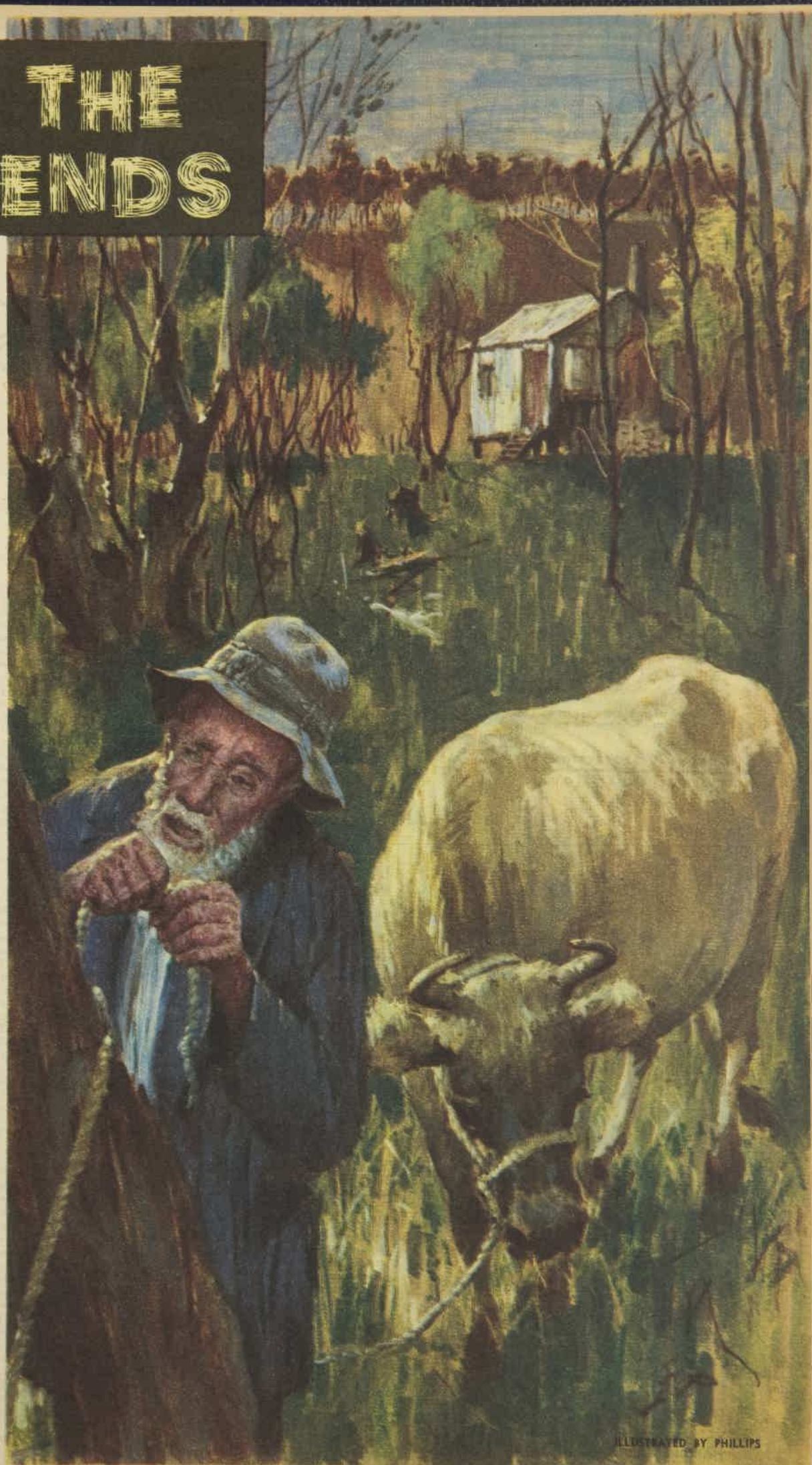
They walked up the hill, following the narrow bush track and leaving the village behind them. "I am a very lucky old man," he mused. "Not everybody is as lucky as I am and it's always people like me who deserve it least. If anybody had told me yesterday that today I'd possess a house and a cow I would have called him the greatest joker on earth. You just never know. I didn't think anything could surprise me at my age. You just never know."

"Cow," he said loudly, "I think that this is the happiest day of my life. I wish you wouldn't hurry so much and would let me enjoy it. I wonder why I felt last night," he thought. "I don't remember much how it happened, only that I was suddenly very weak and couldn't stand on my feet." He tried to probe into his memory.

"I walked a lot," he thought. "I just walked all day and never rested. I wanted to get to the valley before night, because the valley is something special."

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The old man carefully tied the cow to the trunk of a big tree in front of his house.



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TO give herself something to do over the endless, monotonous, maddening months of her journey out from Earth, Jane Smith had kept a diary. Now that she had arrived at her destination, she sat down to bring her entries up to date.

It was better, she felt, to concentrate her attention on a practical thing like a diary rather than think about the extraordinary and horrifying creature she had glimpsed slithering across a window of the now motionless rocket ship. She still felt slightly sick with the shock of seeing it there. Her hand holding the diary had a distinct tremble in it.

Jane was only a small girl, five foot one inch in her stockings feet. She had large blue eyes—her best feature—a gentle mouth and a regular profile. Her hair, of that indeterminate fairness called brownette, she normally wore very short in the current world fashion. At the moment it was long. It had had five months in which to grow unchecked, for she had no scissors with her.

On Earth she had typed thousands of words on the problems of space travel, but care of the hair had not been mentioned. Scientists frequently overlooked small human concerns like that. In particular, Dr. John Everingham paid no heed to them. People, as people, interested him not at all.

Most of Jane's thinking led by one route or another to Dr. Everingham. It was her misfortune to be in love with him. It was because she was in love with him that she was in her present predicament.

Seated with her back to the no longer vibrating wall of the rocket ship, Jane forced herself to check her diary. She had to peer closely at the neatly inscribed words, for the bluish light of the nameless planet on which she was stranded was dim and she was slightly short-sighted.

Her first entry was by way of explanation. It read:

"Report by Jane Smith concerning the circumstances of her departure from Earth on June 22, 1978."

It had, she recalled now, been a day of glorious warmth and light. In the woods near the Research Station a bird had been singing. Somebody had given her a bunch of roses, and the perfume of the magnificent red blooms was with her still. It was better to think of roses than of what might be awaiting her outside in the queer blue light, much better. It gave her courage.

She resumed reading: "At half past two I was carrying a file of secret papers from my employer, the Chief Scientist in charge of Space Station Research, Dr. John Everingham, to his assistant, Professor Jonathan Johnson. To reach Professor Johnson's office I had to cross Hangar C, where Rocket Ship R.22981 was in position for launching. Professor Johnson was not in his office, so I waited for him. I was curious about R.22981, so I had a look inside."

Jane stopped reading and looked up, to stare intently ahead of her at the pale green glass of the observation bubble. The last statement was not strictly true. Yet how could she tell the truth? How could she say that she hated R.22981 with all the intensity of which her normally friendly and placid nature was capable? It was a force stronger than curiosity that had made her mount the ladder, wriggle in through the small entry hatch, and close it discreetly behind her.

She sighed and returned to the report. "I climbed right through the rocket ship. I had heard so much about it but had never been inside it before. I was especially interested in the controls. Without thinking, I touched one of them."

This, Jane acknowledged, was as far from the truth as she was from Earth itself. She had indeed stared for a long time at the controls. There were thousands of them, big dials and little dials, all of them at that moment at rest. There was a crescent-shaped indentation at the base of the broad, high panel from which a silver-colored lever stuck out like a spiky tongue from a grinning gargoyle face. Jane had felt her jealousy explode into violent hatred; the machine was laughing at her, it had won, it held the man she loved in its loathsome mechanical embrace and would never let him go.

She had kicked the lever.

It was too late then to remember that this lever was the starting point of the whole works. In the specifications she had typed, it was stated that the lever was heavy and required a man's strength to shift it. However, a woman's kick was equally effective. The rocket ship for which everything was geared to the last detail in anticipation of its departure a week hence bearing Dr. Everingham and Professor Johnson into the regions of outer space left its launching base with a joyous whoomp. The automatic controls took over. Jane, when she

JANE SMITH IN SPACE

A complete short story

By G. DALTON
HOOKER

recovered consciousness and pulled herself together, was on her own.

She had not wasted her time during the ensuing journey. Apart from keeping the diary, she had studied yoga and the Spanish language, textbooks on both subjects having been left aboard by workmen when they went to lunch on the day of Jane's departure. Such industry on her part would, she felt sure, meet with Dr. Everingham's approval.

Jane inscribed the fact of her arrival in the diary, then hid it under the tape-recording box. First, however—defiantly—she wrote across the final page: "I love Dr. John Everingham." After that she ate the tasteless contents of the last tin from the store cupboard. Then she made ready to go outside.

She had no alternative but to brave this new planet. She could not stay on the R.22981 forever. For one thing, there was no more food.

On the other hand, there was the question of the slithering horror she had glimpsed earlier. Now that she dared think about it, she found that she was a little vague as to its actual appearance. It was not very big, but was bulky, she decided, and it had a number of long, stiff-jointed, quivering, tentacle-like limbs which gave it a disturbing resemblance to an octopus. In composition it made her think, oddly enough, of coffee-colored tripe. But it was not an animal, of that she was sure. There had been a brain behind those peering eyes.

Nerving herself, Jane descended through the upright rocket, opened the exit hatch, and dropped to the ground. She clenched her hands tightly in front of her, stood very still, and looked around.

The blue light of the strange planet was indescribably beautiful. It swallowed distance and mellowed the jagged line of a mountain range which, for as far as Jane could see, composed the horizon. The air was cool and pleasant to breathe. She relaxed. She could stay alive here.

There was no sign of the octopus-thing. Nevertheless, Jane had no doubt but that she was under observation. What was really amazing was that she was no longer afraid. There was simply no sense to it. Whatever happened would happen. She was a small and very insignificant creature who had been catapulted out of her own world and into this one where she was helpless, and she must be content to put her trust in Providence.

This resignation was a new thing for Jane. On Earth she had been inclined to rebel against her own insignificance. Here it did not greatly matter. She was at peace.

She wondered if it were something in the new air she breathed which inspired her with such fine courage. Whatever it was, it made her feel wonderful. She laughed aloud. The sound drifted away from her, echoing as it went with the trill of bells. It tempted her to sing.

Instead, she began to walk. Directly ahead of her was a sharply defined hill composed of queerly glittering rocks—there was no soil in the vicinity of the rocket ship that she could see, the ground had a surface like that of a stony desert. It occurred to her that from the top of the hill she might see something more of her immediate surroundings.

It was as if a voice in her mind said: "Come," and Jane went.

Having looked around from the top of the hill, Jane descended again, striking out to the left of the rocket ship. She had seen little from the hill: the blue light, like mountain mist, obscured the details of the bare, treeless ground. Nevertheless she was sure she had detected smoke rising to mingle and disappear into the blue light, a mile or two distant to the right in the opposite direction to that in which her feet were taking her.

Her feet! Jane pulled up. She had no idea why she was walking in this direction. Some other mind had made the

decision for her. It was logical to think that the same force that had soothed her alarm, and sent her up the hill, was now directing her forward again, away from the rocket ship.

Jane screamed. The sound jangled all round her with the impact of a thousand shattering mirrors. And immediately behind her, like an echo, was another sound . . .

Jane did not look to see what was there, but instead began to run. She went straight past the rocket ship, not even glancing at it. Anything could be inside there by now. She headed in the only direction which meant anything to her, that in which she had seen the smoke rising.

Her shoes, high heels, gave her little protection against the uneven stony ground. Dagger thrusts of pain tore into her feet. The blue air, swirling around her like shallow translucent water, seemed to choke in her dry throat.

Without warning she fell. As her dizzy mind spiralled down into unconsciousness, she glimpsed again, out of the corner of her eye, a new color in the blue that surrounded her, the color of coffee-colored tripe.

When she recovered, Jane discovered that she was lying close to a brightly burning fire. Raising her head, she peered around her.

There were a number of fires nearby, and close to each was a group of men. Staring at them as they sat crouched there, Jane cried out in sudden terror.

At once a figure detached itself from the nearest group and came and sat opposite her. Its height approximated that of a grown man and it was heavily built, like a bear, with short, fat limbs.

Staring at it, Jane discovered that it had but one eye. A big eye certainly, but only one. This struck her as being ridiculous, and she stopped being afraid.

She heard a voice dimly, as if on a badly connected telephone, saying: "That is right. Do not be alarmed. We will not hurt you."

"Who are you?" Jane inquired. She was too polite to ask "What are you?"

"We are the Telexi, the strongest people on this world. You are lucky that we found you. We will treat you well. When we have conquered the Pretucs and the Sponolis—the Wips don't matter—we will make you our queen. We are a great people. Soon we will rule everybody and be all-powerful."

The Telexi man hugged himself complacently and the single eye shone.

"Don't you want to know where I came from?" Jane demanded, piqued.

The creature looked surprised. "You are an omen. That you came to us is a sign that we shall conquer."

The Telexi, Jane decided, were very stupid. Beyond the fires a crowd of them had begun to drill themselves and were marching up and down. She wished she could see more clearly, so that she could discover what sort of weapons they had.

"Why are you to fight the other people?" she asked.

The Telexi blinked. "Why not? We like fighting. The Pretucs think too much and give themselves airs. They live over there, at the bottom of the first mountain. Do you see? We will attack them soon."

With these words he stood up and went to join the group who were drilling. Jane stared after him, aghast. She discovered that she disliked these people intensely. She would murder anything rather than entrust herself into their hands.

There was only one thing to do and Jane did it. Keeping very quiet, she crawled around the fire and away from the camp. No one noticed her go. As she had perceived, the Telexi were stupid and could only think of one thing at a time. At the moment they were drilling and all their attention was devoted to admiring themselves.

Jane plodded away into the gathering darkness. It was night now, and the blue light had deepened into purple shadow of the texture of velvet. She was feeling much better, but she was very hungry.

Her shoes bothered her and she took them off and threw them away. They had always been uncomfortable. She had only bought them because they looked nice and flattered her small feet. Dr. Everingham, of course, had not noticed.

She wondered what Dr. Everingham was doing tonight. She knew that he lived with his mother and kept goldfish. Was his new secretary having more success than she had had? The thought depressed her.

What the Telexi had said about the Pretucs had registered, and now, to the best of her ability, she was heading in the direction of the mountain they had pointed out to her. It was in her mind to warn the Pretucs of their danger. They could not, she thought, be much worse than the Telexi.

Jane found the Pretucs by treading on one of them as he slept. He grunted, coughed, and sat up. Day was dawning

When Jane stepped from the rocket-ship on to the planet she felt she was being watched.

now, and it was possible to see. Jane was gratified to note that the Pretuc stared at her with considerable interest. She stared back.

The Pretuc man had a pleasant face. The single eye was intelligent. Nevertheless, Jane was shocked at the slack guard he kept. With the Telexi so close, surely no sentry should go to sleep!

The Pretuc came into her mind much more easily than the Telexi and she heard his thoughts quite clearly.

"Good morning. You are from Earth, of course?"

"That's right," Jane agreed, taken aback.

"That is very interesting. We took a great interest in your doings, you know, before our disaster. Come and have breakfast. There is much we should talk about."

After she had eaten, Jane was introduced to the elders of the settlement. A meeting was held, and each man sat on a rock with his hands—six-fingered they were—clapsed sedately in front of him. Jane decided she rather liked the Pretucs. The only thing that bothered her was that they seemed so indolent and slapdash in what they did. Clearly, all they were interested in were ideas.

"You do not know the history of our world," the leading Pretuc told her. "Listen now. Many years ago we had a high civilisation here. Then the Sponolis, who are very clever and who developed what you call science, unleashed powerful forces which they could not control."

"Hydrogen bombs?" Jane asked, with a sinking heart.

"You know them? You are advanced, then. Yes, hydrogen bombs, among other things. We had a war. Then another war. Things—the Pretucs looked rather shamefaced—"got out of hand. We the Pretucs knew what should be done to save civilisation, but no one would listen to us. Then a bomb fell on our beautiful city and we were scattered. That happened everywhere. The Wips were the first to go, of course."

"Who are the Wips?" Jane inquired. The Telexi had dismissed the Wips as unimportant, but she had a hunch which she could not explain about them.

"Oh, the Wips," The Pretuc was scornful. "You would not like the Wips. Forget them. It is in our hands that the future of the world lies. We are working out a formula whereby all the remaining peoples may live in peace and develop what little is left of us. Ours is the most important work there is."

"But the Telexi are going to attack you," Jane said. "They said so. Soon."

The Pretuc snorted. "Oh, they're always making bold statements. They wouldn't dare. They know that without us there would be no hope for them."

"They want to rule everybody," Jane said.

"How very vulgar. They are incapable of running anything, even themselves."

A ripple of amusement ran around the assembly. Jane

felt fear return suddenly and close its cold hand over her heart.

"Maybe they could attack the Sponolis instead," one of the Pretucs said. "We wouldn't mind that. They're up in the mountains, you know, working on a new type of science. They're a very bad-mannered crowd. Always destroying something."

The day passed slowly. The warning Jane had given them about the Telexi did not bother the Pretucs. They just talked on and on. Jane was beginning to think that perhaps she was exaggerating the danger. In the later afternoon she saw one of the Telexi peer out from behind a nearby rock, then disappear again.

She was sorry for the Pretucs, but there was nothing more she could do. They deserved to be conquered by the Telexi. Talking was not enough. They owed it to themselves and to their beautiful ideas to do something about defending themselves, or at least to be ready for what might come. Words were not weapons.

If she stayed with the Pretucs, she, too, would be captured and would probably be severely punished. The Telexi would be furious with her for deserting them. Quietly, therefore, Jane left the camp. Several of the Pretucs saw her go, but no one tried to stop her. The Pretucs prided themselves on being very tolerant and they believed everyone should be allowed to do exactly as he or she wanted, even the Telexi.

Jane, alone in the deepening darkness, did not know where to go. She was really frightened at last. To whom could she turn now? The Sponolis sounded as unpleasant as the Telexi and, in any case, where were they? Everyone had laughed at the Wips.

She blinked. Her cheeks were cold, and putting up her hand to find out why she found tears there.

Then the voice, the same voice that had spoken in her mind after she left the rocket ship, came again: "Take your direction from the star yonder and walk towards it. Do not fear. We shall look after you."

She did not resist this time. She found the star and began walking. She walked for several hours. Then the voice said: "Lie down now. We will talk with you."

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Overtime Mother

By DOROTHY M. ROSE

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Barbara was dancing with her head on her partner's shoulder as Celia and Lil stopped at the entrance to the ballroom.

CELIA ALLEN was double-checking the canasta score. It was a little thing, but she did it every single Wednesday night, no matter who was scorekeeper. The rest of the girls, as we still call one another, winked or grimaced. Suddenly I felt terribly impatient with Celia.

"You've been doing that for years," I protested half-teasingly. "When are you going to trust somebody?"

She looked up flustered. "It's just a habit, Lil."

That constant distrust of Celia's was a habit. That was the whole point, and the reason I worried about her. Checking a canasta score was a trifle. Checking on the evening activities of a daughter-in-law was more serious.

I knew full well why Celia had been consulting her watch all evening, hurrying the game, and why she was suggesting now that we leave.

We'd been friends for years, Celia and I, in the intimate, say-what-you-like way of women who've grown up together. Those weekly card games were a thread running through so much . . . the days when we'd been eager young brides, playing bridge and comparing baby formulas, then gin-rummy while it had been the rage, and talk of teenagers.

Now it was canasta, with most of us settling comfortably into middle age.

Not Celia. Always a beauty, she still maintained a faultlessly groomed look. Pride, no doubt. The rest of us hadn't had to live down the desertion of a worthless, roving-eyed husband. We didn't have to cling to a young married son, live with him, make his friends ours.

Strictly speaking, Celia didn't have to do that either. She could have married nice Frank Bennett at any time in the past ten years, if she hadn't been afraid to let anyone into the circle she'd drawn around her and her son.

At first she'd said she wouldn't marry until Neal was grown. Later she'd stretched that to "until Neal married." Now that he had, and at such a young age, she claimed

she couldn't leave until he and Barbara were settled. And Frank Bennett, discouraged at last, wasn't going to wait for Celia much longer. He was going to take the sales manager-ship he'd been offered on the coast.

Celia had risen from the card-table. She tapped her wrist. "If you want a lift, Lil," she said hurriedly, "Frank's calling for me at ten-thirty."

We were the first ones upstairs for our coats.

"I know where she goes, Lil," Celia said at once. "Two nights a week! Every time Neal has to work overtime at the office, off she goes. Doesn't even wait for supper. Last time she got in only ten minutes ahead of Neal."

"It's really none of my business, Celia," I said wearily.

"Neal's my business," she said sharply.

I sighed. Neal would have had to marry a saint to satisfy Celia that the girl was good enough for him. And if what Celia had been hinting lately was true, Barbara was no saint.

The pretty young thing had my sympathy, all the same. Celia must be in her hair every minute, supervising the cooking, the housekeeping, even tagging along with them to social affairs.

"Barbara probably only goes off to a movie," I said spiritedly, "or to meet a girl-friend."

"At the Blue Candle?" she demanded.

My eyes met hers in the mirror. Real doubt entered my mind for the first time. "Why do you say that?"

She tossed her head. "I wasn't listening. I just happened to hear. She was talking on the phone."

It was there in Celia's eyes, what she meant to do. This was where her uneasiness had been leading all evening. She was going to ask Frank to drive her out there, to the Blue Candle. It would be so easy, just the suggestion that she'd like a drink.

I took her by the shoulders, backed her towards the bed, and sat her down.

"Why don't you get out of the kids' lives?" I asked. "Give them a

chance. Marry Frank. You've been in love with him for years. What are you afraid of?"

She looked up at me uncertainly. Then her glance wavered. "Once was enough, Lil. You never can be sure what you're getting into."

"Then don't meddle," I pleaded. "You've no real reason to distrust Barbara. It's just that you can never bring yourself to trust anyone."

"I trust Neal," she said quickly. I saw my talking point and took it. "Trust him to handle his own life then. He loves Barbara."

That backfired. "Love," she said, spitting out the word. "Love's blind. I ought to know."

The old trouble clouded her eyes, all the pain and hurt and humiliation of years ago. She'd hidden it from most people, but not from me. "Come along and see for yourself," she said.

I decided to do just that when we were in the car and Celia had said offhandedly to Frank that she was parched, and why didn't

we drive out to the Blue Candle? "Sure," Frank agreed. "How about you, Lil?" "I'm thirsty, too," I fibbed. The least I could do was to try to prevent a scene.

Frank stopped in the lounge of the Blue Candle to check his hat. Celia walked ahead to the archway that leads to the tables and little dance floor. I followed.

I saw Barbara almost at once. She was gliding across the floor to the music, her head on her partner's shoulder, his arm tight around her. The tension in me lifted. The man was Neal.

Then I felt Celia's fingers digging into my arm. Her face was blanched, her expression stunned.

"Don't feel bad, Celia," I said, touched. "All newlyweds want to be alone once in a while." She looked as though she'd turned to stone. "You should be proud Neal isn't tied to your apron strings."

She still

didn't speak, just stood there, clutching my arm, as though for support. "It's a shock to you," I said, "but not as bad as the thing you expected. You never trust anyone."

Her face crumpled when I said that. Her eyes moistened. "Oh, Lil! I'm so ashamed."

Frank was coming towards us, his eyes questioning.

"Celia doesn't feel well, Frank," I improvised. "She's a little faint. Help her, will you?"

His arm was around her in a second. I had to remind him to stop for his hat as we left. And in that minute Celia sent me a glance. It was full of humility and something else, a new warmth, a new openness. "Thanks, Lil," she whispered. "Thanks for everything."

When Frank turned, all anxiety, and held his hand out to her, she put hers into it. I had the feeling they were walking through the door to a whole new life.

(Copyright)

A short story complete on this page

A Hero for Leanda



Beginning our new serial—a dramatic story of a strange voyage

By **ANDREW GARVE**

ILLUSTRATED BY MILLS

AS soon as Mike Conway heard that his yacht Tara had been found he hurried down to the steel-pile jetty that was all Accra offered in the way of port facilities, and, too worried to bargain, hired a surf-boat at the coxswain's price to take him out to the reef. The young fisherman who had come upon the wreck that morning went with them as guide.

The wind was now no more than a gentle breeze from the sea, but once outside the breakwater the African crew had to strain at their paddles to keep the boat head-on to the surf that never ceased to roll on the Ghana coast. Soon their strong black bodies, naked except for loincloths, were glistening with sweat in the warm moist air.

In twenty minutes they had reached the coral. The surf-boat had stopped pitching now; there was only a slight swell in the lee of the reef, and the surface of the water was scarcely ruffled. The fisherman began to call out directions; the coxswain, steering the boat with a long oar, manoeuvred cautiously through the maze of coral heads.

Conway gazed tensely over the high prow as a tell-tale patch of flotsam came into view—a floorboard, an empty paraffin can, a sodden chart, a fragment of the flag of Eire on a splintered pole. Suddenly the fisherman cried, "Look, Massa, dey she is!"

Conway stared down through the blue, transparent water. Until this moment he had never quite lost hope, even when the fisherman had described the wreck to him. He had buoyed himself up with the thought that a salvage operation might be possible, that the yacht might be raised and repaired. . . . Now he could see that Tara would never sail again.

He stood in grim-faced silence, scarcely able to believe the extent of his ill-fortune. He still didn't know exactly how the disaster had happened. Probably he never would. All he knew was that it had been none of his own making. He had gone ashore for an hour or two after dark, leaving Tara securely tied to one of the mooring-rings on the jetty.

Someone could have untied the rope to release another boat, and forgotten to make it fast again. Or someone might have loosed the yacht out of mischief.

If so, the prank had cost Conway literally everything he possessed in the world except the shorts and shirt he was wearing, and his passport, and a few pounds in his pocket. The irony of it was almost unbearable. Single-handed, he had sailed Tara over ten thousand miles of ocean, riding out a score of gales and surviving every kind of hazard. Disaster could have come at any time, but it had passed him by. Till now—in what should have been a safe harbor.

He turned away, unable to bear the sight any longer. Tara had been more to him than a fine ship. For years she had been his only home.

"Right," he called to the coxswain, "let's go."

Ashore he wasted no time in vain regrets. He was a practical man, and there were urgent things to be done. With a bit of luck, he might still salvage some of his belongings before Tara finally broke up. There was an unexpired letter of credit for fifty pounds down in the cabin which, if still decipherable, should pay for the hire of an aqualung diver and leave something over. There were his references and diplomas, which he'd need if he was to get a decent job quickly. His treasured books would hardly be worth bringing up, but there were his clothes, his compass and sextant, his tools, his spare sails—all worth a bit.

With sweat pouring off him in the greenhouse-heat of the afternoon, he made his way to the Harbor Master's office to seek advice. There he was told of a contractor in the town who might undertake the salvage job, especially if Conway mentioned the letter of credit as proof that he could pay. Conway took the address and plodded on. But the contractor was away up the coast on a job, and wouldn't be back till next day.

The next thing was to start looking for work. He would soon be penniless, and he could think of few worse places to be penniless in than Accra. There were people he'd met in the town who might help him.

Influential-seeming men he'd been introduced to at the Yacht Club, at the European Club, when for a day or two he'd been something of a celebrity.

They'd been decent people; they'd probably do their best to give him a leg-up. The trouble was he didn't want to feel obliged to anyone. Better, he thought, to keep the thing impersonal—to go along to the Labor Exchange.

Ghana, he'd read, was in need of skilled men, and his qualifications were high. They were building a new harbor for ocean-going ships at Tema, just along the coast—there might be a suitable billet for him there. Of course, he'd need a work permit. He'd have to see the immigration people again—and this time they wouldn't be coming out in a launch to meet him! He was land-bound now, and could expect no special treatment.

Soon, no doubt, he'd be red-tape bound, too. He'd managed to get away from all that in Tara, but he'd have to face it now. He'd better get along to the Labor Exchange right away. . . . But when he looked at his watch he saw it was five o'clock. All the offices would be closing. First thing tomorrow, then.

Meanwhile he had to get through the evening. He could go back to the Rest House, where for a few shillings a night he'd been staying since Tara's disappearance—but there'd be nothing to do there except sit on the verandah and receive the unwanted condolences of his fellow guests. Better to keep moving, to walk on through the town—though he didn't much like the town.

He'd never intended to stay in Accra for long—he'd called in for fresh food and supplies on his leisurely way

round the Guinea Coast, that was all. It was a squalid place, like most of these tropical ports.

He told himself that he'd have to get used to it, since he couldn't even raise the fare to leave it. At thirty-two he should have resilience enough to face up to it. It wouldn't be the first port he'd had to stay and work in for a while—he'd been doing it at intervals for years, when he needed money for the next leg of his travels.

All the same, he wished he could have been shipwrecked in some more salubrious and temperate place.

He drifted around for an hour or so, postponing the first drink as long as he could because the later he left it the less the night would cost him. Then, about seven, he turned into a bar called the Come to Heaven. It was a tawdry place, but it suited his pocket. He ordered a double Scotch at the bar and took it to a table near the entrance, where there was air of a kind. The place was about half full, and Conway was the only European. He drank his whisky slowly, making it last.

A blast of syncopated music from a gramophone almost deafened him. He moved away from it over to the other side of the doorway, but it didn't make much difference. You couldn't hope to get away from gramophones in Accra, anyway.

He finished his drink and counted his money. He could manage only one more double, if he was to pay his way at the Rest House. He was about to get up and go to the bar when another European came in—a little, elderly man, very dapper and prosperous-looking in a cream tussore suit and a cream panama hat. He wore pince-nez and carried an ivory-topped cane. Conway had a feeling he'd seen the man somewhere before—perhaps at the European Club.

The newcomer glanced around. His eyes met Conway's. He turned and ordered a glass of brandy, and then came towards Conway's table. He had short legs and small feet and his gait was mincing. At the table he raised his hat and gave a courtly little bow.

"Please forgive my intrusion," he said, "but are you not Mr. Michael Conway, the yachtsman?" His English was precise, but he had a slight accent which Conway couldn't place.

"I was!" Conway said ruefully.

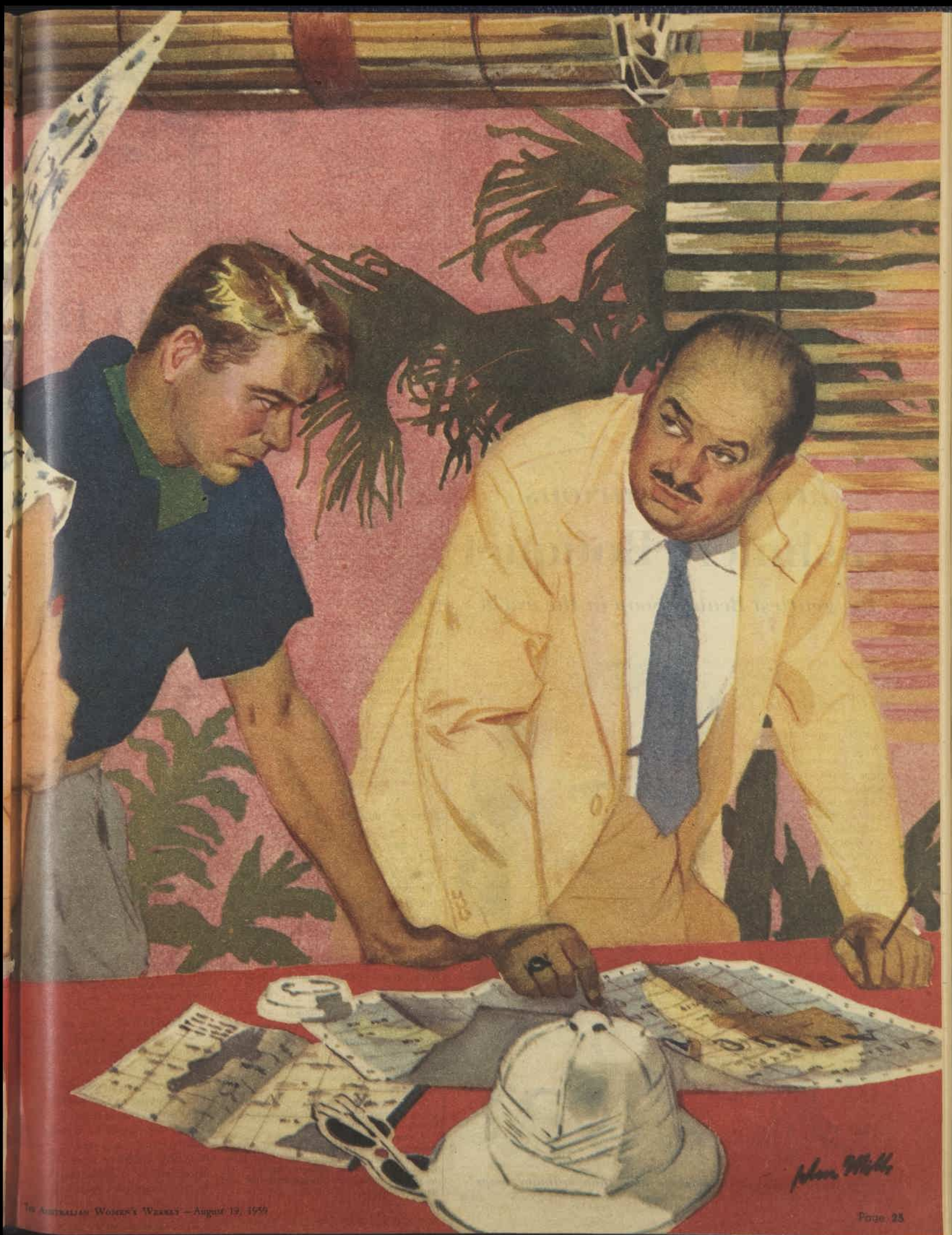
"Ah, yes. . . . I heard this afternoon that the remains of your boat had been found. A total loss, they say. That is very bad luck."

Conway nodded.

"May I introduce myself? My name is Venizelos. I manage the General and West Coast Trading Company here. . . ." The little man

To page 37

When Ionides produced the maps Mike carefully studied them while Leanda stood quietly to one side, watching.



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FATHER



"He discovered the back step is loose."

MOTHER



"You're not meant to like spinach . . . You're just meant to EAT it."

It seems to me

By



Dorothy Drann

WHATEVER the real talents of Yves Saint-Laurent, Christian Dior's successor, he certainly can make headlines.

This autumn he does seem to have gone a little far. His knee-exposing dresses raised a shriek of dismay.

People always carry on rather excessively about knees. "So ugly," they say.

Honestly, I don't think knees are much different from calves or shins or ankles. Some are better than others, that's all.

A knee is a most useful joint, a marvel of engineering. If you consider it dispassionately, it's rather better in design than the average elbow.

Elbows get pretty battered with the years, and they don't have the advantage of being encased in nylon.

The thing is, whoever thinks about elbows? How long is it since you took a good, unbiased look at your own?

Just imagine the situation if three-quarter-length sleeves had always been considered modest and becoming. And then a Paris designer chopped them off short.

There would be headlines: "Elbows Un-aesthetic, Says Duchess." "We Won't Show Ours, Housewives Assert."

Then the manufacturers and the buyers from the big stores would move in, modifying the outrageous sleeves so that they just showed a teeny bit of elbow.

And everyone would calm down as usual.

There are daffodils in the florist's,
The fruit-shop cat looks bland,
As it suns itself on the footpath
And stares at the hurrying band.
There's a shoot on my latest pot-plant,
The wind wafts a promise, though keen,
And the weeds on the vacant allotment
Are sprouting a grassy green.
Spring is coming. The shops already
Ahead of the season have raced.
Profusely their windows are blooming
With dresses — and all with a waist.

WOMEN are supposed to know about flowers the way men are supposed to know about guns.

However, there are degrees of enthusiasm, and there was one beautiful young creature at a recent Camellia Show in Sydney who should have stayed home.

She was making a tour of inspection with a group of older people, who paused, bloom by bloom, to exclaim and admire.

A shocked friend of mine reports that the girl tagged along in silence for an hour. Then, leaving the hall, she exclaimed in a clear, plaintive voice: "I do wish someone would explain to me the difference between camellias and gardenias."

A FRIEND back from abroad has given me a small silver Indian which, she assures me, will bring good fortune.

It is, of course, unlucky to discuss in print the efficacy of specific charms. All I am entitled to say is that I have become very attached to the little object.

However, it has brought some complications to my superstitious life in that I have not yet found a safe, permanent place for it.

The three-cornered, fashioned ointment tin which

always accompanies me on travels naturally lives in a suitcase.

The miniature ivory elephant which supervises other people's journeys has a place of ledge near the front door.

At present the Indian image sits in a pocket ashtray, which doesn't seem sufficiently dignified.

I was discussing these matters the other day in the hearing of an acquaintance.

"I don't know," he said, "why anybody would be bothered to split the atom. You'd be more at home back in the Dark Ages."

THAT surge of excitement produced by the news of a proposed exchange of visits between President Eisenhower and Mr. Khrushchev shows how jittery is today's world.

It is good news. There's no doubt of that. But it is strange to think of the enormous importance that attaches to such visits.

Fate cast these two men in leading roles. Some small twist of it could well have left them in positions where no one except their friends cared whom they visited and when they smiled or scowled.

President Eisenhower, as a retired military man, might have been playing golf and tending a garden. Mr. Khrushchev might have been some minor commissar, whooping it up occasionally at a local vodka party.

As it is, the world will watch and listen to them on every step of their journeys abroad. They smile, people will exchange optimistic predictions. If they scowl, the same people will wonder whether it is perhaps time to build an underground shelter.

ADVERTISED in an American magazine, a "magic cradle which automatically rocks, comforts, and gently lulls baby to sleep."

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On meeting

● The first impression is important. It may cause one man to turn away—but it could make another man come back for more.

ASK three out of four people what they think makes a good first impression and their reply will indicate something concerning the physical qualities of a person. Some may think of facial or body characteristics, some of tone of voice or speaking ability, others of clothes or mannerisms.

All of these things are important, but they are more important to the first glance or to the first word than to the total first impression.

This is a product of your personality and how your "you" affects him. If he can be made to feel secure, important, stimulated, and understood—or any one of these things—you have made it.

You may help yourself to a better first glance and a little more self-assurance with cosmetics, vocal lessons, or figure improvement. But, in the long run, practice in relating to other people with just the right amount of self-confidence and just the right amount of self-sacrifice is what is going to make you immediately popular in a new group.

However, let's not fool ourselves. That first glance does come before you have a chance to show your personality.

You've got to make a good appearance to get the practice you need. So let's talk about that first.

The first-glance impression you make on anyone is conditioned by your appearance and behaviour at the minute he sees you, by his expectation and by his past experience. He has learned to expect some things of women in general and some particular things of an attractive woman he would like to talk with.

What he has heard, what he has read, and what he knows from his own experience have conditioned him to conclude that certain facial expressions, dress, and manner go with specific types of individuals.

This means that in our culture he probably believes that a smile goes with a pleasant, easy-going person; a grim, determined look with a wallflower; a frilly pinafore and a ponytail with a "sweet young thing"; and a too-tight dress and bleached hair with a woman who is "ready."

Not all of these conditioned "stereotypes" are in his conscious awareness. He may not know why he prefers the girl who is slim, curvaceous, and perfumed any more than a Ubangi can tell you why he prefers his girls with big saucer-like lips. He just "feels" that's what he wants.

There's a lot of very interesting research regarding this matter of men's expectations for the appearance of women. Much of it has appeared in the popular magazines. And yet sometimes it seems to be ignored, or, if anything, contradicted by the appearance and behaviour of many young women who should know better.

"Sizing up" women

Recently two psychologists became interested in the problem of the first impressions men got from looking at photographs of women's faces. The two professors set up a study in what is called "person perception."

In the test, 140 young men were asked to look at the photographs of 24 young women and to "size up" the person in the picture by relating her facial characteristics to some 35 personality attributes.

There was a surprising amount of agreement between the young men.

Their consensus seemed to be that bright eyes and widened eyes were associated with

good moral character and traits like kind, faithful, mother-type.

Exaggerated bow-shaped lips seemed to indicate to most of the men that the girl had loose morals or "knows all the angles," "not the kind you take home to see mother."

High eyebrows with that pencilled-in look, eyelids that drooped slightly, a jauntily tilted head, narrowed eyes, or the over-bowed lips again seemed to be indicative of the gold-digger type—conceited, demanding, and attention-loving.

It was the girl who had a well-groomed look with conservative make-up and a smiling mouth that attracted the young men almost every time. She was judged to be the really socially acceptable type; gay, intelligent, refined, likeable, and a good mixer.

The winning smile

Of all the characteristics mentioned, the smile is undoubtedly the most important. People are ready to believe that the person who is able to smile is much more easily approachable, a much more interesting person, and one who would make a better friend or a better wife.

One day I brought a handsome young man whom I knew well with me when I went into a group that contained a large number of attractive and well-dressed girls whom he had never met before. I told him in advance that if he would pick out any one of these young ladies, I would be quite willing to introduce him to her and I was reasonably sure that she would accept a date.

I didn't introduce him to anybody at first. I waited to see what would develop. You probably can guess. Since he had no basis for a choice—they were all good-looking—the young man mentally and emotionally combed his past experience.

Such things as he had in the past had a better time with blondes or brunettes, with tall girls or short girls, with girls who looked like his mother, or with girls who didn't went through his mind. But in the end it was the girl who first smiled at him and made a gesture of interest—she leaned forward just a little—who was his choice.

All other things being equal, a gesture of response (usually a smile) does it every time.

Perhaps the major reason why a smile is so important to anyone who wants to establish friendly relations with other people is that men—and women—tend to judge your personality on the first single fleeting glimpse.

By a process called "temporal extension," a smile of yours which he just happens to catch may be regarded by him as a sure indication that you are a friendly, good-natured person that he would like to know.

But even though you are a basically friendly person, if he should happen to see you with a frown on, he might enlarge from this to the conclusion that you have the full-time personality of a cold fish.

As every beauty contestant knows, it is better to keep the smile on most of the time even if to you it feels a little forced and inappropriate, than to be caught without it when it could mean a lot to you.

Dress is important, too. Even a social psychologist is interested in the fact that survey after survey has demonstrated conclusively that most men like "their" women in feminine dresses; rarely in slacks, jeans, shorts, tight or bulky clothes.

It is also interesting that while the typical man may tell you that the latest fashion of very little importance to him, if the woman in his life is out of style he will complain though he had been personally injured.

Some men are appalled and often

THERE'S A MAN
FOR
EVERY WOMAN

Part 3

The important first glance

You can learn how to make a good impression

Continuing this exclusive feature from the book by Dr. RICHARD H. KLEMER

barrassed by extreme clothes. The women they are with may want to be looked at, but the men do not.

But even if everything fits perfectly, is wholly feminine, and has that height-of-fashion, expensive look, the young woman in question still may not be able to do more than arouse the envy of other women. Most men may not know, much about women's clothes, but some will probably realise that they can't afford to keep her in such style.

And there are other things to be said for moderation. By being conservatively dressed, in keeping with the role expectation that a man has for a fine, tastefully dressed young woman without looking too expensive, you increase your opportunity of interesting the kind of young man you want.

It is the demure appearance of many a sophisticated young lady which allows her to be charmingly informal with men and still not give the impression of being unladylike.

For some, though, it takes a good deal of courage to put on that little added touch which makes an individual distinctive while she is still in good taste. It is far easier to dress to be unnoticed and unapproached. Those who are fearful of contact with other individuals may deliberately—although only half-consciously—make their appearance such that they will not be approached.

This brings us to the two prime requisites of the good first impression. First is the easy self-assurance which enables us to meet and talk freely with a stranger—even a stranger who has been properly introduced. Second is

the gracious self-sacrifice which permits us to let him do most of the talking.

Although some people seem to be "born" with self-assurance, this isn't actually the case; they have learned it. True, some people are born with a perfect body structure and physical grace which help them to a self-definition of being very desirable to others and, therefore, they become self-assured.

Social failure

But even some beautiful women lack self-confidence. Somewhere along the line they were robbed of the self-esteem that could have made all the difference in the world to them.

Perhaps some of these women had parents who deliberately ran them down because they felt vanity was evil. Or because the parents consciously or unconsciously wanted the daughter to fail in social relations.

Or because the parents believed they were of inferior social status and wanted the daughter to know her place.

Perhaps some of these women were made generally fearful and insecure at home. Later this insecurity made them either hang back and withdraw from social situations, thinking that they could not be desirable, or else it made them overeager for friends to prove to themselves that they were loved.

Unfortunately, like the baby bear's porridge, self-assurance has to be "just right"; not too much, not too little. The person who is aggressively self-important has just as much difficulty in social relations as the person who doesn't have enough.

Let's start out by admitting that meeting someone is a ten-

sion-producing experience in some degree even to the most urbane and blasé individuals. The higher the prestige of the individual we are about to meet the more difficult it is to meet and talk with him easily.

The exaggerated illustration of this can be found in fairy stories when the little domestic servant meets the king. But that little maid's inner feelings are no more shaky than those of many single women when they are introduced to an ordinary—inwardly equally shaking—man.

You have undoubtedly seen some people who have had all the insecure symptoms of this problem—too formal, too talkative, too giggling, too self-demeaning, or too quiet.

I once interviewed Barbara, a 36-year-old with a beautiful smile. She had the soft warmth of personality which ought to have made her very marriageable. But once you heard her story, you could understand why she wasn't married.

Her mother had more or less rejected her; she was her father's girl. He was authoritarian, but he gave her security. She greatly feared losing his love. She looked to him for direction in every living experience.

He assumed such an enormous godlike prestige to her that she later found it almost impossible to be with men without feeling very greatly inferior and haltingly humble. She just couldn't talk sensibly to men.

This isn't only a problem for women, by any means. Some young men can't talk to women sensibly without a lot of self-defeating hemming and hawing.

There are other closely allied reasons for social ineptness. I remember one young woman, Sara, who was unable to talk with men because she feared them—literally. As part of her "sex education" (practically the only part) her parents impressed upon her the wickedness of the male. Every time in later life that she attempted to talk with a man she was blocked by deeply instilled fear.

I met Sara when she was in her thirties. She was a beautiful woman. Asked to describe her, most people would say that she was quiet, calm, and reserved. Only a small few who really got to know her well found that she was filled with inner turmoil and with tragic disappointment because she was literally unable to talk to men.

Cruelly shy

Soon after I first met Sara, I saw her again at a social gathering one day. She and I were left alone for a few minutes. I thought that she would be interested in chatting for a short while about mutual friends and experiences.

But each of my questions drew a one-word answer, "yes" or "no." And her manner of speaking was so cruelly abrupt that it was immediately discouraging, if not actually chilling. I am very sure that most eligible men in her age bracket would have talked to her for no more than two or three minutes. Then they would have gone off feeling that they had been rebuffed.

At the opposite extreme from the timid retiring girl is the belligerent, over-aggressive individual who strides into a room determined to take charge.

Her caustic sarcasm, far from proving that she is more intelligent or better equipped to deal with the world's problems, usually marks her right away as being a personality misfit. She is the kind that smart men (or women) stay a hundred miles away from.

The people who have extremely much or extremely little self-assurance have special problems probably requiring professional help. But most people are much more "normal." How can they make a better first impression?

This isn't easy to say, and it's a lot easier said than done. It involves, first of all, being in good taste, and in keeping with the role expectation for attractive women.

But more; it involves being a little distinc-

tive. It involves being relaxed and casual at some times, enthusiastic at others.

It is a good general rule to be only as distinctive as you can be with perfect assurance. But you can keep reaching just a small step farther to see if possibly you can move a little farther out of your rut.

There is no absolute rule in these matters. It depends on what your personality can handle, what you feel comfortable with, and on the customs of the group.

Finally, making a good impression involves being so truly interested in knowing and helping other people that you are unconsciously, as well as consciously, eager to meet and help other humans—especially men.

In almost every meeting between two strangers there is usually a period of awkwardness and uneasiness for each.

How to relax

Here are some ways to reduce your initial tension and relax, and so make a better impression:

1. Try to be calm. Sometimes wishing will make it so.

2. Remember that the other person is just as concerned as you are.

If you can understand that the other person is being quiet not because he doesn't like you, but rather because he is even more tense than you are, perhaps you can get the courage to take the lead in the conversation.

3. Don't try too hard.

You may sometimes feel that you must impress the other person with what you know. The less they seem to be impressed, the harder you try.

Actually, of course, they may have been very impressed, but have not had an opportunity to say so. Usually, people hear and see you even when you are not sure they do.

4. Listen carefully.

Listen to the man's name and what he has to say. Ask judicious questions, and get to know where he is from, what he has done, what his family was like. All of these things can give you clues which will be invaluable to you in talking further with him.

Moreover, knowing where he is from, you can draw certain conclusions and deductions which will make you a little more secure about talking to him.

5. Assume that the man likes you.

As a matter of fact, assume that everybody likes you until it is proved otherwise beyond a shadow of a doubt. If you do behave as if everybody likes you, they probably will.

6. Think of his needs and his likes every minute.

One day 30-year-old Lucy was upset when she came in to my office for counselling. It seems that the night before she had tried to take another little step forward. At a church social she had gathered up all her courage and blushing stepped up to a male newcomer to the group, and suggested that they dance. He just said, "No," nothing more.

"I will never do that again," she vowed. "Did you inquire if he would just like to talk?" I asked.

"No."

"Why not?"

"Well, I don't know how to carry on a conversation very well," she said. It is hardly necessary to add that a moment or two later she realised all by herself that perhaps he didn't dance very well.

7. When you can no longer appropriately talk about him, talk about those things you are most enthusiastic about—with, of course, the exception of other men friends.

There's nothing you can't talk about with him, if you really give the impression it's important to you, and if you aren't embarrassed about it yourself. He will literally "pick up" your attitudes about what you say.

8. Be positive and enthusiastic about the things which you really like. Remember that he is insecure, too. When he asks you where you would like to go and you say,

Continued on page 31

DRESS, hairdo, attractive make-up, and a smile all help to make a good first impression. Self-assurance and personality follow it up.

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WORTH REPORTING

CHEMISTS working in the laboratory of one of Hollywood's leading cosmetic firms always make sure that their products won't harm the most delicate stomachs.

Yep, that's right. Stomachs. Mr. Victor Harris—foreign-area manager for the company—was in Sydney recently, and he told us that the huge African market for face creams was one of the reasons for these precautions.

As well as using beauty preparations externally, African belles (on the advice of witch doctors) also eat large quantities on the grounds that internal cleansing, lubrication, and beautification are as important as surface treatment.

Maybe it's not so very funny. Mr. Harris said his firm was doing wide research into vitamin deficiencies as a cause of skin-ageing, greyness, and loss of hair.

Back to external glamor—they're also just launching a new iridescent lipstick packaged in a snuff-box type of container.

Born and raised in Hollywood, and attending high school there with Lana Turner and Alan Ladd as fellow students, Mr. Harris takes the glittering life for granted. He thinks his foreign assignments are more exciting.

He struck real danger some time ago in Iraq when he and a colleague persuaded half a dozen veiled Moslem ladies to lower their veils for a make-up demonstration in a big store there.

Both men were arrested and spent a night in gaol before the American Consul was able to get them a hurried passage out of the country.

★ ★ ★
OUR New York staff reports that a new restaurant has just opened there. It's called "C'est si beau."



MR. VICTOR HARRIS... Lana Turner and Alan Ladd were school-mates.

Eight miles of books

HAPPY birthday to you, happy birthday, dear British Museum, happy birthday to you.

The museum was 200 years old a few weeks ago, and we didn't want to let such an occasion pass.

The museum is a hive of activity these days.

They've just begun a complete catalogue of their reading matter, which will run to 300 volumes. When it's finished, in about six years' time, it will list about 6,000,000 books.

But, according to a museum spokesman, "We won't be sure until the catalogue is finished."

"We do know we have nearly eight miles of shelves—and we add about a mile and a half a year."

The museum began a catalogue in 1930, but it was interrupted by the war, and was finally given up in 1956.

In those 26 years—using older methods—cataloguers got up to the letter "C."

It was estimated that they would have taken another 250 years to finish the job.

IN Missouri, U.S.A., a motel-owner complained to police that a guest wasn't content with just stealing a towel.

Oh, no. He walked off with a television set, a lamp, and bedcovers.

So the guest didn't only take a towel—he cleaned up!

Teevee or not teevee

A FRIEND of ours was shopping in the fabric department of a big Sydney department store.

She explained what she wanted to the salesman. He favored her with a penetrating look, and then said, "Pardon me, ma'am, but aren't you on television?"

Blushing prettily, our friend said, "Well, yes, she was, occasionally."

"Oh, I haven't got a set," the salesman explained, "but you look as though you're on TV."

Our friend bought an extra



BRITISH MUSEUM... there was steady work for the bookworms.

half-yard of material (that she didn't need) and sauntered off on a pink cloud.

A few days later she was in the store again, and passed by the same salesman, deep in conversation with another customer.

"Pardon me, ma'am," he was saying, "but aren't you on television..."

THERE'S A MAN FOR EVERY WOMAN Continued from page 29

"I don't know" or "it doesn't matter," you are adding to his insecurity.

When, however, you are enthusiastic in your likes and dislikes, he can pull himself together and feel calm and contented that he has made the right decision in taking you.

Nothing is more deadly to the first impression than not letting people know how you really feel.

9.—Try not to worry about your first-impression failures.

One of the first things a good salesman has to learn is that you can't make a sale to every customer every time. If he lets himself get discouraged over the last sale he didn't make, he is sure to miff the next one.

In most cases, if you try to be friendly and are rejected, there's something wrong with him, not you. Forget him. Turn around immediately and be enthusiastically friendly with the many others who are eager for just that response from you.

When all else has been said, the most important aspect of making a good first impression is the genuineness of the interest you have in meeting other people. Nothing shows quicker than insincerity.

It takes a little self-sacrifice to be interested in others. You may have to take a rebuff or experience a foolish feeling now and then, but in the long run it pays.

If you will only make a man feel really welcome to share the fleeting minutes of your

life that you spend together, you can win his undying gratitude, his admiration, and—if you want it—his love.

It is a very great temptation, of course, to say, "Be yourself, be natural, and you will make a good first impression." This is not necessarily so.

Perhaps the real reason you haven't been making a good first impression is because you have been yourself—letting your problems show through.

Perhaps it would be better to say, "Don't be yourself as you are right now, rather change yourself so that you do make a better first impression."

First, practise in the comfortable security of a relationship, such as with a sister, a brother, a room-mate. Be interested in them. Say something nice. Be calm and relaxed. And, above all, listen carefully and give them tactful answers which will enable them to have the security of knowing what you really want.

Take a little step forward by being a little more distinctive. When that little more distinctive step becomes comfortable to your personality, take another. And another.

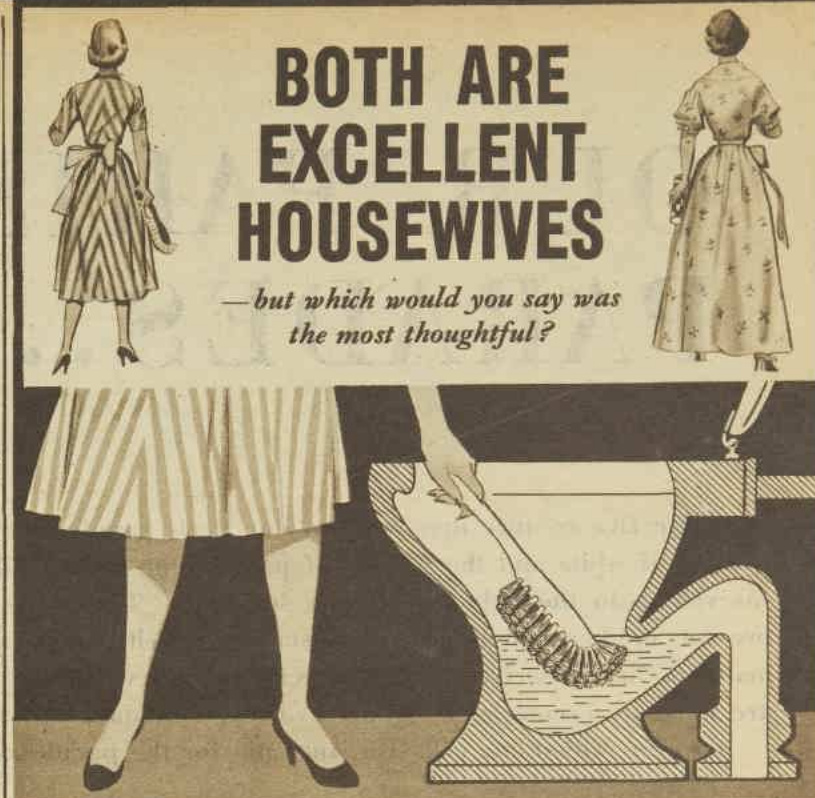
Then go out, mix with people.
Copyright, Richard H. Klemer, 1959.

NEXT WEEK

You need to be more than a "good friend."

BOTH ARE EXCELLENT HOUSEWIVES

—but which would you say was the most thoughtful?



An unpleasant task, but Mrs. A. scrubs her toilet bowl regularly. It looks reasonably clean, and that's enough for Mrs. A. She never thinks of the hidden "S" bend, around which no brush can possibly reach.



Mrs. B. is very conscious of the hidden "S" bend, and realises that a brush alone will not do the job. So she sprinkles Harpic last thing every night, and has the added satisfaction of knowing that the whole toilet will be sparkling clean... free of germs and unpleasant odours.

Pleasant way to really clean your toilet...

Sprinkle Harpic in the toilet last thing every night, and flush away in the morning. While you sleep, Harpic cleans thoroughly and destroys bacteria in the lavatory bowl, leaving it sparkling and hygienically clean. Delicately perfumed, Harpic keeps your bathroom or lavatory sweet-smelling. Ask for Harpic at your store.

To keep your toilet clean and bright Sprinkle Harpic every night

HARPIC REGD.
Lavatory Cleanser

SAFE FOR CLEANING SEPTIC TANK TOILET BOWLS



OUR PARIS PARADES...

● These five couture dresses from our Paris parades show the glamor of white and the flattery of pale frappe colors. All look marvellous in the light of summer sunshine. The dresses also present another delight of the season — a belt, often in self-material, firmly encircling the wearer's natural waistline. They are worn by French mannequins Sylvana, Monique, and Olivia, who, with Elza, will visit Australia for the parades.



PIERRE BALMAIN white pique evening dress and leaf-print, pique-type cotton evening coat. Worn by Sylvana. S.F.T. fabrics by Univex.

PIERRE CARDIN embroidered cotton garden-party dress. Wide-brimmed hat is in fine lilac straw. Worn by Olivia. S.F.T. fabric by Passot.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

August 19, 1959

Teenagers

WEEKLY

*Night and
day fashions
— Pages 8, 9*

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly Not to be sold separately

LETTERS

Why boys keep girls waiting

WHY do boys keep girls waiting so long to be called for when they are going out? When I asked a boy he said, "We don't want to make too good an impression on you females. If we make a date with a girl and arrive at the appointed place on the dot of the appointed time she seems to jump to the conclusion that we want to go steady. I don't think it's fair that boys should think like this about girls. Just because one girl in every 10 jumps to wild conclusions doesn't mean the other nine have to suffer!"—*Brenda Harwood, Post Office Road, Castlereagh, N.S.W.*



ANDREW ROUT
... take a hint.

School pools

WHY don't the secondary schools in Australia take a hint from the United States, where most schools have their own swimming-pool (heated in winter). Swimming twice or three times a week is a part of the regular lessons of American secondary-school students, and, looking at the number of drownings in Australia last summer, I think swimming should be taught in schools.—*Andrew Rout, Close Ave., Dandenong, Vic.*

Queer habit

WOULD some bright soul please tell me why the referee at a football match always wears his collar upright. I'm desperate with worry about this queer habit.—*Denise Moore, Pitt St., Redfern, Sydney.*

[The N.S.W. Referees' Association says there is no particular reason—it's just the fashion. The referees, always immaculately dressed, have the collars starched and ironed. The vogue was started by famous Sydney referee Jack O'Brien about 1940.]

Country-style

I CANNOT understand why some people who live in cities look down on those who

There are no holds barred in this forum. Send your snaps, too, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Send them to Box 4088 WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

OUR COVER: White is right for evening dresses (see pages 8 and 9), and we prove that again with our cover picture, taken by Sydney photographer Geoff Lee.

live in the country. Anyone would think those who live in the city were more important. After all, country folk keep up with modern times, know how to rock-n-roll, cha-cha, and calypso, and we have our local "bodgies" and "widgies." Those who are concerned in looking down on us as old-fashioned, if you get a chance to go to a country town, go and see just where you are wrong.—*"Country Girl," Cowra, N.S.W.*

Playing games

PLAYING energetic games is not only a way of developing an admirable male body but it also builds strong, healthy minds and characters, and gives female admirers a chance to watch and follow the boy's weekend activities. A boy who presents himself as nothing but an elegant, after-dark escort is simply a bore. Seeing a male competing in an exciting match gives a girl a fairly accurate summary of his general character and temperament. If a boy cannot play according to the rules, or take defeat well, he can find no place among my circle of friends.—*Jan Magrath, 20 Botany Street, Carlton, Sydney.*



JENNIFER DAVISON
... 17 too young.

Car licences

DOUG KLINTWORTH (T.W., 15/7/59) said that the age for car licences should be reduced to 15 or 16, but I think even 17 is too young for anyone to get a licence. If the age were raised to 19, more teenagers would be able to afford their own car and would realise the need for Road

Safety. About three-quarters of road accidents are caused by teenage drivers, especially those who race at 80 or 90 miles an hour along highways and around sharp corners.—*Jennifer Davison, Calarie Rd., Forbes, N.S.W.*

Teenagers' tax

BRAVO, Professor Baxter (Vice-Chancellor of the University of N.S.W.), for your suggestion that teenagers who leave school at 14 or 15 to earn high wages should be taxed to help others who stay at school to get their Leaving Certificate. It's only fair that a boy of 18, earning up to £20 a week, should be taxed, say, £2 a week for this purpose. I had to leave school a year before doing the Leaving to help support my mother, and now have to do night school for my matric.—*"Still Hopeful," Glebe, Sydney.*

Set an example

IN our district we teenagers hold many dances. They are well organised and our parents help us make them a success. But outside the hall there is always the supply of liquor, which is being hastily consumed by some of the older generation.

THAT LOVE STORY



JUTTA and brother.



JANICE ROBERTS.

I DISAGREE with "Margot's" view that the "Love Story" should be "killed" (T.W., 22/7/59). I asked my friends—boys and girls—for their opinions, and they said, "It's great, keep it going," and today I found my mother reading it.—*Jutta Gwenthorst (14), Graman, via Inverell, N.S.W.*

● Of the 245 replies to "Margot," 127 wanted "Love Story" kept—so turn to page 14 as usual.

These people are well out of their teens and should set an example for us teenagers to follow.—*"Non-drinker," Waggah, N.S.W.*

Rigid code

MANY teenagers are so intent on rebelling against all fixed authority that they fail to

realise that they are binding themselves by the more rigid code of rebellion. There must always be authority, so let us merely try to amend it to suit the changing times. If we reject it entirely, we make ourselves worse than those who use authority unwisely.—*"Hopeful," Newcastle, N.S.W.*

GOING STEADY

● Should teenagers go steady? If they do, how old should they be? A letter from "Teenager," Kangaroo Valley, N.S.W. (T.W. 15/7/59) said that 17 is quite young enough:

"TEENAGER" said that a young girl who runs around usually becomes marked, and that she shouldn't go steady until she's 17. Isn't she contradicting herself? It is a very good idea for a girl to go out with different boys, but I have found that parents usually call this kind of girl a flirt. But when a girl (about 15) does go steady they usually worry in case she will get too serious. Therefore, what do parents think we should do?—*"Marion" (15 years), Waverton, N.S.W.*

AMERICAN teenagers are considered normal if they "go steady" at 14 or 15. Is it because they are more mature, more educated in these matters, more sensible? If Australian boys and girls go steady they are usually laughed at by their elders, and said to be "emotionally mixed-up children." American parents help their children mature, whereas Australian parents tend to hold back their children. Maybe this is for the better, and, apart from this, I think Australian parents are the best in the world.—*R.H., Fairfield, N.S.W.*

A GIRL of 17 can be as immature as an average girl of 13 or 14, and vice-versa.

Parents should realise this. The average girl of 14 is fairly mature. As long as girls do not go steady at that age, I can see nothing wrong with an occasional date.—*"Leslie," Gordon, N.S.W.*

DEFINITELY, 14 is not too young to go out with boys. Parents are just too square to realise this. They sit in their own dull world, leading a life in the past. When will they wake up and face the fact that today's teenagers are as old as they feel?—*"L," Thornleigh, N.S.W.*

WE think that girls from 14 onwards should go out with boys. As long as our parents know where we are and who we are with it is none of anyone else's business. The older girls of Kangaroo Valley are jealous because most of them haven't got steady boy-friends. We are only 15 and 16, but most of us have steadies.—*"The Happy Five," Kangaroo Valley, N.S.W.*

NO one can set the exact age to fall in love and start going steady. I am under 17 and deeply in love and going steady with a boy of 17, and have been doing so for the past eight months. We are both wonderfully happy and wouldn't dream of going out with any-

one else. I have had lots of other boy-friends and think I know my own mind.—*"Going Steady," Panania, N.S.W.*

MY girl-friend and I are the same age. Her parents have forbidden her to have any more to do with a fellow she has been seeing for about a month, as they consider her too young to go steady. My parents go mad at me if I go out with two different boys in one week, because they say I will "get a name for myself." I don't think I'll ever understand parents.—*"Troubled Teenager," Cooma, N.S.W.*

WHY is it that when a girl is about 16 and anxious to have a few dates with different boys, as soon as she accepts a second or a third date from one boy she is considered to be going steady (by the other boys)? This very immature attitude is prevalent among high-school boys.—*"High-school Girl," Tenterfield, N.S.W.*

IF you are still attending school at the age of 15 and 16 you are doing your Intermediate or Leaving Certificate and you get several hours' homework each night. Make the best of your schooldays and do your dating after you've finished schoolwork and are at work.—*"No Hurry," Ballarat, Vic.*

Parents are really nice

On our letters page we have published a number of "moans" by teenagers about parents. From the flood of letters in reply we have chosen these:

Don't hide behind your self-pity

I DO think it is a good idea for teenagers to be able to express themselves freely in Teenagers' Weekly, but I am becoming tired of the "my - parents - don't - understand-me" type. Surely this is the fault of the teenagers themselves, not of their parents. If

From parents...

I AM middle-aged, and I think most teenagers are wonderful. Their ponytails, bright clothes, and rock-'n-roll make them individuals. My teenage son always brings his friends home; they listen to the latest recordings, play cards, or sit around the fire on cold nights. I can remember the jazz age, when my father was horrified at such dances as the Charleston and Black Bottom.—"Live and Be Happy," Dubbo, N.S.W.

THOUGH not in my teens, I feel that I would like to tell parents and children alike what can be done with a little understanding. When I was in my teens my mother and father saw to it that my brother and I had all the fun we could. We were allowed to have anyone home, and formed our own bushwalking club during one of these "get-togethers." When we could not find anyone to chaperon us while camping, my Mum and Dad gave up their own pleasure to accompany us. The club met at our place once a week, when we talked of future walks and had a jam session! We've all got married since then, but those boys and girls still remember my parents in their old age, and my parents have lots of families in whom they can take an interest.-(Mrs.) F. Taylor, 80 Kalibah Rd., Highfields, Qld.

... and a sister

MUCH has been said of parents who wait up and worry about their children when they are out late. I didn't fully appreciate the anxious moments which I, at times, have caused my parents until last night, when my young brother didn't return from his first dance until very late—and I found that I was the one doing the worrying.—"Janne," Croydon Park, N.S.W.

these "misunderstood" teenagers would stop hiding behind their self-pity they would soon realise that they are really not very different from their parents.—"An Understood Teenager," Camperdown, N.S.W.

Now I understand their views

I WAS so pleased to read D. Hughes' letter (T.W., 15/7/59) supporting parents. If only more teenagers would realise that it was their parents who brought them into the world, their parents who clothed them, and their parents who loved, fed, and sent them to school. It took me three years to realise this. That is the time since I last saw any member of my family. Only now am I beginning to understand why I couldn't have all the things I wanted and couldn't do everything that I wished to do.—Ruth Saunders, 1 Rupertswood Ave., Bellevue Hill, Sydney.

Try to meet your parents halfway

WHY do many teenagers bemoan their parents? Mine are rather oldish, even conservative in some ways, but they are not always "squares." They can, and do, tolerate Elvis and the rest of the rock stars and records. They enjoy going to the Stadium shows and watching "Bandstand" and "Six O'Clock Rock" on TV on Saturdays. So, please, no one is perfect, and I think we should at least try to meet our parents halfway. Think of what life would be like without parents.—D.H., Bellevue Hill, N.S.W.

Teenage problems are ageless

MANY Teenagers' Weekly readers have complained about the attitude of parents and adults towards teenage behaviour and dress. I think:

(a) Most teenagers are self-centred and will not try to understand the point of view of anyone who is not in their age group.

(b) If there were no adults to complain of teenage behaviour and dress, it would be dull to be a teenager.

(c) Few of the writers have good reasoning faculties. Their arguments are biased.

Maybe it would interest these writers to know that the people who criticise teenagers are the ones who complained when their seniors criticised them in

their youth. Also, why shouldn't we be criticised? We are loud in our criticism of "squares." If from this letter I seem to be a "square" myself, I assure you that I am 16 and I love rock-'n-roll, hit tunes, and current fashions, but I am not concerned if my father ridicules any of these, which he most certainly does.—Jackie Miller, 5 "Te Hongi Court," Beaumaris S.10, Melbourne.

We need parents' help and support

I AM 17, and I sometimes experience my parents' "unfairness," and, like all other teenagers, I rebel against it. But parents can't be perfect, and they do try their hardest to make decent people out of us. I mean while we're at this "crazy" age, where anything can go wrong, and we are capable of doing heaven-knows-what, we need our parents' support and guidance, and even if it is, sometimes unfair I don't think we should grouch too much. After all, our parents were also teenagers once, and from their experience they know what's best for us.—Margaret Shevchenko, Old South Head Rd., Bondi, N.S.W.

A hard life without them

I AM 16, and when I left home I was 15. Now I miss my parents and friends very much. Some teenagers think that they are old enough to look after themselves, but, believe me, it is very hard. You don't have half the advantages that you have at home. Although you think you can have a good time because you are your own boss, your money will end up bossing you. As one old saying goes, "You can't put an old head on young shoulders," which is very true. As I know from experience, "There's no place like home."—Barbara Payk, Moon-gulla, N.S.W.

Complaints are just "letting off steam"

ALTHOUGH you often hear teenagers running their parents down, they still think they're swell deep-down inside. I confess I criticise mine; not because I don't like them—it's because they say something against us and you just have to tell someone. So parents needn't worry. We're merely letting off steam.—Margaret Barnes, c/o Post Office, Nourra, N.S.W.

Perry Como says: "I didn't understand my parents"



PERRY COMO with his wife, Roselle.

MY parents were people I didn't understand when I was 14. I understand them now. The faith I find in my own home and in my world is a result of the faith I found in my father's house.

Now, with a family of my own, I can appreciate a man who never made more than a bare living and raised 13 kids—not one of them a black sheep.

That, as a teenager, I didn't understand my parents is not unusual. It's hard to consider parents as individuals. They're Mom and Pop, and that's that.

And it's easy to forget that Mom and Pop have needs and dreams and specific personalities and characters.

A youngster's life is, by its very nature, full of urgency. It's almost instinctive to combat a parent's more deliberate evaluation and discipline with a kind of frustration that winds up with, "Oh, you just don't understand!"

But parents do understand.

To my father, prosperity meant enough to remind you to be thankful.

When I started to have some small success in show business I was in my twenties.

I'll never forget the time my Dad heard me sing in a theatre. My name was in lights, my picture on the postbills, and I was feeling pretty big.

After the show I rushed over to him—expecting him, I suppose, to look at me with some kind of awe.

But all he said was, "That's a good boy!"

There should be no vanity, no greed.

He taught me this when I was a boy. He was teaching me again when I was a man.

I wish I could tell him that now I understand him.

A girl who knows where she's going

By CAROL TATTERSFIELD

● Yvonne O'Brien has an attractive, level head on her young shoulders. She looks the perfect secretary. But her job doesn't completely satisfy her.

OH, she's perfectly happy being a secretary in a Sydney solicitor's office. Make no mistake about that.

She gets £14/10/-, and the hours are 9 to 5.

But it's just a job. You can't dream about a comma half-way down a legal document or build your thoughts round someone else's land transfer.

So what does a young girl do if her job is not a career?

Vivacious Yvonne has so many answers to the situation that I felt I might need a course of vitamin pills—just to keep up with the story.

Teaches dancing

"I run an Irish dancing class for about 25 children every Saturday morning. I've always been mad about dancing," she began. "And then on Wednesday night I go to the business-girls' course in ballet."

"On Tuesday nights some children come home and I take a private dancing class. I really want to extend that to Friday, too."

"And I have a steady boyfriend, so I go out with him on Thursdays and Saturdays."

And marriage soon?

Yvonne blushed a bit. "No, not for a while. I think 21 is the best age. You're not mature till then."

Yvonne is a well-considered plan for life—even at her ripe old age of 18.

"I could have stayed at school another year and taken my Leaving Certificate—that's what my teachers wanted me to do—and then I could have taken some university course," she said.

"And I always wanted to be a commercial artist."

But from school-leaving age Yvonne decided she couldn't afford the time for all the study. With a normal goal of marriage in mind, she has to cram as much life as possible into her short free span.

Besides, she thought, if she were to teach dancing and have a normal routine daytime job, she wouldn't be tied.

(Yvonne learned Irish dancing from tiny-tot days, when she had rheumatic fever and took it up to strengthen her skinny legs. Last year she came second in the Australian championships.)

But the normal routine job first.

Off Yvonne went to business college for a year, and gradu-



YVONNE'S array of cups and trophies for Irish dancing inspires one of her young pupils.

ated with a diploma and the ability to type 60 words a minute and do shorthand at the rate of 100 words a minute.

"I took a course in dress-making and kept up with my dancing and social outings, too," she added breathlessly.

Outfitted with all these qualifications at the age of 16, she sailed into her first job—a junior stenographer in an advertising agency.

Planned job

"It seems so long ago I can hardly remember," she said. "I had to do all the messages and I think I only typed two letters in four weeks. I was fed-up and I left."

Yvonne was a bit disillusioned about this first setback. She PLANNED her next job.

Deciding on law work, and wanting to make the best of it for a few years, she got a job in a suburban solicitors' office in Canterbury, close to home.

She didn't mind that her starting wage was a little over half her present one. It was general experience she wanted at first.

It was a tiny office, with only two girls and the solicitor. Yvonne found herself doing much more than just shorthand and typing. She actually did half the work of an articulated law clerk—things like registrations, and there was a little court work.

There was time, working so close to home, to start an interest in photography—mainly portraiture of her younger sister, Lorraine . . .

"That year," Yvonne recalls, "was just an apprenticeship for a big job in the city."

STENOGRAPHER Yvonne O'Brien likes the variety of work she gets in a small legal office.

For her present "big city job" she was picked from two other applicants.

Well, it wasn't really a big job. Yvonne didn't want to go into an enormous office where she'd just swim in a large pool of secretaries.

There's only one other girl in her present office, so she has lots of variety—from making the tea and answering the telephone to transcribing documents about conveyancing and things.

Another intriguing aspect of her job, she thinks, is the fact that her employer is a migrant and does a lot of work for German-speaking New Australians.

Still taking her new secretarial job in her enthusiastic stride, Yvonne decided to turn her dancing talents to teaching.

"I've always wanted to teach dancing. It helps children for their deportment and helps the clumsy ones. I heard the other day that it was good for children with polio, too," she said.

Being in the dancing business it was fairly easy to build up her own class. She asked

the Rockdale Catholic school for their hall, and then recruited the children from the school for her Saturday morning lesson.

"They tell me all about their home lives. It's such fun seeing all their different little nature develop," she said softly.

And the money?

Yvonne said she earns about 30/- each Saturday, charging 2/- a head, and then she earns another 8/- with her two pupils for private classes on Tuesday at home.

"I save quite a lot of money," she said. "Just for a rainy day."

But what Yvonne saves most is time. "I just can't bear doing nothing," she said.

"I think I'll start a course in Italian. It would be fun to learn another language."

Her brown eyes sparkled with the thought of starting something new and busy.



Page 4 — Teenagers' Weekly



Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — August 19, 1959

THOSE BEATNIKS

"They Had Me Beat"—Patricia O'Connell's report on Australia's beatniks—inspired a number of interesting contributions, which we have gathered on this page.

The true and the artificial

By R. R. SCHULZE

PATRICIA O'CONNELL, after dolling herself up in typically beat garb and drinking a few cups of coffee in Rowe Street, condemned and ridiculed a whole generation after superficially judging a few individuals.

When we consider that beat philosophy is based on individualism, we realise that her task was impossible.

There are two distinct types of beatniks in Australia, the artificial and the true.

Members of the artificial group dress and act as they do because they think it's smart. They are exhibitionists, they copy others, they act unnaturally.

In so doing they contradict all beat philosophy—and should not be called beatniks at all.

The true beatnik is a radical individualist. He is genuine in his belief that routine, habit, and that part of convention which is purposeless tend to force him to live a dictated life.

To unmask his own true personality, and then let his "self" live, he must break those customs which have long outlived their usefulness but which society still accepts as the "done thing."

The way most people dress is a good illustration. Why do men wear ties? To dangle in soup? To constrict their vocal cords? No. They wear them because it's an unwritten law that they should. Wouldn't it be more sensible to wear a cravat?

I AM... I AM... I AM

OWOE IS ME... the beatnik has reared its ugly head again.

What is a beatnik?

I am a beatnik. I wear black stockings. I sulk in espresso haunts. I sit in the middle of the floor at parties. I love candles in gin bottles. I hate everyone.

I am a university student. I can't even wear slacks to lectures. I study conscientiously to midnight. I drink tea at breakfast-time. I can't bear to work without strong light. I love my friends.

I am me.

—"Avril," Sydney.

"It's a new way of life"

• True beatniks are jealous of their name and their philosophy. At every opportunity they dissociate themselves from those they describe as bohemians.

HEATHER KENNEDY, of the Sydney suburb of Double Bay, says: "There are real beatniks in America and Australia, but they are greatly outnumbered by squares who imagine they are hep, who dress in the 'uniform' and sit in coffee lounges when they can spare the time from their 9-to-5 jobs."

"The real beat world was created by a small circle—notably John Cillon Holmes (whose book 'Go' was first published in 1950), John Kerouac (who introduced the Beat Generation in his first book, 'The Town and the City'), Allen Ginsburg, Carl Solomon, Kingsley Amis, and several others."

"These were the first and greatest beat men."

"Being beat consists of more than a passion for jazz and unusual clothes—it is a way of life."

"To be beat is to dig everything—which simply means to get all you can from life, have every experience possible, and, above all, to experiment."

Howard Lindley, of Elwood, Melbourne, said:

"The Beat Generation is a product of the atomic age in which man is tottering on the brink of a war that could mean our extinction."

"When the political leaders of the older generation, negotiating for a peace conference, cannot agree whether their conference table should be square or round, is it any wonder we rebel?"

Mr. Lindley described the

article by Patricia O'Connell which began this controversy as a very clever piece of journalism.

"But she got her facts completely muddled," he said.

"The word 'beat' does not refer to the music of today; it is derived from the word 'beatitude,' a state of being the beatniks are searching for in this basically ugly world."



"Since when have these new-fangled black stockings been allowed in place of the uniform nylons?"

POOR LITTLE BEAT GIRL

ONCE upon a time there was a little girl who was beat.

She lived in a big house with a swimming pool and a stereophonic radiogram, like, but she was unhappy.

She was a pretty little girl with long, limp hair that hung hideously over her white, kalsomined face, like, but she was unhappy.

She had a big pink room with a big blue wardrobe full always, of course, with clothes for breakfast, clothes for dinner, and clothes for tea, like, but still she was unhappy.

She had a mummy and daddy, too, but they were squares.

One day, halfway through her art exams, she stopped reading comic strips, 'cos they were becoming a real drag, and picked up a copy of Dylan Thomas'.

The change in her was unremarkable.

Not long after this the beat little girl told her daddy she had failed her art exams again. Daddy was his usual square self, but no matter how square Daddy was he was still beastly enough to give in to her before she had time to give a magnificent performance of Method Acting all over the living-room carpet.

Poor little beat girl, she just wasn't suffering enough, like.

What could she do? Her mummy and daddy just loved her too much.

They were squares. What was worse, they weren't even middle-class.

Nobody understood her. She was deep, deep, deep.

How dreadfully cool it was that she should dig everything and nobody cared.

Some did.

They were beat, too. They dug everything just like she did. They had read Kerouac

By JOE KLINKERHOF

and Dylan Thomas, too, like. One had even written all the way to New York for a copy of "The Subterraneans" just so she could carry it everywhere. They were intellectuals. They'd tell you so themselves.

But they were unhappy, too, like.

Everything that reeked of putrid middle-classness was out. Working for a living, popular novels that everybody else was reading, CinemaScope movies, bathing, television, local politics. Everything, dad, but everything.

It was a drag.

Only silent black-and-white Russian movies made before 1921 on extra small screens were in.

So was alcohol.

Black coffee seemed to last, too, like.

So did beat parties every Friday and Saturday night, like.

Cool folk-music played on 1925-style gramophones was in.

One day when the beat little girl was loafing in her favorite Rowe Street pad nonchalantly throwing down a black coffee on the rocks (she was feeling hungup), in slid a real hip character, like.

She flipped through her right eye. Her left one was covered with hair.

She just knew he was beat 'cos he had a long black beard and, of course, looked like he was hungup, too, like.

He was even carrying "On The Road."

Man, he was cool.

"Let's cut out, like," said the hipster, and the little beat girl could feel ladders run all the way up her black lisle stockings.

So the beat little girl and the hipster searched the city, they searched and searched and searched, but they never seemed to find it.

Then it got cold, like, and foggy and started to rain, so the beat little girl and the beat little boy went home.

It was so horribly square to sleep in your own warm bed and have to get up again next morning and have breakfast with such dreadfully, normal parents.

THEY'RE RACING!

His career's off to a flying start

● Harry White is 4ft. 5in. high, he tips the scales at 5st. 6lb.—and he's racing to success in his profession.

HARRY is 15 years old, and he is Melbourne's smallest jockey.

And he made turf history at Flemington Racecourse by winning the second Braybrook Handicap on the 66/1 long shot Alpino only a month after he received his riding licence.

That was Harry's first ride at a metropolitan racecourse.

But, turf history-maker or not, he was back to earth and at work in the stables again next morning—grating a 50lb. bag of carrots for Alpino and his stablemates.

High praise

Harry is levelheaded, and he realises he has a long way to go—that one win doesn't make a jockey.

He loves his job. In his eyes, every moment of an apprentice jockey's life is "all right."

That's high praise from Harry.

Even his win in the Braybrook—it was a neck-and-neck finish with the favorite, White Hills—was "all right."

Harry glows with enthusiasm when he's talking about horses.

A jockey has to be enthusiastic about the life. It's hard, and far from just the glamor of silks and wins and congratulations from other jockeys and plaudits from the crowd.

Nerve and courage

Good horsemanship is only a fraction of it.

You've got to have nerve and courage, and patience. You have to have a clear, quick-thinking mind.

And you have to give all your time to horses and their needs.

A jockey serves five solid years of apprenticeship before he's a fully fledged "hoop."

Every chilly winter day Harry is out of bed at 5.30 a.m. (in the summer it's 4.30), and he works round the stables for a couple of hours.

Apprentices work broken shifts. When the horses are resting, the boys can relax.

But even so, an apprentice's daily schedule is pretty formidable.

Early rising

With two other apprentices, Harry works at the Mentone stables of leading Melbourne trainer Tony Lopes.

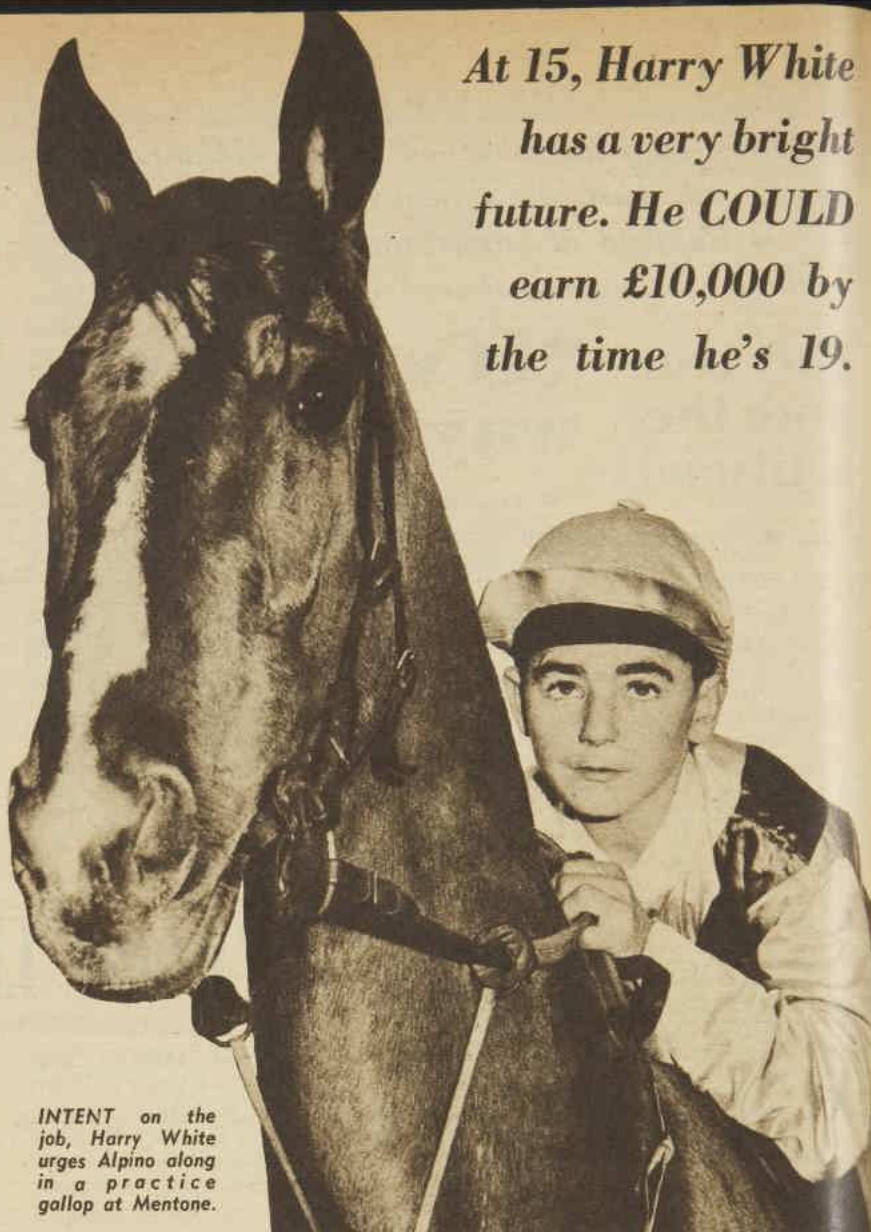
From 5.30 till 9.00 a.m., the boys exercise some of the 18 horses in training on the old Mentone Racecourse nearby.

The dew's still on the ground and it's COLD.

But every day, seven days a week, the horses have to be exercised.

So far, in the two years of his apprenticeship, Harry has rid-

TINY apprentice jockey Harry White uses a foot-high box so that he can reach up to groom the racehorses in his 'care.



INTENT on the job, Harry White urges Alpino along in a practice gallop at Mentone.

den an average of 10 miles a day.

That adds up to 7300 miles—which means that Harry could have jogged and cantered his way from Melbourne to Perth nearly four times.

Back to the schedule . . .

Before the 9.00 a.m. break the boys have to clean out the horses' loose boxes, spread them with clean straw, and dress and groom and feed some of the future stars of the turf.

Then they're free till noon, when the horses have to be fed again.

More free time for the apprentices and strappers . . . till 3.00 p.m. The horses have to be exercised till 4.30.

And at 6.30 p.m. the horses have dinner and are rugged down for the night.

Another day is over. But there are still those bucketfuls of carrots to be grated . . .

In his daily round, Harry has an extra chore.

He has to cart round a foot-high box to stand on so he can reach up to groom the horses.

But that's good. Harry's box is a valued possession; it means

he's small. And the ability to stay small is essential for a successful jockey, so Harry hopes he'll always need his box.

"Harry should be all right there," says Tony Lopes. "His father's only eight stone today, and he's 40, and his grandfather is eight stone five pounds, and he's . . . well, anyway, he's the boy's grandfather."

Says grandfather Frank White, "And he'll never put on weight. He eats like a horse, but you just can't fatten him up."

Horse operas

And "Pop," as he's called, should know. He is the chef who cooks—among other things—80lb. of steak a week for the 15 people who sit down to meals at Mr. Lopes' stables.

When he's not working, Harry spends most of his time glued in front of the TV set—watching horse operas, or Westerns, if you want their proper name.

Or he plays football with the other jockeys or goes window-shopping.

At 15, Harry White has a very bright future. He **COULD** earn £10,000 by the time he's 19.

Harry can't afford to spend much.

He banks £1 a week out of his apprentice pay: £2 a week for the first year, plus keep, and increasing £1 each succeeding year.

An apprentice also receives £3 for a losing ride. And if he wins he gets five per cent of the prizemoney.

The prizemoney goes into a special account kept for the boys by the Victoria Racing Club.

For Harry, life as an apprentice jockey is wholly satisfying. He has racing in his blood: grandfather Frank has been in and around stables for 50 years, and father Harry was a well-known Victorian jockey.

Harry's burning ambition is to "win the Caulfield Cup like Dad." But even if he doesn't he can still be in the big-money bracket by the time he's 19.

According to trainer Lopes: "If an apprentice is sensible, works hard, and is keen and eager and lucky, he can have anything from £10,000 to £15,000 in the bank at the end of his five years' apprenticeship."



Ricky now has five gold discs

By AINSLIE BAKER

● A nineteen-year-old with a six-figure income, Ricky Nelson is really rolling with five gold discs to his credit and four secretaries to answer his fanmail.

HIS last release, "Never Be Anyone Else But You" (out about three months), is doing nicely in Australia, but hasn't yet become the big hit it was overseas; his next will be "Just a Little Too Much," backed by "Sweeter Than You," due for release on September 3.

This wealthy dreamboat of the Hollywood younger set likes blue jeans, white shoes, and cashmere sweaters, drums, and bull-fighting—in which he's recently been taking lessons. He sleeps in his pyjama trousers only.

Ricky, with his elder brother David, was only 11 when he began to work on the radio show of his famous parents, Ozzie and Harriet, and later went with them into TV.

He graduated from Hollywood High last June, with a B average.

"I won't be going to college," he says. "Four years in college, plus at least two in the services, would take too much out of my career—just when it's beginning to go, really go."

Unlike David, who's living on his own, Ricky still lives in the Nelsons' very substantial family Hollywood home. But he'd like to follow his brother

and set up a bachelor apartment of his own.

This husky, 6ft. 1in. blue-eyed teen-rave got his first movie break when producer Howard Hawks signed him for a top role with Dean Martin and John Wayne in the big-budget Western "Rio Bravo."

"I didn't expect him to act," Hawks said, "only that his mere appearance would sell 500,000 tickets. I was surprised at his natural talent."

Ricky on girls: "I like girls who don't overdo the cute bit. It embarrasses me."

"I'll kiss a girl the first time I go out with her if I think the time is right."

And on marriage: "I'm not going to wait till I'm an old man of 29 like Dad did."



MARILYN MONROE being interviewed at the New York premiere of "Some Like It Hot."

OUR PIN-UP

JOHNNY MATHIS is our pin-up choice this week. Johnny's that smooth, likeable, 23-year-old graduate (physical education) of San Francisco State College, whose voice nets him a yearly income of more than £250,000.

His "Chances Are" sold a million in seven weeks, at that time a fast-selling record. Four other of his discs, including the early "It's Not For Me to Say," have over-sold the million mark.

A slight little fellow, with a 6ft. 5½in. high-jump record, Mathis was just beaten by Olympic Gold Medallist Charlie Dumas in American trials for the Melbourne Olympics. Johnny got to Australia anyway — last year, when he top-lined shows in Sydney and Melbourne.

With his polished, intelligent handling of his lightish voice, Johnny's a singer who's going to be around for a long time.

● To page 16 for a color pin-up.

LISTEN HERE — WITH BERNARD FLETCHER

RARITY I'm afraid the rock-'n-roll boys will have to stand aside for a moment while the spotlight plays on a little lady whose discs are as rare as those proverbial hen's teeth.

Let's have a roll on the drums, maestro... and we present Miss Marilyn Monroe in two numbers from her next film, "Some Like It Hot," on a 45 r.p.m. single (HL.1519). They're two dear old chestnuts (the film is set in the 'twenties), namely, "I'm Thru With Love" and "I Wanna Be Loved By You." I find it rather a pet of a waxing, like the doll herself.

For a while it was gossiped in the movie bazaars that Marilyn was to do the Marlene Dietrich part in a remake of "The Blue Angel." I have a feeling that she must have spun many of Marlene's discs with that end in view because on "Thru" she often captures something of the Dietrich buskiness.

Neither gal can really sing, but each is an individual artist.

The better side is "I Wanna Be Loved," a ditty that was made famous by the boop-a-dooping Helen Kane when Mum was still a teenager like yourself. Naturally, to fit in with the film character, Marilyn boop-a-doops in fine style, with Matty Malneck's ork backing her. I like it. Hope you do!

POPS For Col Joye's fans August 6 must have been a red-letter day, because it marked the release of his first long-player, "Jump With Joye" (FM.6010).

Col and The Joy Boys have etched eight tracks on this 10-inch platter, including the best-seller "Bye Bye Baby." It's the best number on the disc, although the others are all packed with oodles of bright beat.

This group really lives up to its name, and joyful is the best word to describe the zest with which they tear into "Rip It Up," "Dance To The Bop," "This Little Boy's Gonna Rockin'" and "Fools Like Me."

Incidentally, Col's "Bye Bye Baby" has been released in the States, and quite a lot of artists, including Teresa Brewer, have hopped on the bandwagon with their own versions. Col takes all the vocals in his debut album, which also includes "School Days," "Ah, Poor Little Baby," and "Love Me," and his photograph on the cover is calculated to set lots of hearts a-thumping.

NEXT on the bandstand is Lloyd Price, a blues singer from N'Orleans recently out here with the Big Show. Side One of his Extended Play Album (WG.FPN.783) is given over to "Lawdy, Miss Clawdy" and "You Need Love." Plenty of

solid rhythm and hand-clapping here, with good vocal-group support.

But listen to his wonderfully way-out treatment of "A Foggy Day" on Side Two! This is normally a wistful number, the sort of thing that suits Sinatra so well, but Lloyd transforms it in the most amazing fashion. The last track is the pulsing "Mailman's Blues." No wonder this little album is called "The Exciting Lloyd Price."

YOU don't have to be clairvoyant to know that when Frankie Avalon starts saying that when a girl changes from "Bobby Sox to Stockings" he's going to end up that she's ready to fall in love.



LLOYD PRICE.

Actually, he sings that she's ready "to give her heart away," but it's the same old story.

For this side of his 45 r.p.m. single (EA.4358) Frankie adopts a slight Country and Western accent against a beguine-like accompaniment. A quaint combination, I must admit, but it's quite effective.

Flipside, "Boy Without a Girl," is a slow number almost on the verge of a dirge, and the melody has been "borrowed." I haven't been able to identify the original yet, but you'll find it very familiar.

The cover for this record carries a pleasant picture of the singer, and also the address of the local Frankie Avalon Fan Club.

M.F.L. It would seem that "My Fair Lady" will be a little grey-haired old granny before she ever reaches Sydney, but in the meantime there are plenty of recordings from Frederick Loewe's charming score to keep everyone happy.

Five melodies from the show are to be found on organist Wilbur Kentwell's new 12in. LP (330SX.7608), which has the novel title of "A Musical Loewe Down." The other eight tracks come from other shows by Loewe and his team-mate, Alan Jay Lerner — "Brigadoon," "Paint Your Wagon," and "Gigi."



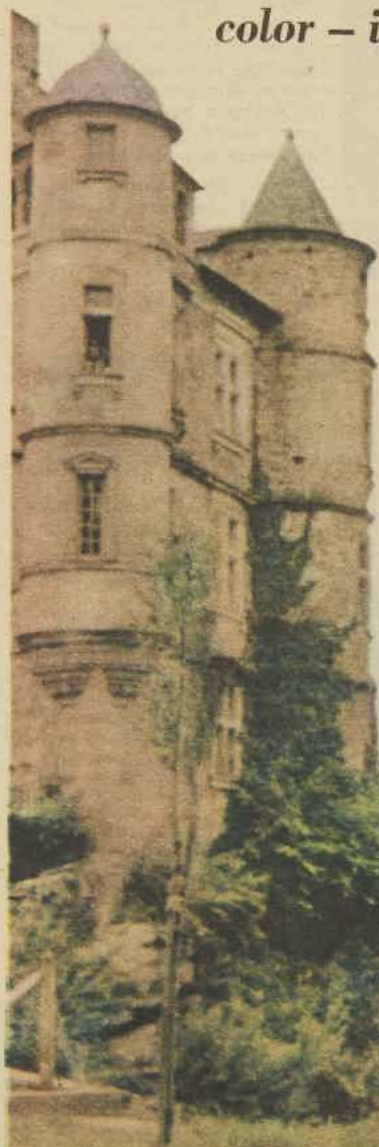
RICKY NELSON sings, acts, —and plays the piano, too.

PASTELS FOR DAYTIME, WHITE

As you know if you've been reading about the new spring fashions from Paris, femininity is in vogue again. And in Paris, white is an important color — it looks wonderfully feminine for party dresses; in the daytime, pastels are always pretty.



TWIN DRESSES (above) have more than double appeal—they've easy, gathered skirts, wide buttoned belts (very fashionable this season), gently bloused tops. It's a design that's practical and pretty.

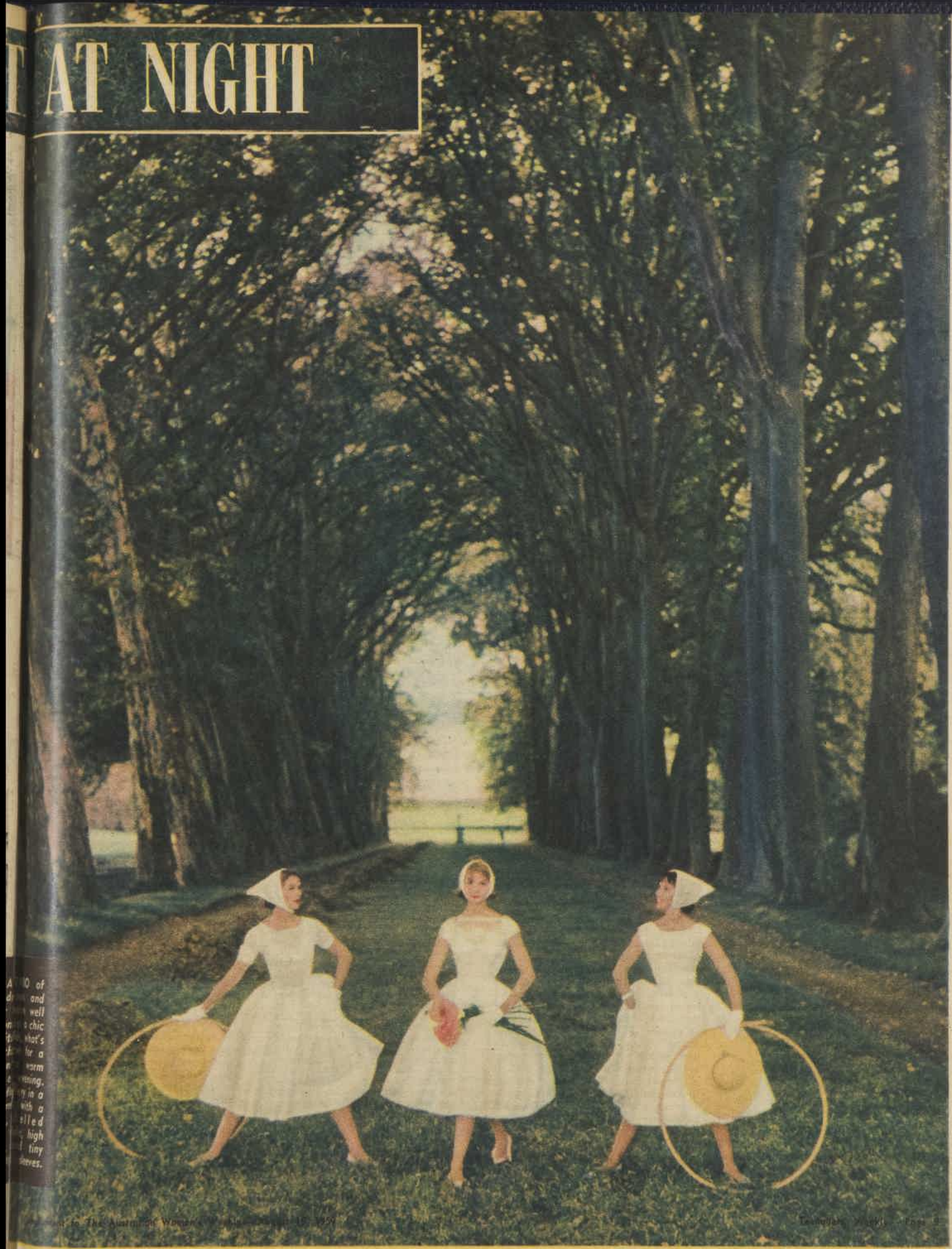


THE SUIT with the casual, relaxed line (below) is an important item in any girl's wardrobe . . . and you don't have to live in a castle to have that fashion know-how. Here, note the pocketed jacket.



TAKE white . . . consider . . . any . . . (and . . . more! . . . date . . . s u m . . . There's . . . white . . . bouffant . . . skirt . . . neckline . . . close-fitting

AT NIGHT



A lot of
and
well
in a
chic
what's
for a
warm
evening.
in a
with a
called
high
tiny
sleeves.

...to The Matron's ...
...white hat is from the same ...
...pinwheel corauroy, with a ...

By
Louise
Hunter

Here's your answer

China wedding

"I KNOW a couple who will be celebrating their twentieth wedding anniversary this year and I would like to give them something. I have been told that the twentieth anniversary is a special one and that the gift is supposed to be in a certain category, such as silver for the twenty-fifth anniversary. Could you advise me on the subject, please?"

H.A., Vic.

The twentieth wedding anniversary is said to be a couple's "china" wedding, and a gift of a piece of china is appropriate if you want to stick to the custom of relating the anniversary to some specific thing. There is nothing to stop you disregarding this and giving them anything you'd like to, though; just do as you please.

But, to load you up with useless information, you may like to know that the first wedding anniversary is the paper wedding, the second cotton, the third leather, the fourth linen, the fifth wood, the sixth iron, the seventh wool, the eighth bronze, the ninth pottery, the tenth tin, the eleventh steel, the twelfth silk, the thirteenth lace, the fourteenth ivory, the fifteenth crystal.

Flirting at 15

"I AM a girl of 15 and have been going with a boy of the same age for about eight months, but I cannot understand his ways. Like most boys, he does not like me flirting, but if I am seen speaking or looking at a boy in my own class he tells me I am flirting and am looking for another boyfriend and proceeds to ignore me and sulk for the rest of the day. Since this happens too often I am beginning to get tired of it, and it causes me unnecessary worry. I try to convince him that I like him and none other, but it does little good. Should I continue to suffer in silence? Is he jealous of other boys speaking to me or is he



"Yes, I know I was young once, too; that's why I want you in by eleven!"

thinking of me getting a name as a flirt? Also could you tell me what flirting really is, please?"

"Worried Nancy," S.A.

A flirt is a man or woman, boy or girl, who pays court or invites and accepts the attentions of the opposite sex merely for amusement without any serious intent. And I think there is nothing more charming or exciting than an accomplished flirt of either sex. They make life gay and happier for the moment, and often turn an unexceptional outing into a happy memory. They have a zest for life that is missing from many who, from their first date, are obsessed with matrimony and a vision of a two-bedroom cottage and work towards finding a partner prepared to face and welcome the security that comes after long years of paying it off.

Don't get me wrong. There comes a time in life when paying off that two-bedroom cottage of your own is just heaven, but it's a long time after you're 15. At that age you should be flirting around without any serious intent, enjoying yourself and learning the social graces required to cope with the many differing social situations and how to handle the opposite sex.

I think your steady sounds difficult and an unpleasant companion. I'd give up going out with him. Any boyfriend who causes you unnecessary worry isn't worth it. Why should you suffer in silence for normal behaviour? I am sure that when he chides you he is simply thinking of himself. He's jealous, and jealous people can't be cured; they tend to get worse and worse as they get older.

Kid-sister trouble

"I AM a girl of 14 and I have a sister who is 16. My sister goes round with a group of boys and girls whose ages range from 15 to 18. During the weekends I usually go out with my girlfriends and boy-friends to avoid my sister's friends. The Saturdays that I am at home, and her boy-friends come up to our place, they make it a great habit of annoying me by all attacking me and putting my head under the tap outside, or locking me in the verandah cupboard, or other things like this. I try to avoid them, but I cannot all the time, and they also call me names, such as 'menace' and others. This is very upsetting to my mother and myself. I have spoken to my sister, but she does nothing about it, and the boys think it is a great joke. My mother also has spoken, but it took no effect on them. This is not in the least bit exaggerated. Please tell me what to do or say to them as it is very distressing."

"Anxious," Vic.

There is nothing you can do but avoid them. Go out or keep out of their sight while they are about.

I cannot believe that they take so



"Roger wants to borrow your car, five pounds, and me."

A WORD from Debbie

• Ou est le waiste? Which waiste? The one you've been hiding under those tres bulky sweaters and le sack for the past year. I'm not a girl to talk, but the waists I've seen unveiled lately have become larger since belts disappeared.

Paris designers are angry because the belts that cinch the natural waistline this year look ghastly when worn with those extra inches that take the elegant je ne sais quoi right out of the spring line. But do not droop, mes amies. The waist is the easiest of all places from which to lose an inch.

Don't eat between meals, do some exercises every day, and you'll lose at least an inch by the first day of spring.

At your desk, sit straight, with your stomach muscles pulled in till you feel as if they're touching your spine. Put your arms straight down at your sides stiffly, and bending—from the waist only—try to touch the floor with your fingertips on the left side, then the right side. Do this six times each side, three times a day.

When you wake up in the morning, throw your pillow on the floor, lie flat on your back, pull in those stomach muscles again, and stretch out as "long" as you can. Point your right toe and stretch right down your right side till your right foot is beyond the left one. Repeat with the left side. Do each side alternately six times, night and morning.

When you get up, stand, with the feet firmly planted a yard apart, arms straight up over the head. Using your touch-the-toes technique and moving smartly with knees straight, touch inside of your right instep with the left hand, and the left instep with the right hand. If you do this properly you should only move the trunk from the waist up and feel the pull down each side of the waist.

Encore, mes braves! Perhaps a new beau will come with the trimmer waist.

little notice of your mother — if I were she I would forbid your sister to have them at the house or, indeed, have anything to do with them. If there is some reason she doesn't do this, she

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

should make rules and insist that the visitors obey them. She must be the mistress of her own home. She cannot have your sister and these boys running the place.

There is nothing you can say without inviting unpleasantness. Don't worry about the health angle as far as putting your head under the tap goes. That could not be dangerous to your health under the circumstances, although it certainly is annoying in the extreme, inconvenient, and generally vile.

Be sensible. Don't you say anything either to your sister or the boys, just keep out of their way.

Posture secrets

"I AM a girl 13 years old. I have a very big bustline for my age. This often makes me very embarrassed and self-conscious. I look much older than I am. I rarely wear lipstick and never high-heeled shoes. Naturally I do not go out with boys. But some of the younger boys at dancing class look embarrassed and never ask me for a dance. Could you please suggest a way to reduce my bustline and fat arms, or do you think I will grow slimmer as I get older?"

C.P., N.S.W.

Bustlines shouldn't be embarrassing at all. I like to get a letter from a girl with a bosom which she thinks is too big, because generally I get letters from girls who are unhappy because they think they are too small.

To have a large bosom these days is better than having a small one. Girls with a large bosom should always stand up straight. Perfect posture actually lifts your bosom and gives it its most beautiful contours.

I don't mean you to stand with a rigid thrust-chest look, but to keep your head high, shoulders back, stomach in, tail tucked under. This does wonders for everyone.

For small-bosomed girls it outlines the shape more clearly; an average bosom will look fuller and higher, and a full bosom will look youthfully high and proudly proportioned. The other half of the bosom secret is to be fitted by an expert for your brassiere. It makes a great difference.

But please don't worry about the size of your bosom. All girls develop physically at a different rate. At 13, you have developed quicker than some. Your own growth rate, as well as the size you will ultimately reach, are largely hereditary.

Posture without worry will improve your bustline. Those fat arms you mention make me think you may eat the wrong foods. Too many sweets and cakes, soft drinks and milk-shakes between meals, perhaps? If this is the case, try substituting fruit for the in-between cakes and sweets, and fruit juice for the drinks.

To be quite honest, I don't think you've really got anything to worry about. I'm sure you'll grow slimmer as you get older. As for those younger boys at dancing class, you'll get by without them. It is just their extreme youth that makes them embarrassed, or seem embarrassed.

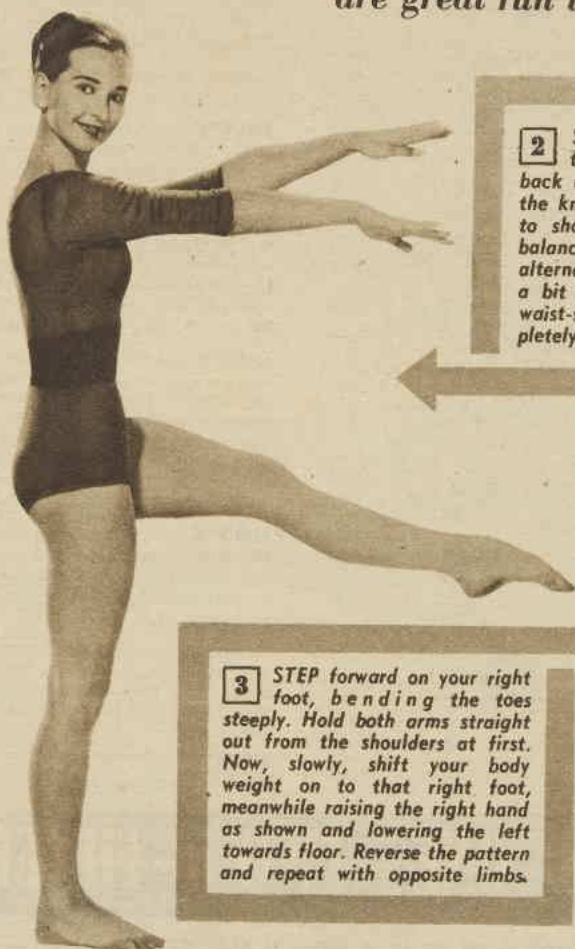
FOLLOW THE MUSIC FOR A NEAT SHAPE

By CAROLYN EARLE

Like to cut a rug? Then you should also enjoy exercising to music. Here lovely Taina Elg, Hollywood dancer and actress, takes you through three figure-shapers that are great fun to do to music.



1 STAND on your right leg with the knee stiff. Bend left leg and place the foot on the opposite knee. Your torso should be erect, extending the vertical line of the standing leg, and stomach muscles should be held in as much as possible. Now stretch your right arm out in a parallel line to the floor and make believe you're reaching for something just beyond your fingertips and without changing the erect position of your torso. Try not to bend forward or buckle in the middle or you will be wasting all your good efforts.



2 STRETCH your left leg out, pointing the toes hard so that you feel the pull in the back of the calf and in the thigh just above the knee. At the same time raise the left arm to shoulder-level. Hold everything until your balance is steady, then stretch each arm alternately away from the body, reaching just a bit farther each time. This is a wonderful waist-slimmer and bust-firmer. Now relax completely, arms at sides, both feet on the floor.

3 STEP forward on your right foot, bending the toes steeply. Hold both arms straight out from the shoulders at first. Now, slowly, shift your body weight on to that right foot, meanwhile raising the right hand as shown and lowering the left towards floor. Reverse the pattern and repeat with opposite limbs.



THE SLIM, CURVED LOOK

● The young "look" of the moment is slim and gently curved. If you happen to have come by it naturally, count your blessings.

BAD posture ruins perfect figures. Rules to remember are: Keep the head up, shoulders back and down, seat tucked in.

... and briefly:

- Walk from the hips, placing one foot almost in line with the other as if walking down a drawn line. Limbs should be free and graceful — no hip-swaying or shoulder-swaying. Once you have trained yourself to keep a proper carriage, a good walk comes naturally.
- Never sit in a lump or a "spine-bash" slump — it's murder for any figure, young or old.

● The tennis court and similar activities are excellent pastimes, but a few good figure movements daily can be the making of a young beauty.

● An easy routine taken in the cool of the morning or in the evening is best in summer.

● Always make a point of doing exercises slowly, rhythmically. Five to ten minutes each day is sufficient for most beginners. Gradually build up the number you do.

● When doing the exercise your figure needs, it's as well to dress the part properly. You could wear shorts and a blouse or a bathing-suit, but don't have anything that fits tightly or cramps the body as you stoop and bend.



SOME DON'TS FOR THE DANCING GIRLS

● Do you always have plenty of boys clamoring to dance with you? No? Then consider these "don'ts."

DON'T immediately disappear into the ladies' room and stay there while your partner stands about in the hall for about a quarter of an hour. He will swear you look exactly the same when you come out as you did when you went in, anyway. You may feel different, but it cuts no ice with him.

DON'T ever say: "Please, be careful of my hair, I've just had an expensive perm." He'll put you down as a vain little puss.

DON'T make a practice of pointing out peculiarities in dress or manner of other dancers while you're going round. He will probably trip up over someone trying to look over his shoulder to see the person you're talking about.

DON'T say: "Please hang on to my bag for a moment." Every man feels the world's biggest fool holding a woman's handbag. And never send a man to fetch your bag unless you're sure he knows which one it is. He will feel terrible if he gets hold of the wrong one by mistake.

DON'T, whatever you do, be forever taking out your make-up for a quick dab over. How would you like a man to start shaving at a dance?

DON'T call out to other couples while dancing. Some girls have a dreadful habit of holding conversations across their partner's shoulders with their friends who happen to be dancing near them.

DON'T say: "Oh, what step was that? Please show me how to do it."

It is quite impracticable to teach a girl dancing-steps in a crowded ballroom. If you want to learn the steps, go to a school of dancing.

DON'T, in the interval, refuse to have drinks or refreshments with your partner and then go straightway and buy them on your own, or with a friend. He will feel snubbed if you do.

DON'T try to cajole him into having a dance with your wallflower friends, especially if they can't dance at all. You may feel sorry for them, but trying to help them out will only make things embarrassing for your partner and for them.

DON'T flatly refuse to try a rumba, tango, or some such not-so-well-known dance because you're "not so hot at them." Lots of other people in the room may not be so hot at them, either, but you'll notice they are having a lot of fun trying. And he'll think you're a good sport. And, if you like him, that counts a lot.

DON'T ask him to jive in a crowded place. It may be all very well, if you like this sort of thing, where there's plenty of room to spare. But it's just plain selfish in the average dancehall. Nobody minds the good-natured bumping that's bound to happen where there's a large crowd of dancers on the floor; that doesn't mean they want to make room for selfish jivers.

DON'T try to lead your partner. The girl must always follow the man in ballroom dancing. Your boy may be only half alive to your way of thinking, and you may be sorely tempted to try and make him get a move on. But even if your dancing is up to silver-medal standard, just be content to follow—if you want to stay popular.

DON'T hesitate to join a dancing class if you have only "picked up" dancing, or can't dance at all. You may feel a bit bewildered for the first two or three lessons, but you will soon find yourself falling into step. A dancing class is a sound investment for the teenage girl who wants to gain poise.

DON'T forget that at a private dance you must be prepared to dance at least once with your host, and with any man to whom you may be introduced. If you ever refuse a dance, always give a plausible excuse. Never let a boy think that you don't want to dance with him. It is very bad manners to refuse one man and, immediately afterwards, accept another invitation to dance.

—Ian Harman

FOOTNOTE: Incidentally, the girls aren't always to blame. What are YOUR pet party "don'ts" for boys? Write and tell us about them.

—Robin Adair

Girls give this GUY THE OLD ONE - TWO (-THREE)!

● "Dance: to move with measured steps or to a musical accompaniment . . . move nimbly, or merrily." That's what my dictionary says about dancing.

IF the definition is true, then I reckon there's a crying need for party hostesses to supply dictionaries to a lot of lasses.

First, let's look at the "move with measured steps" part. All I can say about this is that some girls must use a micrometer to measure their steps!

Some cause toe-treading (the boys' toes!) by taking Seven League Boot steps forward.

On the other hand, there are equally foxie trotters who stretch things (including their partners' arms) a bit far by taking tiny steps while the boys with them step it out properly.

Some dainty dancers, too, don't strike quite the right note with the dictionary's "musical accompaniment" reference.

The band might just as well be play-

ing tiddly-winks for all the notice these girls take of the music.

A sidelight to the music aspect: Dancing demands exercise of the feet and the body—not the vocal cords.

A boy doesn't mind a bit of chatter with his cha-cha. But he would rather dance with a chair than one of those walkie-talkies who feel obliged to croon to the music into his collar.

"Move nimbly," adds the dictionary . . . Some girls must interpret that as meaning either nUmbly or else acting the mountain goat.

The numb types move so little that blokes mistake them for pillars and slip behind them for a smoke!

The other girls, however, think dancing means prancing. They step around the floor like mettlesome racehorses. Until the boys study their form and put them out to pasture.

The "merrily" part of the definition takes a bit of a bashing, too. I expect a girl to be dignified in a dance like a waltz and gay while jiving.

Well, have a look around next time you're on the floor. You'll see laughing girls doing the staid steps. But when the band is giving a few licks and skirts and hair are flying—do the girls seem to be having fun?

Not on your sweet life! There are more poker faces than in a deck of cards.

Well, I'll bet you girls are saying I probably make all these mistakes.

No! I definitely don't. I can't make 'em. You see, the girls all reckon I'm so particular I can never find one who'll get up with me!

Film premiere for teenagers

● "We yell, we yell, we yell like hell; 2-4-6-8, who do we appreciate? G-I-D-G-E-T, Gidget." This was the warcry of 12 gidgets parading outside a theatre in Leicester Square.

THIS heralded the London premiere of "The Gidget," an American film about teenagers. And what a premiere!

The warm atmosphere in the theatre foyer was heavy with the aroma of mint chewing-gum. Gidgets—who, by the way, are midget girls—and other forms of teenagers were the patrons. And it was all for free. Teenagers simply had to fill in coupons and post them to a film house for complimentary seats. Numbers swelled to the thousands. "Dress informal. Bring your enthusiasm with you," they were urged.

More than 5000 applied for the tickets, but only a thousand could be admitted.

On hand for the autographs and the adulation were the idols of the London teenage kingdom.

Anthony Newley, newly discovered actor-singer, was mobbed in a corner while his version of the song "Personality" throbbed from a stereophonic juke-box.

June Cunningham, young film star, who appears in "Sapphire," caused a mild sensation by appearing in a pink-and-white gingham

blouse, over white pedal-pushers. Her rose-blond hair was done in a pigtail, which hung down one side of her face. She clutched a lollipop.

The stars and idols in the foyer were dressed in their conception of the teenage style. Tapered trousers, striped coats, and pointed shoes for the men, jeans and shirts and ponytails for the girls.

Most of the girls in the queue wore floral dresses or white pleated skirts with blue-and-white-striped blazers. Young men wore suits or flannel slacks and blazers—a sober crowd compared with the jazzy stars and personalities they had come to see.

But outside a noisy band of heavily mascaraed larger "post-gidgets" strode up and down with placards: "We protest, Gidget. Small girls can't compare with the large economy size."

Some came to see the film; some the personalities in the foyer. But most came, as the London "Sunday Pictorial" reported, because they had "never been to a do like this before."



SCREEN AND TV STAR Jess Conrad escorts rose-blond star June Cunningham at the premiere of "The Gidget." June carried an outside lollipop, but forgot to remove the wrapper. Her latest film is "Sapphire".



AUTOGRAPH - HUNTERS mobbed actor-singer idol Anthony Newley. While flashbulbs popped, Mr. Newley grinned and bore his writer's cramp. His latest record hit, "Personality", was played on the foyer juke-box (at left).

Pictures by courtesy of "Sunday Pictorial," London.

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — August 19, 1959

THE PICKET LINE, with (from left) Pete Murray, Jess Conrad, June Cunningham, Mike and Bernie Winters, Joyce and Lionel Blair. (Kneeling): Anthony Newley, and Lee Paterson talking to Jo Morrow.



Love Story

LOST AND FOUND



Dates YOU can ask for

**Can a girl really ask a boy to go out?
Certainly. So take courage, girls —
and ask him before that courage deserts
you. Here are some helpful suggestions.**

DO you ever feel like sitting down at the phone, ringing up a boy, and asking him — point blank — for a date?

Of course you do. Every girl, at one time or another, has felt like that.

But you never make the phone-call, because you think it isn't the thing to do. You're afraid he'll consider you forward, or aggressive.

Nevertheless, there are times when it's perfectly proper and acceptable for a girl to ask a boy for a date.

How does a girl approach a boy? Does she get on the phone and say, "Hello—are you busy on Saturday night? I'd like to take you out!"?

Of course not.

What do you do?

Well, to begin with, you take the label "date" off the manoeuvre, and you make a sincere gesture of friendship—exactly as you would to a girl you wanted to spend some time with.

"Hello, Jimmy!" you greet him. "I haven't seen you for ages. Why don't you come over to our house and hear my jazz collection . . . how about Friday night?"

Perfectly ladylike, isn't it? And it contains another important ingredient of the right approach. It makes no monetary



"Want to have dinner with me? Well, tell your mama to put on another plate."

tary demands on Jimmy. It says, in effect, "Be my guest."

Of course, some girls won't make any move towards a boy unless he makes it first. Follow their course, and those dateless days will really pile up, because a boy may like you and still not ask for a date.

Why are certain boys so paradoxical? Well, the reasons are legion.

Often shyness is behind their tongue-tiedness. Sometimes they're scared they won't know what to do or say. Sometimes they're bored with the same old movie dates and just decide to skip the whole thing.

Sometimes they're too busy with hobbies, a job.

In the art of dating (or getting a date) an important principle is to know your boy.

What interests him? With some background information, you'll know what to talk about to awaken his interest.

Just one word of caution . . . when you look for your "type" of boy among the characters described here, remember that no one is completely a type.

Every boy is an individual, to be respected as such.

The shy type: You're positive he thinks you're cute, but you might as well be a zombie for all the attention he shows you. Often, in fact, he flees from your presence—but, you console yourself, also from other girls.

What to do? Well, a shy boy feels more at home with a group.

1. Ask him to join you and some friends for a picnic.

2. Invite him to an afternoon beach party.

3. Put him on the guest-list for a platter party at home.

Soon he'll have courage enough to ask you out. This kind of boy simply needs experience in meeting girls.

The boy with a hobby:

Perhaps he likes you, perhaps he doesn't—it's hard to know. He's taken you out a few times, but it's months since you last saw him.

His hobby takes all his time, you hear. He's an animal-lover, wants to be a veterinary surgeon. He owns a German Shepherd.

To rekindle his interest in you, do what you didn't do before. Learn something about German Shepherds.

When you see him out with his pet, pat the dog's head and make a choice comment or two. His master will be quick to interrupt.

Here's your chance to make some "inviting" conversation.

1. Suggest that you'd like to try your new camera on his pooch on the first sunny day ahead. Add that you could use some pointers on animal photography.

2. Invite him to watch an upcoming horse show on TV while munching a TV snack that you've made.

3. Ask him to the zoo, saying you can't think of anyone who could make it more interesting for you.

(For boys with other hobbies, follow style, improvising on your own.)

If you hate animals and all



this dog palaver is dull and deceitful to you, there are a couple of things to realise.

There's no point in talking about a boy's interests all the time. But it can serve as the opening gambit for getting acquainted. Once you're out with him, move the conversation into general channels.

After all, it's equally important for you to have fun on dates, too.

The engineer type:

He's a whizz at chemistry or always taking his car apart and putting it together again.

But would he ever ask you for a date? No? Suddenly you get an inspiration.

1. Ask him to come over and help you paint your room. (What's painting but putting chemistry into action?)

2. While he's on the scene, ask him to explain some facts about "space" that puzzle you. Any boy enjoys himself when he's talking about something he knows and loves.

3. Ask him to help with your science notes.

Once you get to know this boy you'll realise that, brain notwithstanding, he also likes what other boys like: dancing, eating, talking.

The long-hair type:

He reads, he paints, he thinks about Life, he worries about politics, and he hasn't quite discovered how nice girls are.

1. Ask if he'd like to go and look at the paintings in a nearby gallery or museum.

2. Get tickets to a symphony concert.

3. Suggest he comes to listen to your "cool" jazz or your classical-records collection.

As you begin to think in terms of being "friendly" with a boy—instead of weaving romantic dreams about him—you'll find many ideas occurring to you.

The next time you feel lonely, don't waste time and effort in self-pity. Ask "the date question" in your most friendly way.

If everything goes well, he may even think he's the one who asked you for the date!

POINTS OF ETIQUETTE

• If you feel your table manners are good, but not good enough, here are a few tips on dining out.

NEVER order anything you're not sure of—you might get a horrible surprise when the waiter places a plate of grilled snails before you.

If you're at all in doubt about which knife or fork to use, sneak a glance at the host or hostess—they'll know. If you can't do that, remember to work from the outside in.

Soup must be eaten very quietly, without slurping. Tilt the plate away from you and remember to drink from the side, not the end, of the spoon.

Use your fish knife and fork for the fish course, and try to remove all the bones before popping each mouthful into your mouth. However, if you get a bone in your mouth, don't spit it out! Remove it with your fingers and place it on the side of the plate.

Poultry and meat courses are eaten with the largest knife and fork. When you've finished this course, place the knife and fork side by side with their handles towards you — the fork points turned upwards.

Hold your knife correctly, with the handle in the palm of your hand. Don't hold it like a pencil.



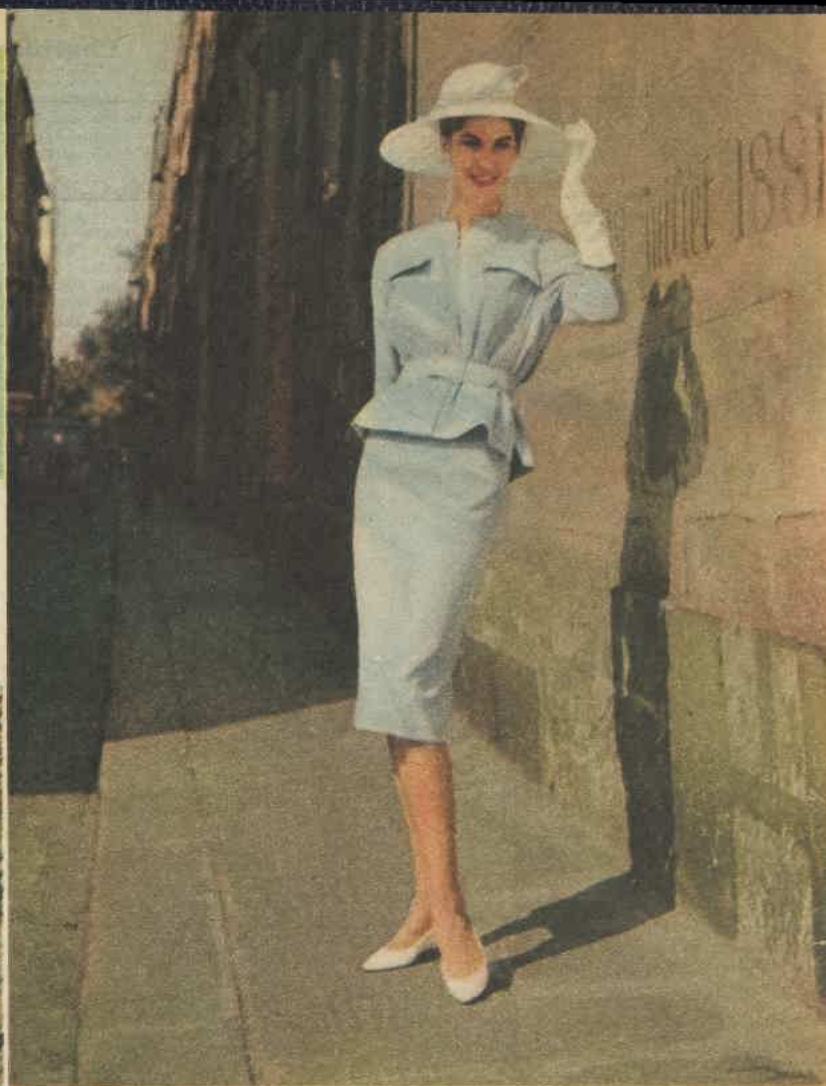
"I'm going over to Betty's to help her with her Latin."



**JOHNNY
MATHIS**

Pale shades of summer

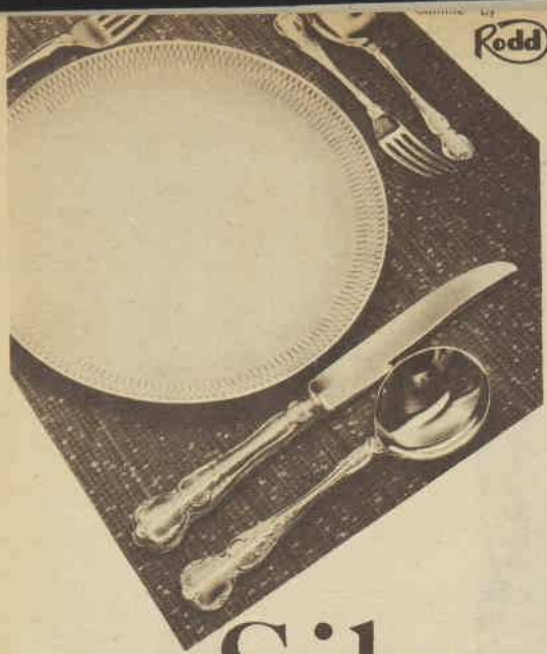
"ADELAIDE" (right), designed by Pierre Balmain, is made in sky-blue pinwale corduroy. The suit is belted in self-material. White hat by Balmain is matched to the white gloves and shoes. Worn by Sylvana. S.F.T. fabric by Cosserat.



"GOLF CLUB" dress and jacket in printed cotton satin by Jean Patou. The white hat is from the same house. Worn by Monique. S.F.T. fabric by T.A.C.O.

"ROBE 359" (right), designed by Pierre Cardin, is made in apricot velvet pinwale corduroy, with a bare top. Worn by Olivia. S.F.T. fabric by Cosserat.





Silvo

has
a way
with
silver

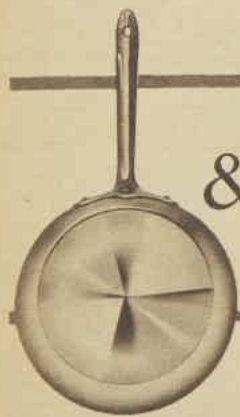
Even to the finest silverware, Silvo polish gives a glowing richness that will make you proud of your table setting. So quick, so easy to use, Silvo will not harm even the most delicate surfaces. No mess—no bother—use Silvo straight from the tin.

Illustrated: Patterned table silver—“Camille.” Like other leading Australian silverware makers, Rodd recommend regular Silvo care for your silver.

Silvo LIQUID SILVER POLISH



all brass



& copper

need



For a brighter, lasting shine!

Continuing . . . WHERE THE ROAD ENDS

from page 19

The valley is something like home. And in the end I just walked like a sleepwalker and then I couldn't walk any longer.

He rubbed his forehead with his hand.

"It was a stupid thing to do," he thought, "but if I didn't do it, all this wouldn't have happened. So, after all, it wasn't stupid but very lucky. Very, very lucky. Because if I hadn't walked so much and hadn't fallen they wouldn't have found me and wouldn't have talked me into staying for the rest of my life and wouldn't have given me a house to live in and this fine old cow."

An emotional wave of warmth filled his old chest.

"It was as if I always subconsciously knew it," he thought. "I loved to come back here. I really felt more at home here than in the place I was born. The place I was born in changed too much. It was different and I was the same and we just wouldn't fit. But this valley with the mountains and paddocks is the same. And the people are the same and they did remember an old no good swaggie."

He brushed his eyes and looked around, caressing with his eyes every little tree of the valley.

"Bless them," he said. "Bless them. God bless them."

"Last time I was here," he reminisced, "it was spring too. Only it wasn't the last spring, because last spring I was up north. Must've been the spring before. Even then they asked me to stay, but the wanderlust was still too strong. Today I feel a little bit tired. Today I do feel like settling down." He giggled quietly, roguishly.

"Enjoy my old age like a respectable man of property. Might even get married again. I'm not so bad looking. Teeth gone and hair white, but the heart is still pretty warm."

The outline of the house appearing suddenly in the bush in front of him interrupted his thoughts and sent a shiver of excitement down his spine. He halted the cow.

"Look, look," he said ponderously, unable to express in words the weight of his feeling. "Do you see it? Do you see it, cow?" The cow sniffed at the grass.

"Oh you and your stomach," the old man told her viciously. "Can't you see what it means to me? To have a roof over my head and a bed to sleep in and no more fear of dying in a gutter somewhere alongside the road like an old dog. Don't you like it here?"

They finally reached the gate and the old man opened it, letting the cow through. He led her to a big tree in front of the house and tied her there. Then he leaned against the tree and looked at the house.

"What a fine old home," he said loudly, admiringly looking at the small building with its tiny windows and peeling paint. "A sheer waste for an old no-hoper like me."

He felt his knees shake under him and he sat down under the tree.

"All this excitement has made me weak," he thought impassively. "You use a lot more energy by excitement than by a long walk." He sat for a few minutes, then managed to get up and walked towards the house. He opened the door shyly, entering hesitatingly, the habit of the natural humility of an intruder still in him.

The house looked as if it had never been unoccupied. They had kept their word and had really brought food, sweet

the dust, put clean linen on the bed and even put flowers on the table and wood in the fireplace.

"If I wasn't a tired old swaggie I'd cry," he thought gently as he moved from one piece of furniture to the other, touching them with his bony fingers as if to make sure that this was reality.

Again he felt his knees shake under him.

"I should eat something to get my strength back," he considered. "I should go and milk my cow and drink milk and cook some porridge. There's a lot of goodness in milk and porridge."

But instead of going he sat down carefully on a chair by the table and put his hands heavily on the tablecloth. It was white and stiff with starch and he felt its smoothness and smelt the sun in it.

"But it's ridiculous," he thought. "I'm not hungry. Not after that meal." He looked at his hands and shook his head sadly. "Aren't you ugly," he told them. "Old and wrinkled and hard like leather." He got up again and walked to the window. Leaning against the

as strong as a lion. Oh, you are a good girl, cow. They didn't tell me your name," he said. "I should really call you some name. You don't deserve just to be called 'cow'."

"What will I call you?" he asked her. "I should call you Stella after my wife. Her eyes were just as brown as yours. But it wouldn't be proper, because she's dead and we must keep her name in respect. No, I won't call you Stella. I'll call you—now what will I call you?" He stopped milking, trying to get an inspiration.

"Oh, I could call you a lot of names after the girls I knew." He smiled at the cow. "I got around, cow, in my young days. Wild as the wind and just as hard to tie down. I did get around, cow. There would hardly be a spot in this country which I didn't pass through," he said proudly. "I saw a lot. Like the wind I've been everywhere and like the wind I stayed alone." He added a little sadly: "And like the wind I never had anything."

He finished milking and stood up, stretching his legs.

"But I'm not sorry," he thought. "I think that I had more than most people. I have

his head tilted back, his eyes fixed on the evening sky.

"This is not sentimentality," he murmured softly to himself. "I love to be able to look at the sky. Nothing gives you such peace and makes you feel equal with everybody in the world."

He let his thoughts slowly fly away and his mind go blank in the intoxication of his own serenity, till his tiredness pulled his eyelids down and he drifted into a deep sleep. He woke up trembling with cold, the stars ablaze above him.

"Oh, what an ass you are," he swore at himself angrily. "Ungrateful old fool, preferring to sleep under a tree while there's a nice bed waiting for you."

He got up heavily and shuffled to the house. He sat on the bed, took his boots off, and slipped under the covers. He was still shivering uncontrollably.

"You'll soon warm up," he promised himself. "Just think how long it is since you slept in a real bed."

But he could not think about that or about anything else, because suddenly for the first time he felt very lonely and very old and his body felt lifeless, as though detached from his mind and helpless under the weight of the coverings.

The shivering stopped suddenly as a flame seemed to burst in his head, leaving him dizzy.

"I'm burning," he thought, with the thought coming to him as from a great distance. "I'm burning like a tree in a bushfire."

The heat slowly pervaded his body.

"Bushfire . . . bushfire . . . you can't escape it," the old man whispered noiselessly. "I'll burn to death!"

The terror of the thought seemed to clear his mind.

"I'm sick," he realised in a panic. "I'm sick and it's this house making me sick. I must get up and go outside."

With an effort he kicked off the blankets and lifted himself from the bed. His body, which only a few minutes ago had felt as light as paper, was now as heavy as granite and he had to use all his strength to support it.

"I must get outside," he thought desperately. "If only I get outside I won't die."

He turned around abruptly as if somebody had thrown a stone at him.

"Who said I'm dying?" he screamed. "I'm not dying."

He took a few steps and started to run, but his knees were just like jelly and they betrayed him and went soft under his body. He fell down on the floor.

There was no pain in his body, only the weariness of his eighty-six years, of its thousands of miles.

"What a shame," thought the old man sadly. "What a terrible shame to die tonight when I was so happy."

He put his head in his hands and closed his eyes.

"So is this where the road ends?"

A little scornful thought buzzed in his mind and his pride waved like a flag in a deserted battlefield. "I'm not going to die," he said loudly and vehemently. "I'm not going to die tonight."

With more than human strength he started to crawl towards the door. There he got up and, pushing the door open, let the cool night air hit his flaming body.

The night opened her arms to him. "How misty the stars are tonight," he whispered happily.

(Copyright)

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



window-sill he looked at the bush surrounding him, feeling the old familiar friendliness.

"It's good to be able to look out of the window instead of into the window," he smiled. "There's been a few windows I've passed in my life. If I had a penny for each I'd be a rich man now."

"Now, now," he scolded himself, "let's not be sentimental like an old woman. It doesn't suit us. And why not?" he thought defensively. "What else have you left now but your sentimentality and your memories?"

"Don't pretend to be such a sage," he told himself. "When you know that you are just an old fool. If you were not an old fool it could have been you today giving shelter to some old pauper. If you were not a fool you could really own a property today. Better to think how you can repay this great generosity."

"How can I repay? What can I do? They have their reward. They feel good about it and that's their reward. Me—I never gave anybody anything. It doesn't seem fair that I should be getting so much."

It was almost dark when he got his milk bucket from the shelf where they had put his cooking utensils and went outside to milk the cow. He squatted at her side and smiled happily as he watched the milk flow into the bucket.

"Just look at it," he said appraisingly. "There comes new blood for my old veins. I'll be

lived a full life and if I was to live again I would do just the same."

He untied the cow and watched it walk away. "Don't run away on me, will you?" he called after her, as he picked up the bucket and walked back to the house.

"I'll go and cook my porridge now," he decided. "I'm going to cook a lot of porridge every day and beat this nasty weakness. I must not get sick, because I would be a nuisance and they'd be sorry that they asked me to stay. And I would feel terrible to be a burden."

He put the milk bucket on the floor near the table and looked around. There were pots and pans ready on the stove and a box filled with chopped wood by the stove, but he still didn't feel hungry.

"It's a funny thing," he thought guiltily. "When I was on the road I was always hungry. The thought of porridge would haunt me and I could have eaten it any time of the day or night. And now I have plenty of food I don't feel like eating."

Suddenly he felt restless stir inside him and the room close on him.

"What's the good of eating when you're not hungry?" he thought irritably. "I'll go outside and sit in the garden for a while and the fresh air will give me an appetite. This comfortable living is putting me off my food."

He walked for a few minutes, then sat down under a tree, leaning against its trunk,

ORNAMENTAL SEEDPODS

MANY common flowers and shrubs set ornamental seedpods or small fruits during summer and autumn.

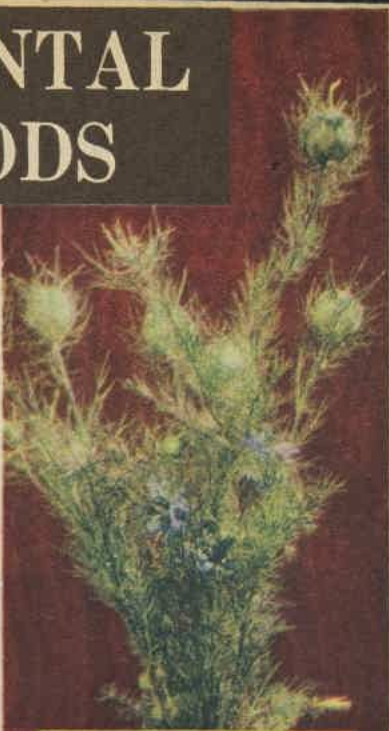
Some of these are extremely useful for decoration in the home.

In addition to those shown here, there are snapdragon seedpods, which resemble human skulls; physalis, which produce gooseberry-like reddish fruits; habrothamnus, which has purplish-red fruits in huge bunches; roses which produce good hips; jacaranda, which bears oyster-like big flat seedpods; and the small berry-bearers such as rowans, hawthorns, cotoneasters, viburnums, and lillipillies.

Durantas bears large bunches of golden-yellow berries which contain seeds. Snowberries, pittosporums, photinia, ardisias, ochna, elderberry, nandina, aucuba japonica, berberis, blue-berry ash, idesia, and dwarf pomegranate all bear fruits of various colors.

All of these can be planted out in well-drained, sunny positions during the next six or eight weeks. They are adaptable species and will do well anywhere from the Queensland border to southern Australia.

GARDENING



• *Nigella damascena*, known as love-in-a-mist, is a quaint annual that forms these attractive seedheads.



• *Crotalaria Mitchellii* produces large yellow to brown seedpods which rattle in winter winds. It grows to about 12 feet.

• *Anemone japonica* produces large fluffy seedheads like balls of white cotton late in summer. The seeds rarely germinate.



• *Fuchsia* fruits rarely ripen until autumn, and some varieties do not fruit at all. Singles look well in vases.



Preparing to be a beautiful lady



That clear, smooth Pears complexion is an asset this 'beautiful lady' is unaware of — yet! But when she grows up how thankful she'll be that Mummy taught her to care for her complexion with Pears . . . pure, mild Pears soap.

You can have that same little-girl complexion with regular Pears care. No other soap is made like Pears — with rich glycerine added to soften your skin. No other soap is matured like Pears — for fourteen full weeks — to ensure its mildness and transparent purity. Buy Pears for all the family.



Pears transparency tells you it's so pure

*How to be flower-fresh,
straight-from-the-shower fresh,
from morning till night*



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put his glass down on the table. "Would you, perhaps, allow me to buy you a drink, Mr. Conway?"

"I would indeed," Conway said, "if you'll forgive me for not returning the compliment. I'm as near broke as makes no odds."

The drink, when it came, was huge. Conway lifted the glass gratefully. "Your very good health, sir!"

"And better fortune to you in the future!" Venizelos said. "It was, of course, an accident. As soon as I read that your boat had gone from the harbor in the storm, I feared she must have ended up on the reef. She was not, I suppose, insured?"

Conway shook his head. "There's no insurance for single-handed ocean yachtsmen—not at a premium I could ever afford to pay. If you travel that way, you have to take the knocks yourself."

"You seem to be taking this knock with great fortitude, Mr. Conway. May I say that I admire you? I have read, with the greatest interest, all that has been written about you in the newspapers here. I do not pretend to understand what takes a young man alone across the seas for such long periods, but to travel like that,

Continuing . . . A HERO FOR LEANDA

from page 25

and to arrive, is a great achievement. You obviously have both skill and courage . . . And what, if I may ask, do you intend to do now?"

"Get a job here as soon as I can," Conway said.

"Have you anything particular in mind?"

"I was trained as an engineer before I took to the sea."

Venizelos nodded slowly. "There are openings here, I am sure—but only the top jobs are paid well, the contract jobs, and they are rarely allotted to applicants on the spot . . . Then again, I wonder how you would like it, settling down here? The Coast is not everyone's choice for a home."

"It wouldn't be mine in a million years," Conway said, "but beggars can't be choosers. Anyway, I don't intend to settle down. I shall work till I've saved enough money to buy another boat, and then I'll be off again."

"And how long do you think that will take?"

"Quite a while, I should think—but what else can I do?"

"Ah!" Venizelos leaned forward a little. "Now that is

what I would like to talk to you about . . . I have a confession to make, Mr. Conway. It was not by accident that we met here this evening. I have been—keeping an eye on you. To be precise, I followed you here."

Conway looked at him in astonishment. "What on earth for?"

"Because I have a proposition to put before you."

"Really . . . ? Well, I'll be happy to listen—though if it's anything to do with your trading company I doubt if it'll be up my street."

"It has nothing to do with my trading company."

"What's on your mind, then?"

"Unfortunately," Venizelos said, "I cannot give you any details. I am only an agent in this matter—you would have to see my principal. And as there is some urgency, you would have to see him without delay. He is at Biarritz, in France. You would have to go there."

Conway stared at him. "It's

a long way to go for an interview, isn't it?"

"Not if you fly. Naturally all your expenses would be paid."

"But—who is your principal?"

"I am afraid I cannot tell you that, either," Venizelos said. "But if you agree to go and see him you will be given all necessary instructions. Your travel and hotel expenses will be taken care of. In addition, you will receive a cash payment of five hundred pounds, irrespective of the outcome of the interview. If, when you have heard what my principal has to say, you feel you must decline his proposition, you will be flown back here at his expense—or, if you prefer it, to some other place. If you agree to his proposition, you will receive more money—a very great deal more . . . Well, Mr. Conway, are you interested?"

"I'm fascinated," Conway said. The crowsfeet that fanned from the corners of his eyes deepened as his weatherbeaten face creased in a slow grin.

Venizelos nodded. "Your work might have its dangers." "I thought perhaps it might. But I draw the line at murder and dope-running."

"You need have no anxiety on that score," Venizelos said. "What my principal would have to suggest would be quite—ethical."

"One man's ethics could be another man's crime," Conway said.

Venizelos gave a delicate little shrug. "You can always turn the proposition down, Mr. Conway. There will be absolutely no obligation—and whatever happens, you will be the richer by five hundred pounds. What have you to lose?"

"I don't know—yet!" Conway said. "But there must be a catch in it somewhere. It all sounds too easy."

"There is no catch in it. My principal would like to see you—that is all."

"What have I got that's so unusual—so valuable?"

"Many qualities, Mr. Conway, if you are the man I take you for. Very many qualities. You will learn—if you go to Biarritz."

"Well," Conway said slowly, "it's the strangest thing I ever heard of . . . For a moment, he studied Venizelos in silence. He could see nothing sinister about him, nothing alarming. The man didn't look in the least like a crook."

"This principal of yours . . . Conway said at last. "He must have money to burn."

"That is so," Venizelos agreed. "To you, in your present position, five hundred pounds no doubt seems like wealth. To him it is—how shall I put it?—a packet of cigarettes."

"It seems incredible," Conway ran a hand through his thick, unruly hair. "Anyway, suppose I said I'd go—when would I get this money?"

"You would get it now," Venizelos said. He looked carefully round the bar. All the customers seemed busy with their own affairs. "I have an envelope in my pocket containing five hundred pounds in English banknotes—and a sheet of paper with all the instructions you will need."

Conway laughed. Incredulity was giving place to excitement. "You must be very sure of yourself."

"I thought it better to come prepared," Venizelos said, with a hint of apology in his voice. "After all, Mr. Conway, it seemed reasonable enough. Here you are, a young, strong, vigorous man, without a job. You have lost your ship, and a chapter in your life has

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Continuing . . . JANE SMITH IN SPACE

from page 21

Jane settled herself obediently. The voice went on:

"We are the Wips. We have watched you all this time because we did not wish you to come to harm. You must not be sad for the Pretucs. The Telexi will take them captive, that is inevitable, but they will not hurt them, for they want prisoners to work for them. The Pretucs will be happy enough, for they can go on talking as they have always done. They are a silly people, the Pretucs, sillier even than the Telexi, for they have good minds which they do not use properly. Between them the Pretucs, the Sponolis, and the Telexi have brought about the destruction of this world."

Jane felt tears fill her eyes again. "I want to go home," she said. "I want to see John again—Dr. Everingham. I'm tired. I don't care if he does keep goldfish."

"You will return to your world, and you will see him whom you love. All this will happen. Do not fear. But first, listen."

"We are the Wips. We have kept to ourselves in this world because the other peoples did not want us. But we were wrong to do this. It was our duty to spread our secret among all the tribes, but we neglected them and so the planet will die. The Sponolis have poisoned the air. In forty or fifty years everything will come to an end."

"Close your eyes. Tell us what you see."

Jane cried out in excitement. "I can see a city—oh, it's beautiful, beautiful. Nothing very big but it looks—right."

She stopped.

"Yes. Go on."

"What are those—those things moving about?"

There was laughter in the air. "Those? Those things

that are like your octopuses, and are the color of coffee-colored tripe? (You see, we have followed all your thoughts!) Those are the Wips. We speak to you now."

"Oh," Jane said, embarrassed. "We are not ugly, just different. We did not seek to become beautiful, to evolve as the other creatures did into man-like forms. We wished to remain humble, to cherish one another and guard our secret."

"What is your secret?" Jane asked.

"Love. The affection and respect of one living thing for another. Where there is love, then there is no war, no evil, no bad will. In our city love such as that prevailed, and we were happy. Then a bomb dropped by the Sponolis destroyed our city, and made mock of our dream. There are but few of us left now. Yet our dream, our secret, will never die. We want you to help us, Jane Smith, from so far away."

"But what can I do?" Jane asked.

"When the darkness lifts you will go back to your spaceship. It is ready to leave—we have arranged that. We have knowledge of these things. You will go back to your own world. We want you to take with you some of our young ones, and bring them up. You must tell no one of this, not even the man you will marry. This will be your secret, and no one else's. There is evil in your world, we know that. If it is left unchecked, it will destroy you as it has destroyed us. But we, the Wips, can check it. It is not too late. If you will do this for us, then you and your children may live in confidence and in good fellowship."

"I'll do it," Jane promised, "with all my heart."

"Good. Sleep now. Before you leave we will tell you all there is to know about the nurturing of our young ones. It will be ten or twelve years before they are old enough to leave your care. They are small now, but in time they will grow. They will even become so that you cannot see them—you do not see us, do you? Only when we wish it. We come and go at will. We

plant our ideas in the minds of men and the blooms are beautiful and good. But sleep now. Tomorrow your journey will begin. We would like you to remember sometimes the Telexi, the Sponolis, and the Pretucs—and the Wips. There is a lesson in what we have done to ourselves, and your world must learn it. You have not come here by accident, do not think that. Nothing is without meaning, nothing. Believe that, and you will never fear."

Mrs. John Everingham lives in a beautiful house now. There are no goldfish in the house. She has three fine children and a devoted husband.

SHE is the only woman in the world to have landed on another planet and to have come back, and Dr. Everingham thinks the world of her.

Her diary is his most precious possession. He has removed the last page, however, with its defiant declaration, and carries it with him always in his wallet with his wife's photograph.

He is particularly interested in the Pretucs and their ideas. The Wips he regards as rather silly. Jane never laughs with him on this subject. Instead, she slips outside to see if the little creatures in the glass jars in her sewing-room are doing well.

"What do you think of that?" Dr. Everingham asks his friends. "My wife—keeping spiders. Queerest-looking things I ever saw. I believe it would break her heart if anything happened to them."

Jane gave him a hint once. "Not spiders—angels, John."

He, however, was thinking of something else at the time, and did not listen.

Jane has had the baby Wips eight years now. A few more years and they should be ready to fulfil their destiny. And every day Jane reads the papers. Every day she listens to the news broadcasts and to the gossip among her husband's friends, and every day she wonders whether this, her own experiment in the interests of mankind, will be successful.

She dreads to think of what might become of the world if it is not.

(Copyright)

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Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper. Short stories should be from 200 to 6000 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection. Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate. Address manuscript to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4668W, G.P.O., Sydney.



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needed. You need money badly. You have already shown that you enjoy living adventurously. And here am I, offering you precisely what you want—a job, money, and adventure. All you have to do is step into an aeroplane. As I said before, what have you to lose?"

Conway said, "May I take a look at the instructions?"

"Of course—but be a little prudent." Venezelos thrust his small ringed hand into the breast pocket of his jacket and drew out a large white envelope, unsealed, which he handed across the table.

Conway glanced inside it. There was a thick wad of banknotes—more than he had ever seen before at one time. There was also a paper with some typing on it. He took it out and read it. It said:

"A room is reserved for you at the Hotel Superbe, Biarritz. Be at the foot of the lift at Biarritz Ville station at 9 p.m. on Thursday, September 18, with a copy of 'Figaro' in your left hand."

"Well, Mr. Venezelos—perhaps I'm crazy, or perhaps you are—but there's nothing in this place that's holding me back, so I'll take a chance and go. What about my transport?"

"I took the liberty," Venezelos said, "of reserving a place for you on the Air France flight that leaves here at three o'clock tomorrow afternoon. The ticket is paid for. You will have to change planes at Paris. It might be a good thing if you called at the Air France office in the morning to give them any particulars they may need. That is all..."

He got up and held out his hand. "It has been a pleasure to meet you, Mr. Conway. I do not think you will come back here, so this is goodbye—and good luck!"

He smiled, picked up his hat and cane, and walked primly out of the bar.

Once Venezelos had gone it became much harder to believe in the bizarre and improbable episode. Several times Conway's hand strayed to his pocket, seeking reassurance that he hadn't been dreaming, that the encounter had actually taken place. But the money was there all right, crisp and comforting. Whatever happened now, he would get out of Accra.

Back at the Rest House he speculated for a long while on what the proposition might be. There was so little to go on that he couldn't even make a wild guess. But he continued to mull over it through most of the hot night.

In the morning he put his affairs in order. It still seemed worth while to try to get some of Tara's contents back, so he saw the contractor and agreed on a figure for the salvage attempt, which he paid. He called at the Air France office and gave his passport particulars, and afterwards he went on a shopping spree and re-equipped himself. By three o'clock, when the plane took off, he looked and felt a new man.

In the air, his sense of excitement grew. He had never flown before, and he found it exhilarating. Rushing north across French West Africa gave him an unaccustomed feeling of importance, as though the speed of the aircraft were in some way related to his mission. But by the time he reached Paris he could almost believe that he was engaged on vital business. Aboard Tara he had never felt that anything was particularly vital, except to make a landfall in the end.

Two nights later he checked

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are brilliant and have no reference to any living person.

Continuing . . . A HERO FOR LEANDA

from page 37

in at the Superbe in Biarritz, where a balconied room overlooking the sea had been reserved for him. He took a shower, had a leisurely drink in the open-air bar outside the hotel, and dined in luxury.

At ten minutes to nine he sought directions for Biarritz Ville station, and at nine he was standing at the foot of the lift with a copy of "Figaro" held prominently in his left hand. He had scarcely

white-coated steward was waiting at the top of the steps to usher the visitor aboard. Conway followed him across the deck and down a companionway to a luxuriously appointed saloon. The steward stood back to let him enter, and Conway heard the door close softly behind him. A short, dark man of about



"Sorry, sir, but that's mine."

time to glance around him before a short, burly man approached.

"Mr. Conway?" he asked. Conway nodded. "Please!" said the man, and led the way out through the swing doors. A shiny limousine stood empty at the kerb. The man opened the rear door, and Conway climbed in and sank down on the plushy seat.

In a few seconds they were out of the town and running north at high speed along the main coast road. Conway could see little from the car except a confusion of lights, but at some point on the route his eye was caught by a signpost that said "Frontiere, 23." That would be the Spanish border, of course. It made him wonder. Was it, perhaps, some smuggling enterprise he was expected to take part in?—or was the proximity of the frontier just an accident?

CONWAY thought of asking the chauffeur where they were making for, but it seemed hardly worth while. He'd know before long, anyway—and whatever sort of ride he was being taken on he had no choice but to go through with it now. He sat back. The car sped smoothly on. Very soon they were entering another small town—St. Jean de Luz, the sign said.

Almost at once they stopped. Conway caught the glint of water, and against the lights of the surrounding buildings he saw what appeared to be the masts of fishing vessels. The car had pulled up close behind some inner harbor.

As he got out another man approached, nodding to the chauffeur. He was wearing a white-topped cap and a white uniform, and looked like a very smart ship's officer. "Quickly, sir, if you please," he said, in an accent that reminded Conway of Venezelos.

Conway followed him to the quayside, where a launch lay motionless under the wall. As Conway stepped down, a second uniformed officer touched an engine switch, and in a matter of seconds they were away, passing under a bridge and out of the inner basin.

Ahead, Conway could make out the masthead lamps and gleaming ports of a ship at anchor. Soon it took shape as a large steam yacht. The launch glided alongside. A

Conway's own age advanced quickly to meet him, his hand outstretched. "Mr. Conway!" he said. His handshake was brisk and firm. His brilliant smile suggested more than conventional pleasure. "So my arrangements went smoothly? Good! Well, now, let me introduce myself..." He smiled again, mischievously. "As you spend most of your time at sea, it's quite possible you may not have heard of me. My name is Victor Metaxas."

Conway said "Ah!" drawing out the word. Already, his own presence in St. Jean de Luz seemed less surprising. The casual throwing away—if it should turn out to be that—of five hundred pounds and a two-way air fare was certainly understandable now.

The name of Metaxas was the world's current synonym for riches. Metaxas was one of the big success figures of his generation—a financial prodigy who, from obscure Levantine beginnings, had built up a vast commercial empire and was now reputed to count his wealth in scores of millions. Everyone, everywhere, had heard of Metaxas.

Conway said, "There was a radio on my ship. I always kept up pretty well with the news."

"Excellent!" Metaxas swivelled a chair round for Conway, held out a gold cigarette-case, inquired what he would drink, and poured two shots of whisky from a decanter. "It was very good of you to come all this way to see me."

"I had some very material encouragement," Conway said. Metaxas waved that aside. "I hope you had a good trip."

"A splendid trip, thank you. I'm still rather breathless. Five knots is my kind of speed."

"That's something that makes me quite envious..." Well, now to business, I understand, Mr. Conway, that you are a citizen of the Republic of Eire, and that you hold a Southern Irish passport. Is that right?"

"It is."

"Do you consider that you owe any allegiance at all to—England?"

"Indeed I do not."

"Would you have any objection to—shall we say, embarrassing—the British Government?"

Conway gave a huge grin. "I'd have no great objection to embarrassing any government!"

"Well, that clears the air

... Now let me tell you what's in my mind." Metaxas got up and began to pace to and fro across the saloon. "I am, myself, a native of the island of Spyros. You know, of course, that Spyros is an English colony. You know, too, that for some years it has been engaged in a bitter struggle for its independence."

"Sure."

"You've probably heard the name of Alexander Kastella, the political leader of the liberation movement?"

"I have."

"You know that he was arrested by the English some months ago and deported to the island of Heureuse in the Indian Ocean?"

Slowly, Conway nodded.

"Well, Mr. Conway, what I want you to do is sail to Heureuse in your yacht and recover Kastella for us!"

For a moment Conway just stared. Then he said, "But I have no yacht." It seemed as good a starting point as any. "A yacht would be provided."

Conway studied the dark, boyishly eager face. "It sounds quite an enterprise!"

"It would be quite an enterprise. Heureuse is a thousand miles from the nearest land. But then you are used to sailing great distances."

"I wasn't thinking of the distance. I was thinking of the very good chance I'd have of spending the next year or two in a British gaol. I enjoy my freedom."

"Naturally there, would be risks," Metaxas said. "But there would also be danger money. This is my proposition. The moment you agreed to undertake the mission you would receive a thousand pounds. The day before you sailed you would receive a second thousand pounds. The day you landed Kastella safely at an agreed spot, I would pay a further sum into any bank you cared to name. You would have to trust me over that, but anyone who has done business with me will tell you that I invariably honor my word. The sum I have in mind is—twenty thousand pounds."

Conway looked at him incredulously. "Twenty thousand..."

Metaxas smiled. "When I was a very small boy, Mr. Conway, I used to clean the shoes of tourists outside a hotel in Spyros. Those who paid me the best had the brightest shoes. I am a strong believer in incentives. Judiciously graduated incentives! A little for trying—a lot for succeeding."

"A lot is right," Conway said. "What makes this man Kastella so important?"

"I can tell you that in a few words. Kastella is the only man who can give my country genuine freedom. Since his arrest, the liberation movement has taken a wrong turning. It has got into the hands of unscrupulous and violent men who are using it for their own ends. The British Government will never negotiate with them."

"If they succeeded in gaining independence by force, the outcome could be a worse tyranny than anything we have known. Kastella's return to active control would put the struggle back on the right road, the democratic road—and Spyros would soon be free. That, at least, is my view."

"Twenty thousand pounds seems a great deal to pay for a political view," Conway said.

"Not to me, Mr. Conway. I can assure you I've already paid very much more than that just to publicise the Spyros case throughout the world. Money means very little to me—money

for its own sake. It has never been difficult for me to acquire it. I have the Midas touch. People say I have a flair, an instinct. Perhaps I have. Whatever it is, the money flows in—and I am left with the greatest problem of all. How to spend it with any satisfaction!"

"Yes, I guess that could be a problem," Conway said.

"It has been so for me. One soon tires of personal luxury. Wealth by itself brings no happiness—that is a commonplace. It can have the opposite effect. It can bedevil one's private relationships. I have been married three times, Mr. Conway—three times, and I am not yet forty. Each time I have hoped for success, and found only failure..."

Of course, I have given a great deal of money away to good causes, but large-scale philanthropy is a remote and unsatisfying thing. The cause of Spyros is different. It is something I can feel about intensely, personally. I should like to be known in history as the man who gave Spyros its freedom."

METAXAS broke off, smiling a little shyly. "It is only too easy to talk to strangers, Mr. Conway—and I am talking too much. Let us get back to practical matters. What do you think of the enterprise?"

"I couldn't be more dubious about it," Conway said.

"If you weren't dubious at this stage, I should have very little faith in you... But try

to be more specific. What are you concerned about?"

"Well, in the first place," Conway said, "I doubt if I could rescue Kastella. He's bound to be very closely guarded."

"I understand not, Mr. Conway. According to the newspapers, he has very considerable freedom of movement on Heureuse—and why not, since there's nowhere for him to escape to? My guess is that once you had succeeded in contacting him, the rest would be easy," Metaxas smiled. "What the English call 'a piece of cake!'"

"Contacting him might not be easy. Does he speak English?"

"As fluently as I do. Don't forget that English is our second language in Spyros. Besides, he is a highly educated man. He was formerly a lawyer, and a brilliant one."

Conway grunted. "Well, I still see nothing easy about it... Just suppose for the sake of argument that I managed to take him off. They'd send out planes and boats directly they missed him, and we'd be caught in no time."

Metaxas shook his head. "There are no aeroplanes on Heureuse, Mr. Conway. There is no ground flat enough for an airfield. There is not even a helicopter. There might be a launch or two, but a launch would have great difficulty in finding you. If you left under cover of darkness, I think you

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RECIPES OF THE STARS

Famous movie and TV stars have provided the recipes for this cookery feature. They have given us the special dishes that are their favorites, and which many of them like to cook themselves in their leisure time away from the studios and the cameras.



Danny Kaye

SIMPLE home-cooking is the choice of comedian Danny Kaye, who is now appearing in Melbourne. "I really enjoy my food," Danny said, "but I like it to be simple."

Limitless energy and a wonderful zest for living are very necessary for his job—in fact, he has so much of it he'll tackle a strenuous game of golf "for a little exercise."

"I relax at home whenever I can between tours," he said. "Then I would rather sit back and listen and let someone else do the talking."

Home is in Beverly Hills, California, with his wife, Sylvia Fine, and their 13-year-old daughter, Dena.

Here is Danny's favorite recipe:

LAMB CHOPS A LA DANNY KAYE

Six lamb chops, bacon dripping, 4 small carrots (diced), 4 small stalks of celery (diced), salt, pepper, and cayenne to taste, 1 green pepper (chopped fine), 1 onion (chopped fine), 2 teaspoons browned flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup fresh orange juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup burgundy, 6 dried rosemary leaves.

Brown lamb chops in dripping. Place in heavy saucepan or covered casserole and cover with diced carrots, celery, and half the green pepper. Season to taste with salt, pepper, and cayenne.

Sauce: Sauté onion and remaining green pepper in same fat. When golden brown, add flour, then slowly add orange juice, wine, and rosemary. Simmer for a few minutes, then pour over chops. Cover and cook slowly for 2 hours.



Dinah Shore

A CHOCOLATE and walnut pie is the most popular sweet in the home of TV singer Dinah Shore, especially with the children. In private life Dinah is Mrs. George Montgomery and they have two children, Melissa Ann, aged 11, and John David, 15.

As well as running a happy home, Dinah Shore has her own award-winning show on TV, which was recently in Sydney on Channel 9.

CHOCOLATE CHIP WALNUT PIE

One unbaked 9in. shell made from favorite pastry or pie-crust mix, 4 eggs, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, 2-3rd cup walnut pieces, 1 cup semi-sweet chocolate pieces, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint cream (whipped and sweetened), walnut halves, chocolate shavings.

Make pie-shell and set aside. Start heating oven to moderate. In bowl beat eggs slightly, add salt, vanilla, sugar syrup (made by boiling together the sugar and water for 5 minutes; cool slightly), beat until thoroughly blended. Stir in walnut pieces and chocolate pieces. Pour mixture into unbaked pie-shell and bake in moderate oven 45 minutes or until top is evenly puffed up and starts to crack. Serve warm or cold topped with whipped cream and decorated with walnut halves and chocolate shavings.

NO dinner is complete without a

salad, John Wayne believes. "I whip up my own for barbecues all the year round, and insist on invading the kitchen, whether the women like it or not. This salad is my favorite, and my whole claim to culinary fame."

"You put a garlic clove in 1-3rd cup of oil and let it stand. Break up lettuce and watercress; pour

Tony Curtis



WHEN Tony Curtis was a child in New York his closest friends were Irish and Italians. "We shared everything, even holidays," Tony said. "So I figured if they were having a big day I might as well get into the act and always asked Mom to whip up her stuffed cabbage—my favorite then and my favorite still."

Tony's new film "Some Like It Hot," in which he co-stars with Marilyn Monroe and Jack Lemmon, is to be released soon in Australia.

TOLTOT KAPOSZTA

One pound minced beef, 1 onion (chopped), 2 cloves garlic (chopped), 1 cup rice, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoons salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon pepper, 1 head cabbage, 2 tablespoons chicken fat, 1 onion (cut in rings), $\frac{1}{2}$ large tin tomato juice, 1 cup sauerkraut and juice, 1 cup water.

Cut the core from cabbage, and place cabbage in pot of boiling water. Turn off heat and let stand 10 to 15 minutes to soften leaves. Remove cabbage from water, drain. Put meat in a bowl with next five ingredients and mix thoroughly. Separate cabbage leaves carefully, keeping them whole. Put a leaf on large plate and shave off rib to match thickness of leaf. Put a spoonful of meat mixture on leaf near base and roll up loosely to permit swelling of rice. In a large pot fry onions in chicken fat until golden brown. Add tomato juice and sauerkraut and juice. Arrange stuffed leaves in pot and pour in water. Cover and simmer over low heat $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 hours or until rice is soft. Serve with strained sauce poured over rolls.

John Wayne

WESTERN SALAD

over $\frac{1}{2}$ cup oil. Add 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated Parmesan cheese. Break a raw egg over the salad, add a squeeze of lemon juice. Remove garlic clove from oil and pour over the greens. Add 2 cups of bread croutons and toss the whole business."

Continued overleaf

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RECIPES OF THE STARS

(Continued from
previous page.)

Jane Powell



MINCE PIE

One pound lean beef (chopped), 1/2 lb. beef suet (chopped), 3 apples (peeled, cored, and sliced), 1 1/2 cups sugar, 1/2 pint cider, 1 lb. seeded raisins,

1/2 lb. currants, 1/2 lb. citron (chopped), 2oz. dried orange peel (chopped), 2oz. dried lemon peel (chopped), juice and rind of 1 lemon, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1/2 teaspoon mace, 1/2 teaspoon cloves, pinch pepper, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1/2 whole nutmeg (grated), 2 large tins cherries with juice, 1/2 lb. broken nut-meats.

Once you have all this in a large pot, cook it slowly for two hours, stirring constantly. Seal it in jars and you'll have enough mincemeat to last you for some time to come.

As to baking the pie, I assume you know that you line your pan with a piecrust, fill it with the mincemeat, cover with a top crust, and bake in a hot oven for 30 minutes.

It's a lot of work, but if you love mince pie you'll be glad you did it.

Alan Ladd

ITALIAN SQUASH

Two and a half pounds Zucchini (baby squash), 1 tin tomatoes (mashed), 2 large onions (sliced), 1oz. butter, 1/2 cup grated cheese, salt and pepper to taste.

Slice and boil squash in salted water until slightly tender; drain. Alternate layers of squash, onions, and tomatoes in buttered casserole until all ingredients have been used. Season with salt and pepper. Slice butter on top, pour all remaining tomato juice on top. Bake in moderately hot oven for 45 minutes. Remove from oven, sprinkle with cheese, bake further 10 minutes until cheese is browned.

James Cagney

BEANS AND BURGERS

One and a half pounds minced chuck steak, 1 onion (minced), 1 tablespoon chutney, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1/2 teaspoon oregano, 1/2 teaspoon rosemary, dash paprika, 1 1/2 teaspoons salt, 1/2 teaspoon pepper, 1/2 cup dried bread-crumbs, 2 tablespoons oil, 1 8oz. tin tomato puree, 1-3rd cup ketchup or savory sauce, 1/2 cup sour cream, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1 tin baked beans.

About 30 minutes before serving: In large bowl thoroughly mix steak, onion, chutney, parsley, oregano, rosemary, paprika, salt and pepper. Shape meat mixture into 10 or 12 balls; roll in breadcrumbs; then saute in hot oil in large frying-pan until browned on all sides. Meanwhile stir together tomato puree, ketchup, sour cream, and 1/2 teaspoon salt, and add, with baked beans, to browned meat balls in frying-pan; stir gently. Simmer uncovered 10 minutes or until meat is done. Serve straight from pan with toasted French bread wedges and a tossed raw vegetable salad with cheese dressing.

Toasted French Bread Wedges: About 25 minutes before serving start heating oven to moderately hot. Slice loaf of

long French bread into wedge-shaped pieces. Spread cut surfaces with soft butter or substitute. Or spread with butter mixed with celery, garlic, or onion salt, grated Parmesan cheese or celery, poppy or caraway seeds. Re-assemble loaf on oven-tray. Bake 12 minutes.

Loretta Young

POULTRY ON COMPANY RICE

Two small chickens (each about 1 1/2 lb.), melted butter or margarine, 1/2 cup raw rice, 1 1/2 cups boiling water, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon butter, 2 tablespoons minced onion, 1 tablespoon minced green pepper, 1/2 4oz. tin sliced mushrooms, 1 small tin mushroom soup, 1/2 cup cream, pinch marjoram, dash basil, dash tarragon, pinch curry powder, salt, pepper, 2oz. mushrooms (sauteed lightly), parsley.

Start heating oven to moderately hot. Sprinkle chickens with salt and pepper. Arrange in shallow, open pan without rack; brush with melted butter. Roast uncovered 45 minutes or until golden, brushing often with melted butter. Meanwhile wash rice well in cold water. Then add to boiling water with the 1/2 teaspoon salt; simmer covered until rice is done and water absorbed. While rice cooks, saute onion and green pepper in 1 tablespoon hot butter in another saucepan; stir in tinned sliced mushrooms and mushroom soup, cream, and seasonings. Heat 10 minutes. Then add rice and reheat, stirring occasionally. When chickens are done, arrange on a bed of the rice on serving platter. Top rice with the sauteed mushrooms and garnish with parsley.

Viveca Lindfors

CHOCOLATE COCONUT CAKE

Two cups sifted flour, 2 1/2 teaspoons baking powder, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon almond extract, 1/2 cup shortening, 1 cup sugar, 2 egg-yolks (unbeaten), 1/2 cup milk, 1 cup chilled semi-sweet chocolate pieces (finely chopped), 2 egg-whites, 1 cup desiccated coconut, 1 cup cream (whipped), creamy custard filling (see below).

Early in day make creamy filling: In top of double boiler mix 1-3rd cup sugar, 2 tablespoons flour, and pinch salt. Slightly beat 1 egg; gradually add 2-3rds cup scalded milk, then slowly stir into sugar mixture. Cook over boiling water 8 minutes, stirring constantly. Cool, stirring occasionally, add 1/2 teaspoon almond and 1/2 teaspoon vanilla extracts. Fold in 1-3rd cup cream (whipped). Refrigerate until required.

Start heating oven to moderate. Grease and flour two 8in. sandwich-tins. Sift flour and baking powder three times. Cream shortening, almond extract, and salt until light and fluffy. Gradually add sugar, beating well. Add egg-yolks, beat well. Fold in flour mixture alternately with milk. Stir in chocolate. Beat egg-whites until stiff, gently fold into batter. Turn into prepared tins, sprinkle top of each with 1/2 cup coconut. Bake 35 minutes or until cakes spring back when lightly touched with finger. Cool 5 minutes in tins, then turn out on cake-cooler.

On cake-plate arrange layers with creamy custard filling between. Frost top of cake with whipped cream. Refrigerate until served.

Basil Rathbone

INDIA CURRY

Two and a half pounds boned lamb, 4 onions, 2 tablespoons butter or substitute, 1 clove garlic (minced), lemon juice, 3 green apples, 1/2 lb. tomatoes, pinch salt, 1 tablespoon curry powder, 1 tablespoon paprika.

Cut lamb into neat pieces, sprinkle with salt and curry powder. Slice onion and saute with garlic in melted butter until brown. Add spice and cook 15 minutes. Peel and slice apples, add to mixture with meat, and cook 1 hour. Slice and add the tomatoes and more liquid, if desired. Cover and cook slowly until the flavors are truly blended. When serving, sprinkle lightly with salt and add a little lemon juice. Serve with boiled rice to which has been added a pinch of saffron for color.

Jose Ferrer

EGGS FERRER WITH FRIED POTATOES

Slice cold boiled potatoes thin, sprinkle with salt, brown lightly on both sides in melted butter in pan.

EGGS: One egg-yolk, 1 egg-white, 2 whole eggs, 1 tablespoon sweet cream, salt and pepper to taste.

Whip egg-yolk and whole eggs with the sweet cream. Add salt and pepper. Place eggs over fried potatoes. Add a little salt to the egg-white and whip to a sudsy consistency, then pour over the eggs and potatoes. Cover dish and bake in hot oven for a few minutes.

Rosalind Russell

DEVILLED SWISS STEAK

In a large pan saute 1 cup sliced onions and 1 clove garlic (crushed) in 2 tablespoons shortening or salad oil until golden brown. Cut 1 1/2 lb. round steak into pieces 3 by 2 inches. Dress in seasoned flour. Saute in pan with onions until well browned. Mix together 2 cups tomatoes and 1 cup water. Add 1 dessertspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 dessertspoon dry mustard, 1 tablespoon brown sugar, 1 1/2 teaspoons salt, pinch pepper and paprika. Pour over meat in pan; simmer for 1 1/2 hours or until meat is tender.

Dana Andrews

RABBIT A LA DANA ANDREWS

One large rabbit (cut into sections for frying), bacon dripping, 2 large onions (cut fine), chopped parsley, 1 pint burgundy or chablis wine, salt and pepper to taste, 1 or 2 bayleaves, 1 or 2 tablespoons flour, cooked rice.

Saute onions in dripping. Brown flour in dripping. Add rabbit and cover with wine. Add the giblets, chopped fine, bayleaf, chopped parsley, salt and pepper. Cook either in a covered heavy saucepan on top of stove or in covered casserole in oven. Cook until rabbit is tender (approximately 2 hours). Remove rabbit from sauce and brown briefly in hot pan. Thicken sauce slightly if necessary, pour over rice, and place rabbit pieces on top. Add mushrooms if liked.

Continued on page 44

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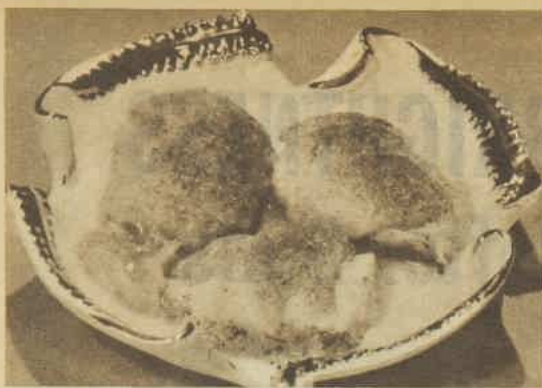
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SPICED APPLE TWISTS are equally delicious served hot or cold, with cream, ice-cream, or custard. See recipe below.

Prize recipe

● This week's prize of £5 in our Cookery Contest is awarded to a recipe for an easy-to-make and economical sweet.

FOR a change, try substituting wedges of peach, apricot, pear, or pineapple for the apple in the prizewinning recipe.

Spoon measurements are level.

SPICED APPLE TWISTS

Two large cooking apples, 1½ cups flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 4oz. butter or substitute, 1½ teaspoons cinnamon combined with ½ cup sugar, 1-3rd cup melted butter.

Peel, core, and cut each apple into ¼-in.-thick wedges, place in cold salted water to prevent discoloration while

preparing pastry. Sift flour and salt into basin, rub in butter. Add sufficient water to make a firm dough. Roll out on a lightly floured board to approximately 16in. by 10in. rectangle. Cut into 1in. strips long enough to wrap around the apple wedges. Arrange in a shallow baking dish, brush with melted butter and sprinkle with cinnamon and sugar mixture. Pour ½ cup water into the dish. Bake in a hot oven 25 to 30 minutes or until lightly browned. Serve hot or cold.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. E. Alsop, 15 Rogers St., Goodwood Park, S.A.

Continued from page 42

RECIPES OF THE STARS

Douglas Fairbanks

SPAGHETTI FAIRBANKS

Two pounds minced steak, ½lb. pork sausage, 1 large onion (minced), 4 cloves garlic (minced), 2 tins mushroom soup, ½ cup tomato paste, 1 tin tomato soup, salt, 1 box spaghetti.

In large frying-pan brown onion, garlic, sausage, and steak. Add mushroom and tomato soups and tomato paste. Simmer slowly 1 hour.

Drop spaghetti in boiling salted water; cook 10 minutes. Drain, and let hot water run through spaghetti. Serve with the meat sauce.

John Lund

RICE VIENNESE

Two and a half cups water, 1 cup tinned tomato soup, 2 teaspoons chicken fat, 2 cups rice (brown in a little butter), 3 cups cooked diced meat (beef, pork, chicken).

Boil water, tomato soup, and chicken fat. Add rice, cover, and cook over low heat for 15 minutes. Add meat. Cook further 15 minutes, stir occasionally.

Mary Martin

LEMON-LIME BALI HA'I

One tablespoon gelatine, ½ cup cold water, 1½ cups sugar, ½ teaspoon salt, 2 teaspoons grated lemon rind, 2½ cups boiling water, 1 cup lemon juice, 2 cups cream (whipped), lime sherbet balls, orange slices, grapes.

About 24 hours ahead: In large bowl sprinkle gelatine into cold water; add sugar, salt, lemon rind, and boiling water. Stir until sugar and gelatine are dissolved. Add lemon juice. Refrigerate, stirring often until almost set.

Beat until frothy, fold in whipped cream. Turn into mould; refrigerate.

At serving time: Unmould carefully, arrange lime sherbet balls around dessert; garnish with orange and grapes.

Lime Sherbet Balls: The day before turn control of refrigerator to coldest setting. Sprinkle 1oz. gelatine in ½ cup milk; stir over hot water until gelatine dissolves. Combine with ½ teaspoon salt, 1½ cups milk, 1½ cups sugar, 2 cups cream, ½ cup lemon juice, ½ cup orange juice, 1 tablespoon grated orange rind, few drops green food coloring. Turn into ice-cube tray; freeze until frozen lin. from edges of tray. Turn into chilled bowl; beat until smooth, quickly return to trays; freeze firm. Shape into balls; refreeze.

Jimmy Stewart

FRIED CHICKEN IMPERIAL

About 1 hour before serving: Start heating oven to moderately hot. Combine ½ cup flour, ½ teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, and 1 teaspoon paprika. Use to coat 4 whole chicken breasts, halved, also skinned if desired. In 2oz. hot butter in large frying-pan brown chicken. Then in shallow, open roasting-pan arrange breasts bone side up; sprinkle each with 1 tablespoon dripping from pan; bake 10 to 15 minutes or until meat is tender. Meanwhile in same pan in which chicken browned melt 2oz. butter, cook 1½lb. small mushrooms, uncovered, on high heat 10 minutes, then stir in 1 tablespoon minced onion, 2 cups cream or evaporated milk, ½ cup sherry, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper. Simmer 5 minutes, then stir in 1½ tablespoons flour blended with ½ cup water. Cook, stirring until thickened. When chicken is done, arrange on heated platter with mushrooms in sauce in centre.

Guy Madison

SCALLOPED POTATOES

Two pounds raw sliced potatoes, 3 large onions (sliced), 2 cups milk, 2 tablespoons butter, salt, pepper.

Place layer of potatoes in greased casserole. Add layer of onions, continue alternating layers. Top with remaining ingredients. Cover and bake in a moderate oven until tender (about 45 minutes).

Gladys Swarthout

SENEGALESE SOUP

Three and a half cups chicken stock, 1 cup finely diced white meat of cooked chicken, 1 teaspoon curry powder, 4 egg-yolks, 2 cups cream or evaporated milk, salt and pepper to taste.

Heat chicken stock, add chicken meat and curry powder. Beat egg-yolks, stir in a little of the stock and blend with cream. Add this to the remainder of the stock. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly until thickened. Season. Chill before serving.

Robert Taylor

BEEF KABOBS

Season ½ cup soya sauce as desired with salt, pepper, garlic, and herbs. Robert Taylor varies it from time to time by using different herbs. Marinate 1½lb. beef (cut into 1-inch cubes) in sauce for 2 hours. Alternate meat on skewers with small whole-cooked onions, raw mushrooms, green pepper slices, and tomato quarters. Brush kabobs with melted butter, grill 10 to 15 minutes on each side, basting the vegetables with melted butter frequently.

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- ✓ FIGHTS TOOTH DECAY ALL DAY
- ✓ KEEPS TEETH SPARKLING WHITE

GET THE BIG FAMILY SIZE AND SAVE 3/2

Six recipes for your kitchen file

● Minced steak is the main ingredient in the six recipes that are given below and overleaf, and are designed to fit your kitchen file. All are economical, and will provide a satisfying main meal for the family. They are printed back to back, with the ingredients and method on one page and the picture on the other. Cut along the dotted lines between recipes and each one is complete.

SPAGHETTI BOLOGNAISE



MUSHROOM BISCUIT SLICE

● Pastry: Twelve ounces flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder, salt, 4oz. shortening, 1 egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk.
Filling: Two pounds minced steak, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped onion, 1 tablespoon fat, salt, pepper, 4oz. chopped mushrooms, 1 tablespoon tomato sauce, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup stock.
Sift flour, baking powder, and salt into basin; rub in shortening. Add egg and milk, mix to dry dough. Roll out half the pastry on floured board to $\frac{1}{4}$ in. thickness and line bottom of large ovenproof dish. Melt fat in large pan, add steak and chopped onion. Cook over heat, stirring constantly until meat changes color. Mix in mushrooms, salt, pepper, tomato sauce, and stock; simmer 5 minutes, cool slightly. Fill into dish. Roll out remaining pastry, cover top. Glaze with a little milk, bake in hot oven 15 minutes, reduce heat to moderate, and bake further 10 to 15 minutes.

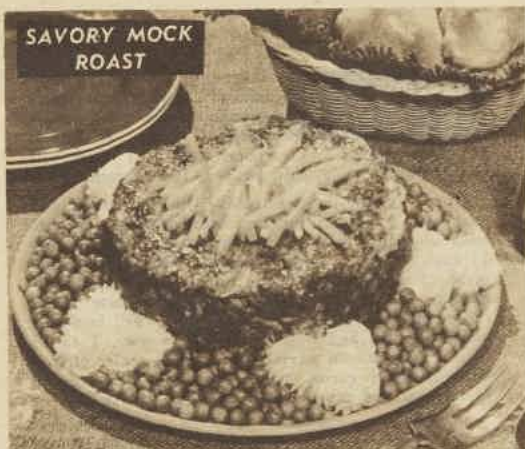
MEAT CRUST PIE



MEAT BALLS MEXICANI

● One and a half pounds minced steak, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup finely chopped onion, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup finely chopped red pepper, 1 cup breadcrumbs, pinch chilli powder or a few drops chilli sauce, salt and pepper to taste, 1 egg, flour, 2 tins baked beans, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup stock, parsley.
Combine in bowl minced steak, chopped onion and red pepper, breadcrumbs, chilli powder or sauce, salt and pepper; add beaten egg and mix thoroughly. With floured hands shape into small balls the size of golf balls. Place balls in thickly greased ovenproof dish and bake in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes, turning frequently. Combine baked beans and stock in another greased shallow casserole dish, top with hot meat balls. Place in moderate oven, bake until meat balls are thoroughly cooked and baked beans piping hot. Serve garnished with parsley.

SAVORY MOCK ROAST



PICNIC LOAF

● Two pounds minced steak, 2 bacon rashers (chopped finely), 1 lamb's fry, 1 tablespoon fat, salt, pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon garlic salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped onion, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon thyme, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 egg, extra bacon rashers (rind removed), $\frac{1}{2}$ pint meat stock, 1 teaspoon gelatine.
Chop lamb's fry finely. Melt fat in pan, add lamb's fry and saute until firm. Combine with minced steak, chopped bacon, salt, pepper, garlic salt, chopped onion, thyme, and parsley; mix well, bind with beaten egg. Grease a loaf-tin, arrange extra bacon rashers on base. Fill tin with meat mixture and bake in moderate oven 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 hours. Unmould on flat plate and leave to cool. Combine stock and gelatine and stir over boiling water until gelatine is dissolved; cool. When mixture begins to thicken, spoon over loaf; chill. Serve cold with salad greens.

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More dishes to keep in your file

Below are the three recipes that complete this week's series of six minced-steak dishes to add to your kitchen file. Readers who do not already own one of these handy wooden recipe files can obtain it from any of our branch offices. See addresses on top of page 2. Tasmanian readers should write to our Sydney office. The price of the file is 10/-, plus 2/- postage.

MEAT CRUST PIE

• Crust: One and a half pounds minced steak, 1 lb. sausage mince, 1 cup rolled oats or other cereal, salt, pepper, 1 dessertspoon curry powder, 1 cup chopped onion, 1 egg.

Combine minced steak, sausage mince, rolled oats, curry powder, and onion; season with salt and pepper. Add beaten egg and mix thoroughly. Press mixture on sides and base of ovenproof dish to resemble pie-crust. Bake in moderate oven 30 to 40 minutes.

Filling: Three tablespoons butter or substitute, 3 tablespoons flour, 1 pint milk, salt, pepper, 1 cup each cooked peas, corn, and carrots (diced).

Melt butter in saucepan, add flour, and cook 3 minutes without browning. Add milk, stir over heat until mixture boils and thickens. Season with salt and pepper. Add peas, corn, and carrots; simmer 5 minutes. Pour into baked meat crust and serve hot.

MUSHROOM BISCUIT SLICE



SPAGHETTI BOLOGNAISE

• One tablespoon oil, 1 clove garlic, 2 onions, 2 lb. minced steak, 1 lb. tomatoes, 1 cup tomato puree or stock or water, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, salt and pepper, pinch of herbs, 1 lb. spaghetti, 1 cup grated cheese.

Heat oil in large frying-pan, saute chopped onion and garlic until lightly browned. Drain off surplus oil, add minced meat, cook over low heat, stirring frequently until meat is browned. Add chopped tomatoes, tomato puree or stock, Worcestershire sauce, herbs, salt, and pepper. Simmer gently 15 to 20 minutes or until meat is tender. Cook spaghetti in boiling salted water 15 minutes; drain and rinse in hot water. To serve: Arrange bed of spaghetti on serving-dish, spoon over meat mixture, sprinkle with grated cheese. Or combine spaghetti and meat in casserole, dot with butter, sprinkle with cheese. Bake 10 minutes.

PICNIC LOAF



SAVORY MOCK ROAST

• One and a half pounds minced steak, 1 lb. pork sausage meat, 1 packet chicken soup, 2 onions (chopped finely), 1/2 teaspoon herbs, 1 1/2 cups soft breadcrumbs, 1 egg, salt, pepper, 1 oz. shortening.

Grease a ring-tin generously with shortening and coat with 1/2 cup of the fine breadcrumbs. Prepare soup according to directions on packet, but use only 1 1/2 cups water. Combine with the steak and sausage meat, chopped onion, herbs, remaining 1 cup breadcrumbs, beaten egg, salt and pepper to taste. Mix thoroughly and allow to stand 1/2 hour. Fill into prepared ring-tin and bake in moderate oven 1 to 1 1/2 hours. Turn out on serving-dish and fill centre of ring with buttered carrot strips, surround with cooked green peas and piped cream potatoes. Serve hot.

MEAT BALLS MEXICANI



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handy tube

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for future use
Comb through,
roll up, rinse.
Your hair perms
as it dries!
No drip! No mess!
No bother!

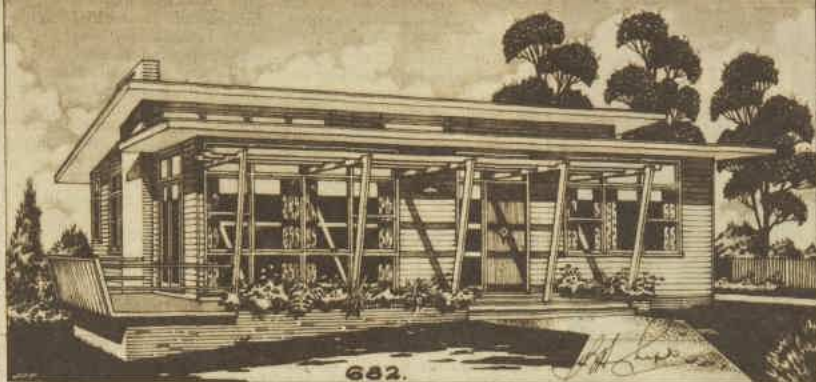
**KIDNEY
TROUBLES?**
like this.
Pressure
and pain
in kidneys,
weak
bladder?

Then start a course of
DR. MACKENZIE'S
MENTHOLS

When your kidneys are not working properly, uric acids and poisonous wastes are deposited in muscles and joints, causing aches and pains that make life a misery. The wonder-drug **MENTHOLS** helps cleanse your blood of these poisons and soothes and assists inflamed, overworked kidneys to resume normal healthy functioning. If you or yours suffer kidney and bladder weakness, bad back, aching muscles and joints, rheumatism, neuritis, headaches or hot flashes, start the **MENTHOLS** treatment today. **MENTHOLS**, with diet chart, are 10/-, 9/- or 5/- everywhere. M7

DR. MACKENZIE'S
MENTHOLS

Home designed for narrow site



PERSPECTIVE SKETCH shows a well-designed house with front terrace and open pergola set off by attractive brick flowerboxes. This brickwork is continued to the side of the living-room to form a sundeck. Varying levels of the roof balance the height and width of the building.

● Suitable for a wide, shallow allotment, this compact home has been planned for privacy and comfortable family living. A large sundeck and terrace give extra living space during the summer months.

THIS week's "signature" plan, designed by Melbourne architect Mr. F. T. Humphrys, is No. 682 in our series of Home Plans.

Plans can be bought for £9/9/- per full set from any of our Home Planning Centres, which have been established in conjunction with leading stores. For addresses see panel below.

The rear section of design No. 682 has a skillion roof. The living-room and first bedroom have a flat roof and the front terrace an open pergola.

This gives an impression of a roof at three levels, cleverly balancing the height and width of the building.

Highlight glass panels above the flat roof give additional light as well as being attractive to look at.

Meals alcove

The large L-shaped living-room has an open fireplace and double doors which open out to the sundeck.

The kitchen has a well-grouped working zone with a free corner for a meals alcove.

The total area of this home is 10 squares in timber or fibro, and 10.86 squares in brick.

Estimated costs, which are approximate only, would be £3350 to £4650 in brick, and £2865 to £3500 in timber or fibro.

Building costs vary considerably in the different States and more accurate costing can be obtained from your nearest Home Planning Centre.

When ordering home plans by mail from our Centres please give the number of the design and state the building materials to be used. Please include fee.

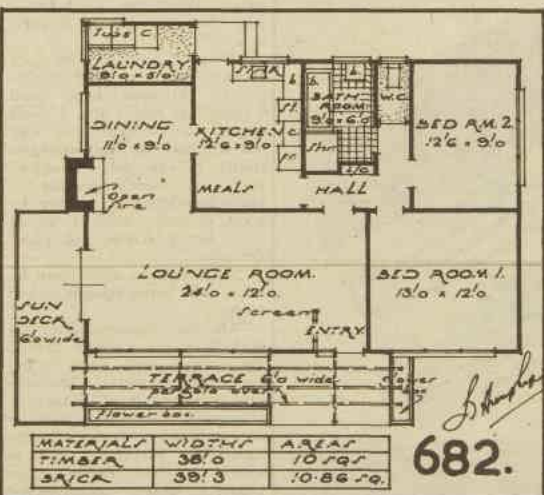
If you are intending to build your own house or

Home Planning Centres will, for a reasonable fee, prepare a material quantities list, which will be a reliable guide when you are buying materials and assessing costs.

These Centres will also give practical advice on remodeling old homes, modernising

kitchens or bathrooms, and making additions. You can also consult your nearest Home Planning Centre on any aspect of planning, decorating, or furnishing your new home.

Every plan issued by the Centres is guaranteed to be acceptable to your local Council.



FLOOR PLAN of design No. 682. Bedrooms are sufficiently large to allow for built-in cupboards if required, and are near the bathroom. Service rooms cannot be seen from the living area.

WHERE TO BUY THIS PLAN

OUR Home Planning Centres are situated in the following stores:

ADELAIDE: John Martin's.
BRISBANE: McWhirter's.
TOOWOOMBA: Pigott's.
HOBART: FitzGerald's.
CANBERRA: Anthony Hordern's.
MELBOURNE: The Myer Emporium.
GEELONG: The Myer Emporium, Fridays and Saturdays only.
SYDNEY: Anthony Hordern's.

In addition to selling our standard home plans our Home Planning Centres employ experts who will prepare special plans to suit readers' individual requirements. The fee is £1/1/- per square, with a minimum fee of £10/10/-. A deposit of £7 is requested on the order.

TEENAGE SPOTS & PIMPLES NEED NOT HAPPEN



Teenagers (and adults, too) — if you are subject to the embarrassment of unsightly spots and blemishes, try this simple skin care. At the first sign of trouble, treat the infected areas with fast-acting, double-antiseptic Valderma Balm.

Soothing, cleansing Valderma is specially prepared to assist in keeping the skin fresh, clear and healthy — free from the clogging infections and impurities that are so often the cause of unsightly spots and skin eruptions.

Fast-acting Valderma brings these triple benefits.

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cleans silver
faster
easier
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Watch your silver sparkle at the miraculous touch of **SILVER DIP**. The instant Silver Cleaner... so easy and safe. World-famous Goddard's **SILVER DIP**.



Dip!
Rinse!
Dry!

7/9

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Wiltshire Cutlery WITH GAY COLOURFUL HANDLES



Wiltshire CARVING SETS

Beautifully designed units with handles of Ivory, Black, Maroon, Teal Blue or Dove Grey Celcior. In presentation cases with rich interior trim colours. Also available with Ivory handles in Gift boxes.

Wiltshire Fiesta

Attractive matching or mixed coloured handles of Teal Blue, Imperial Yellow, Royal Red and Dove Grey.

GRILL SETS: 4 knives and 4 forks in de luxe boxes. Also boxes of 2 knives and 2 forks.

KNIFE SETS: 4 table knives and 4 dessert knives in de luxe boxes.

GRILL, DESSERT or TABLE KNIVES or FORKS in boxes of 4.

CHEESE KNIVES: Boxed singly.



Wiltshire

GRILL KNIVES or FORKS with Grained Ivory handles in boxes of 6.



Wiltshire GRILL SETS

with handles of Grained Ivory, Mahogany, Cape Horn or Black xyló. in de luxe boxes of 4 and 4.

SEE THE FULL WILTSHIRE CUTLERY RANGE AT YOUR FAVOURITE STORE

Continuing... A HERO FOR LEANDA

from page 39

would have an excellent chance of getting clean away."

"Where should I make for? You're not suggesting I should try to put him ashore on Spyros?"

"Good gracious, no — the coast is much too well guarded. Smuggling him in would be a major operation, to be carried out later by those who are used to it. . . . No, my suggestion would be that you put him ashore in Kenya, which is the nearest bit of land to Heurcuse."

"Another British colony?"

"It sounds unwise, I know, but in fact it would be safer than most places. The coast is very empty, and there's a lot of it. There'd be an element of double bluff — no one would be expecting you to go there. Also, I have people in Mombasa I can rely on — people who would set Kastella on the next stage of his travels. But that is something you needn't bother yourself about, Mr. Conway. Your mission would end at the moment of landing."

Conway grinned. "My troubles wouldn't, though, would they? What would I do afterwards?"

"Take up the threads of your adventurous life, I imagine. Roam the oceans once more."

"There'd be a lot of ports I couldn't enter. All the places where the Union Jack flies."

"Well, there aren't as many of those as there used to be, are there?" Metaxas said. "And in much of the world you would be warmly welcomed because of what you had done."

Conway was silent for a while. Then he said, "It's not my line of country, you know. I should think quite a bit of strong-arm stuff might be necessary, and I've no experience of that, and no taste for it, either. What you need for a job like this is an ex-commando."

"What I need is a man of courage, resource, and intelligence," Metaxas said, "and I think I've found him. I don't expect you to fight your way out of Heurcuse. That would be stupid. In any case, I wouldn't want it — there's been far too much bloodshed already for the good of our cause. I would hope for a skilful and silent departure."

"All the same, there must be many men better equipped than I am."

"On the contrary," Metaxas said, "you are the first man I have come across who, in my view, could undertake the mission with any hope of success. Obviously, the rescuer must be a yachtsman — any larger expedition would be sure to arouse suspicion. There are, of course, other ocean-going yachtsmen, but . . ."

Metaxas smiled. "If you'll forgive my saying so, Mr. Conway, most men who sail the oceans single-handed are somewhat eccentric — which means that most of them, in fact, are Englishmen! And no Englishman of any calibre would look at my proposition. If you refuse my mission, I think it most likely I shall have to drop the idea altogether. That is why I have talked to you so freely, even before you have committed yourself in any way. It is now, or never."

Again, Conway fell silent. Presently he said, "You say that a rescue would be impossible with anything larger than a yacht, because suspicion would be aroused. But what makes you think the authorities wouldn't be suspicious of a yacht? There can't be many of them arriving in Heurcuse waters — especially yachts flying the flag of Eire. If you ask me, the moment the police set eyes on that, they'd double the

guard until I left. They'd be stupid if they didn't."

"It's a good point," Metaxas said, "and one that I'd already thought of. It would be advisable, I think, for you to sail under the Red Ensign."

"I'd as soon sail under the skull and crossbones!" Conway said, with a grin. "Anyway, what about my Irish passport?"

"You'd have to have a United Kingdom passport, of course, in a different name."

"You mean you could arrange that?"

"I can arrange almost anything," Metaxas said, "except the freeing of Alexander Kastella by the British Government. The passport would be a very simple matter. You could be from Ulster. That would account for your slight brogue — and Ulstermen are considered even more British than the English, are they not?"

Conway gave a preoccupied nod. "All the same, I still think the authorities on Heurcuse would be suspicious of a yacht that arrived without any par-

● Black rubber mats are best cleaned with a cloth dipped in olive oil. Polish well with a soft duster when the oil has dried into the mat.

ticular reason. I'd need some good story to disarm them, some cover, something to satisfy them that the visit was an innocent one."

"That would certainly help," Metaxas agreed. "We must look into it. Some scientific purpose, perhaps."

"Anyway," Conway said, "what about the boat?"

"It is waiting for you. I am the owner — though it's not in my name, of course — of a small yacht lying now in Mombasa harbor. My associate there picked it out for me when I first became interested in the possibility of an expedition. Its name is Thalia. Would you care to see the plans?"

"Indeed I would."

Metaxas fetched some papers from a bureau and spread them out on the table. There were drawings and photographs and specifications. Conway studied them all carefully. The examination took him quite a time.

"Well," he said at last, "she certainly seems like a nice little ship."

"She would be yours at the end of the mission," Metaxas told him. "I would throw her in — as an extra."

Conway smiled grimly. "You make it all sound so attractive, so tempting. But I can tell you one thing right away. This ship would be quite unsuitable."

Metaxas looked startled. "Why do you say that?"

"She'd be hopeless as a single-hander," Conway said. "My own ship, Tara, was a Bermudan yawl, rather old-fashioned, with a deep forefoot and a long straight keel. She'd sail herself on pretty well any point of the wind. This ship is a sloop, and by the lines of her I'd say she'd need someone at the tiller practically all the time. Look at her cut-away bow — she'd never sail herself with the wind aft. I'd have to be constantly heaving-to to get any sleep — and I doubt if she'd lie very comfortably heave-to either. The trip might take weeks."

"Couldn't she be altered?" Metaxas asked anxiously.

"It's a long job getting a boat just right for ocean sailing. . . . Maybe there's another boat in some other convenient

port — one that wouldn't need so much altering."

"There may well be," Metaxas said, "but finding it could also take months, and there's no time to lose. . . ." He looked thoughtfully at Conway. "Perhaps the best way out would be for you to take someone else with you."

Conway gave a dubious shrug. "It would get over the sailing problem, of course, but I've always preferred being alone at sea. Quarters are pretty cramped in a small yacht, and I'm not the easiest man to get on with. . . . Besides, could you find anyone else?"

"Would your companion have to be a skilled yachtsman, too?"

"Not necessarily. It would help if he knew the difference between land and water, but it might be better if he wasn't too knowledgeable — there'd be less chance of a squabble! He'd have to be able to steer the boat when I was asleep, that's all, and be generally useful and cheerful around the place. He'd soon pick up all he needed to know if he was the right type."

"In that case," Metaxas said, "I think I may be able to produce someone suitable. I shall certainly do my best. . . . What I suggest, Mr. Conway, is that you go back now to your hotel. Don't attempt to get in touch with me tomorrow — it's better that we should appear to have no contact with each other. Tomorrow evening at — let me see — seven o'clock exactly, be in the open-air bar outside the Superbe. At that hour, with any luck, my candidate will call on you to be interviewed. The name, by the way, is Sophoulis."

"Very well," Conway said. "I hope you understand, though, that I'm not committing myself in any way about the enterprise. I owe you something for that five hundred pounds and I'll certainly have a look at your man, but frankly I think the whole thing's quite crazy and I can't see myself undertaking it."

"It's possible," Metaxas said with a smile, "that the idea may grow on you."

Conway spent most of the next day weighing the pros and cons of Metaxas' proposition. It still seemed fairly crazy, looked at as a whole, but there were aspects that appealed to him. He had been very much taken by the sloop Thalia. He had never sailed across that part of the Indian Ocean. He would enjoy visiting Heurcuse. If it proved impracticable to take Kastella off, he would still be two thousand pounds to the good — and success would give him all the money he could ever use. That was the credit side.

The dangers were equally obvious. The passport offence alone, if discovered, would be enough to gaoil him. An unsuccessful attempt at rescue might cost him his freedom. Physical damage to himself could certainly not be ruled out.

He had reached no decision by the evening, except that it would be foolish to turn the offer down out of hand. Much would depend on this fellow Sophoulis, whom Metaxas, in his dynamic way, was no doubt whisking from some distant part of the globe. If he turned out to be congenial, it would be hard to say "No."

The hotel bar was fairly active when Conway went down at a quarter to seven. He stood for a moment surveying the tables. There was a French family, laughing and chattering, an old man in a Basque

To page 55

Entertainment

Father and Daughter



VANESSA REDGRAVE
... budding actress, is strikingly like her famous father. She's now beginning a film career.

★ Sir Michael Redgrave's 22-year-old daughter, Vanessa, is not only very like her illustrious father in appearance, but is following in his professional footsteps.

VANESSA will make her screen debut in her father's forthcoming film "Behind the Mask."

In this story of the rivalry of two great surgeons attached to the same hospital (Redgrave and Niall MacGinnis) Vanessa plays screen daughter to her real-life father.

The part calls for her to look older than her actual years, and she does this with the aid of a severe hairstyle and the studio make-up department.

Redgrave, now 51, made his own screen debut in "The Lady Vanishes," with Margaret Lockwood.

Among his most memorable films have been "The Way to the Stars," "The Captive Heart," and "The Dam-busters." In his last, "Law and Disorder," Redgrave exhibited a nice comedy touch.

Though the tradition of acting goes back in the Redgrave family for more than a hundred years, and her mother—Rachel Kempson—was an actress too, Vanessa's first ambition was to be a dancer.

But when it became apparent that she was inheriting not only the looks of her 6ft. 2in. father but a great deal of his height as well, she decided to follow family tradition.

Vanessa is now intent on following in her father's footsteps, and, like him, got her grounding in repertory. Last year she widened her experience by playing in the Christmas pantomime "Mother Goose."

"Behind the Mask" is a Lion International release, in color.



SIR MICHAEL REDGRAVE
... noted Shakespearean actor and popular film star. His success has now led to knighthood.

"Small World" sensation

By NAN MUSGROVE



VICTOR BORGE



SIR THOMAS BEECHAM

● "Small World," Ed Murrow's superb TV show (Channel 9, Sundays, 5 p.m.), is undoubtedly the best show on Australian television. It has everything — entertainment, wit, and sensation.

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medicates away dandruff
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in just three applications



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Note to Physicians:

The statements in this advertisement are supported by clinical tests. For details of these tests write to your nearest Bristol-Myers Office.



THE half-hour telecast is an interview-debate between renowned personalities in different parts of the world. Their link by radiotelephone and TV scales the world down until viewers sit in on controversial debates raging between people thousands of miles apart.

A complete film is made of each person taking part as they listen and reply, and the four films are edited into "Small World."

The most sensational "Small World" yet shown here is scheduled for Sunday, August 16, at 5 p.m.

Personalities in it are fiery soprano Maria Callas, from her home in Milan, conductor Sir Thomas Beecham, music's wild man who hates sopranos and audiences, speaking from his home in Nice, and Victor Borge, America's famous musician and funny-man, in Connecticut, U.S.A.

I always remember Victor Borge's wonderful record about phonetic punctuation. Phonetic punctuation is all this "Small World" lacks.

The show starts off normally enough, but gets completely out of control when the three musicians become involved in an argument about audiences.

Borge contends that a performer owes everything to his audience, that they should be his first and foremost concern, that their applause, at any time, is sweet music.

Beecham and Maria Callas, who has earned her nickname "The Tigress" through her fiery temper, have both told audiences publicly to shut up.

They believe the audience is merely secondary to art, and that their applause, except at the end of the concert, as prescribed, is barbaric, rude, and not desired.

For the first and only time in "Small World's" history, Murrow couldn't control his guests. They shouted and stormed at one another.

Finally he cut them off unceremoniously and closed the session, but the three contestants didn't know.

They argued on, no holds barred, for another half-hour, and Murrow recorded the argument for use as a separate session. It will be telecast the following Sunday, August 23, from Channel 9, at 5 p.m.

Beecham emerges from "Small World" as the top TV personality of 1959 so far. He is witty, bombastic, and at 80 still as passionate in his views as he was when he visited Australia way back in 1940.

At that time he said: "I have a record in England of over 30 years of plain speaking, and I refuse to flatter the vanity of any community or individual," Sir Thomas said.

It's obvious from this edition of "Small World" that nearly

20 years haven't altered Sir Thomas at all.

Incidentally, Maria, filmed at home for "Small World," wears tight tapered slacks. Take a close look at the Callas figure. It's pretty good, and all Maria's own work.

Four years ago she weighed 16 stone. Her huge bulk determined her roles at Milan's famous La Scala and stood in the way of her success.

A remark by one of Italy's most famous couturiers is said to have started her on her diet. She went to see him in the hope that his subtle dressmaking would conceal some of her bulk, and overheard him say he would not make clothes for "that human wardrobe."

Maria left the salon after



"TIGRESS" MARIA CALLAS

telling the couturier that she'd be back when she had a model's figure. She came four years later, eight stone lighter.

MEN are always inclined to carry on about women and their hats, regarding their own as practical headgear of no conversation value. TV proves the opposite. The gentlemen's hats are very revealing.

A TV movie is really old when the men wear very tall felt dented down the centre, with a broad band, bowed to one side; the newer the film the flatter the hat.

And the way a man's hat is worn reflects the mood.

The Russian Prime Minister, Mr. Khrushchev, wore a Slavonic panama job during this famous talk with American Vice-President Mr. Nixon at the American Exhibition in Moscow recently.

It was a tall, broad-brimmed panama with a very narrow band, worn with jaunty air and a slight turn-up at the back. It was a very confident but definitely a pleased-to-meet-you hat, and added in-

terest to this world-headlined discussion.

Channel 9 and other channels showed the film on August 2, only nine days after the discussion.

The film, made in America after it arrived on tape from Moscow, was given free to every TV channel in the world that wished to show it by the Ampex Tape Company, who recorded the interview in Moscow. They modestly described this action, which cost them thousands and thousands of dollars, as "a public service."

★ ★ ★
SYDNEY TV channels have combined to form a "Royal" channel for live telecasts of the most important and glamorous occasions of Princess Alexandra's visit.

Without going through the heartrending business of balloting for a bid, getting a ticket, or worrying about what to wear and spending money on long white kid gloves, televiewers can with the flick of a switch go to the State Ball at Canberra and Sydney's fabulous Golden Ball.

And have a really good stare at Princess Alexandra without being rude.

Sydney's TV stations created the first "Royal" channel for the visit of the Queen Mother in February, 1958. It was a notable success.

The pooling of resources that is necessary makes an involved technical story, but to viewers it means that each channel—9, 7, and 2—will have exactly the same Royal programme.

The Royal telecasts start with the arrival of Princess Alexandra at Canberra on Friday, August 14, at 2.45, her inspection of the assembly of schoolchildren at Manuka Oval on Monday, August 17, at 11.30 a.m., and her attendance at the State Ball the same night at 9.25.

I'm looking forward most of all to the telecast of the State Ball, which will really live up to those adjectives glittering, glamorous, and gorgeous.

Televiewers will see guests arrive at Parliament House and sweep into the House up the wide, shallow steps that lead directly into King's Hall, where the ball will be held.

Later they will see from inside King's Hall the arrival of the Princess, her welcome at the ball, and the dancing.

You'll see more glamor when Sydney's Golden Ball at the Trocadero is telecast on September 10.

Sydney telecasts already arranged also include the arrival of Princess Alexandra at Mascot on September 9, her reception at the Town Hall, arrival at Government House, and the State reception.

As with the Royal telecasts for the Queen Mother's trip, there won't be a single white ant, tough beard, yummy biscuit, or such commercial things to interrupt the glamor.

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ACRILAN, the new acrylic fibre by Chemstrand, does wonderful things for sweaters and cardigans. They feel so duckling-down soft... and they stay that way through countless wearings and washings. They're quick to dry,

too... and always true to their original shape. In fact, there's never been such easy-to-care-for knitwear before. Next time you go shopping, be good to yourself. Shop where you can buy knitwear made of ACRILAN.



There's no other fibre like Acrilan (it makes fabrics look and feel luxurious)



You're free of ironing problems (clothes made of Acrilan need little pressing)



No more rag-doll look (Acrilan helps clothes keep their shape)



Down go your cleaning bills (clothes made of Acrilan can wash in a flash)



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 19, 1959

CO. 9, PFC.
Page 51

FOUR RARE BEAUTY OILS BLEND IN REXONA SOAP

to nourish your skin to health
and natural loveliness



RARE OILS OF CADE, CASSIA, CLOVES, AND
TEREBINTH PRESERVED IN REXONA'S
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MEDICATED WITH CADYL



HUSBAND-AND-WIFE film stars Don Murray and Hope Lange put on their glad rags for a rare evening out. Hope is currently making "The Best of Everything," and Don is tipped for the coming "Stage Door".

★★★ IT HAPPENED TO JANE

Romantic comedy, with Doris Day, Jack Lemmon, Ernie Kovacs. In color. State, Sydney.

THERE is a quite delightful quality of freshness and sparkle about this engaging light romantic comedy.

It concerns a youthful widow (Day) who, struggling to establish a lobster business to support her two children, comes into conflict with a railroad tsar (Kovacs) when his pinchpenny tactics cause a consignment to go bad.

Assisted by her lawyer-beau (Lemmon), Doris stages a one-woman fight against the entire railroad system, and becomes a national heroine.

The stylish, high-comedy playing of the two men is a joy, while Doris, along her own somewhat broader lines, adds a zest and sparkle that fits in very nicely with the general happy theme.

Color cameras capture in a lively and most attractive way the rural atmosphere of the Maine village where most of the action takes place.

You'll enjoy it.
In a word... REFRESHING.

★★ WARLOCK

Western, with Anthony Quinn, Henry Fonda, Richard Widmark, Dorothy Malone, Dolores Michaels. In color. Regent, Sydney.

ONE mysterious stranger in town is about all that even an adult Western can hope to cope with. But in this film, owing to deficiencies of script and direction, Widmark, Fonda, and Quinn remain strangers to the audience to the end.

Because neither the complexities of their character nor the motivations behind their behaviour are ever made really clear, the highly dramatic tensions between them are visible, without ever being wholly understandable.

NEW RELEASES

Reviewed by Ainslie Baker

★★★ Excellent
★ Average

★★ Above Average
No star—Poor

Film Parade

White, in his first screen role, stands up to competition very nicely.

Old friends of Anna Karenina will think she's lovely and efficient matron with a trained mother instinct.

For all its wobbly story-line many people will find this warm-hearted and pleasant little picture.

In a word... COSY.

★ CALL GIRLS

Danish drama, with Ingmar Bergman, Claes Holm, Kai Fischer. German dialogue, English subtitles. Savoy, Sydney.

RATHER surprising this turns out to be a well-made film, generally well acted by its pleasing unfamiliar cast, and neither as sordid or shocking as might be expected from the title.

The story concerns a provincial German girl (Bergman) who runs away from home to join a friend who thinks has a good job in Copenhagen. She has papers, but a friendly lorry driver (Holm) smuggles her across the Danish border.

There she becomes involved in the call-girl racket in which her friend (Fischer) proves to be already engaged.

The girl's struggle to get out of the organisation, so that she can marry the lorry-driver, has a happy outcome.

In a word... SHOCKING.

Despite this, the splendid acting of the three male stars is interesting in itself.

Fonda plays a professional gunman who is called in by the terrified town of Warlock to rid it of the attentions of a marauding cowboy gang.

With Fonda arrives his mysterious associate, a limping gambler, who is played with a good deal of subtlety by Quinn.

Widmark is powerful and persuasive as the former gang member turned deputy sheriff. But his role, even more than the others, lacks definition.

The contrast of the prettified town sets against which the drama is mostly played out fails to come off. It simply looks out of sympathy with the spirit and intentions of the film.

Neither the ladies nor their roles are of any very great interest.

In a word... COMPLEX.

★ NO TIME FOR TEARS

Drama, with Sylvia Syms, Anthony Quayle, Anna Neagle, George Baker, Alan White. In color. Century, Sydney.

IN attempting to have something for everyone, this could come dangerously close to not having enough of anything for anybody.

Sentiment, drama, romance, and comedy are cosily mingled in a story of life at an English children's hospital.

The three main characters are a first-year nurse (Sylvia Syms), a wolfish anaesthetist (Baker), and a nice doctor with an undergraduate sense of fun (White).

At the risk of seeming parochial, it is some satisfaction to note that Australian actor

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GOOD THINGS COME IN GLASS!

beret, a girl on her own reading a book, and a younger man, thickset and sturdy-looking, also on his own. Conway wondered if he was Sophoulis. At present he seemed to be concentrating on trying to catch the eye of the girl.

Conway chose a table well away from all of them and ordered a drink and waited. He inspected each new arrival closely, but no one approached his table or showed any interest in him. Five past seven. Ten past. For once Metaxas' machine - like arrangements seemed to have gone awry. Seven-fifteen. Conway continued to watch and wait. Presently the young man abandoned his attempts to pick up the girl and left. Almost at once the girl closed her book and came over to Conway's table.

"Good evening," she said. "Are you Mr. Michael Conway?"

"I am."

"My name is Sophoulis. Leanda Sophoulis. Victor Metaxas sent me."

Conway nearly dropped his glass. "Oh—no!"

"I was afraid it might be rather a shock. . . . Do you mind if I join you?" Her English was accentless and perfect.

Mechanically Conway waved her to a chair. "Metaxas must be out of his mind!"

"He's not usually thought to be," the girl said. "Most people think he's extremely clever. He thinks I should make a suitable companion for you. So do I."

"But it's absurd. . . ." Conway broke off, studying her. She was small, almost fragile to look at, but exquisitely shaped. Her little head was set in a halo of smooth black hair. Her face was a delicate miniature, with beautifully marked eyebrows and long lashes. Her dark, spirited eyes, set slightly on the slant, matched the resolution of her small chin. She was, Conway had to admit, a most unusual-looking girl. He put her age at twenty-three or twenty-four.

"Who are you, anyway?" he said. "How do you come into this?"

"I work for Victor. I help with his propaganda—I have an office in Paris. He rang me there last night, and I flew in today."

CONWAY grinned. "Well, now you'll have to fly out again! You surely don't expect me to take this idea seriously?"

"Why not?"

"I can think of a dozen reasons. . . . Have you ever been in a small boat at sea?"

"No, but you told Victor it wasn't necessary for your crew to have expert knowledge. I'm certain I could learn to steer. Don't forget we're a seafaring people in Spyros."

"Have you the slightest idea what it's like to make an ocean passage in a small yacht?"

"I imagine it can be very uncomfortable."

"Uncomfortable! It can be absolute hell. Rough, tough—terrifying. Until you've tried it, you can have no conception. For days on end you get tossed about like a cork. You can't eat properly, you can't sleep properly. . . . There are times when you almost wish you were dead."

"You seem to like it, Mr. Conway."

"I like it and I hate it—but at least I'm used to it. You're not."

"I've read of women who got used to it, and did very well."

"Maybe, but you're not the type. You're a very attractive girl, Miss Sophoulis, and I'd be happy to take you dancing any time. But sailing. . . ."

He shook his head. "Look at your dainty hands. After two weeks at sea they'd be so cut and calloused you wouldn't

Continuing . . . A HERO FOR LEANDA

from page 48

recognise them. Your body would probably be black and blue. You'd be so seasick you'd want to throw yourself overboard. When it was too late, you'd wish you hadn't come. So would I. Far from being a help, you'd be a burden."

"I never have been seasick," Leanda said, "although I've travelled by sea quite a lot. If I were, I should try not to be a burden. You mustn't judge too much by appearances, you know—I'm actually very tough. In any case, you don't have to make up your mind about me now. If we went to Mombasa together, you'd have plenty of time to get to know me before we started. You could always turn me down if I wasn't any good."

Conway regarded her wonderingly. "Just exactly in what capacity would you plan to travel with me?"

"I discussed that with Victor," she said coolly. "We think it would be better if I came as your wife."

Conway grinned. "You mean you're offering to marry me?"

"Don't be absurd. . . . I mean as your notional wife, that's all."

"H'm!" Conway leaned back with his head on one side. "Well, in some ways it's quite a notion!"

"I'm serious, Mr. Conway, and I wish you would be. I don't regard any part of this as a joke—I'm in deadly earnest. Surely you can see that the advantages of my coming with you would be enormous? If I were with you, as your wife, the authorities on Heuresuse would have no suspicions at all. It would merely seem like a holiday trip. I don't believe you could have a better cover."

Conway looked at her thoughtfully. "Well, there may be something in that. . . . All the same, it staggers me that you're willing to contemplate it. You don't know me at all—I'm a complete stranger to you. Wouldn't you be taking rather a chance—putting yourself completely in my hands, even to the extent of being a notional wife?"

"To me," Leanda said, "that aspect is not very important."

"It might be to me. Suppose I turned out to be the worst kind of wolf?"

Leanda smiled. "It seems unlikely, since you choose to spend most of your time alone at sea. Besides, you would find me very uninteresting from that point of view. My mind is entirely occupied with other things."

"What other things?"

"My country, above everything."

"A dedicated woman, eh?"

"I suppose it sounds unnatural," Leanda said, "but it's true. In Spyros, where I grew up, we all think more of freedom than of anything else. Why should the English rule us? We are a proud people, Mr. Conway—we had a civilisation in Spyros when the English were still living in caves. Yet they treat us as though we were aborigines. To be always subordinate and inferior in your own country—that is intolerable."

Conway nodded slowly. "All right—you put your country first. That still doesn't equip you for a hard, dangerous mission."

"You talk as though I were a delicate little flower," Mr. Conway—as though I'd lived a very sheltered life. I assure you nothing could be further from the truth. I spent three months in an English prison in Spyros—for distributing illegal literature. I have also been beaten up in the street by the police. But that was really nothing. . . . Two of my friends, two boys still in their teens,

were hanged a year ago. And even that is not the worst. I have seen terrible things happen—things I wish I could forget. . . . So, you see, I am not a little flower."

"Maybe it was a hasty judgment," Conway said. He was silent for a moment. "What had your two friends done?"

"They threw bombs. They considered themselves at war."

"Have you thrown bombs?"

who were hanged were brave, so brave, but I think they were wrong, too. I think that real freedom will only come through reason and negotiation—however long it may take. And that, as Victor told you, is why we need Kastella."

Conway said, "Do you know Kastella? Have you met him?"

"I met him once," she said, her dark eyes lighting up. "The struggle was just beginning. I'd helped to organise a meeting for him, and afterwards he shook hands with me. He is

"Then why did you look so cynical just now?"

"You were so sure that everything would be fine afterwards. You're an idealist, Miss Sophoulis, you have belief and faith. Free Kastella, you say, and then we shall have a peaceful and happy country. Then everything will be all right. But it never is. Often it's worse."

"One can always hope."

"Oh, sure. . . . What I'm trying to say is that our angles on this thing are different. If I decide to go off on this crazy mission, it wouldn't be because I thought I was doing a great service to someone or making people any happier."

"You mean it would be for the money."

"For the money, and only for the money. I'd be a mercenary, and that would have to be quite clear from the start. Not that I think I'd ever need twenty thousand pounds, but I could certainly use a fine ship."

"Does that mean so much to you?"

"It means pretty well everything to me. It's my way of life."

"Aren't you ever lonely?"

"Oh, yes, sometimes, when the weather's good and there's not much to occupy me. But the feeling passes."

"What's attractive about the life?"

"Never having to study anyone's wishes but my own."

"It sounds selfish, the way you put it."

"Maybe it is—but I can't help that. I ask very little of the world and I don't think I owe it anything. At least, the way I live doesn't harm anybody else."

"But surely," Leanda said, "one has to do something in the world. Not just go round and round it."

"I don't see why. It seems to me there are far too many people doing far too much already. I prefer just going round and round."

"But one can't live happily without responsibility or friends or affection?"

"I get by," Conway said. "I'm used to travelling light. There's all the responsibility I want getting my ship safely to port. And I have a lot of friends round the world, even though I don't look them up very often—or perhaps because!"

"Don't you ever get bored?"

"Not for long—the contrasts are too sharp for that. When I've been at sea for a week or two I can't bear the sight of it and long for the shore. Then I go ashore, and I enjoy it much more than most landmen, I can tell you. When I've been ashore for a few days I can't bear the sight of that, either. So I go to sea again, and it feels marvellous."

"It all sounds very pointless," Leanda said.

"What isn't?"

"In my view, freeing Alexander Kastella."

Conway laughed. "Well, we seem to be back where we started. You're dedicated—I'm not. At least we have no illusions about each other—which is just as well if we're to go along together for a bit."

Her eyes opened wide. "You mean we are to go along together?"

"We'll go to Mombasa, anyway," Conway said, "and see what happens."

"That was a remarkably quick decision."

"Well, you're rather a remarkable woman," Conway said.

It took five days for the initial arrangements to be made. In that time Conway and Leanda paid several secret visits to the anchored yacht after dark. Metaxas, exuberantly pleased at Conway's decision, threw himself eagerly into the preliminary planning.

The details, he agreed, would have to be settled by Conway in Mombasa, but he hoped to get a steady flow of coded in-

formation from there through his agent, a man named Ionides, with whom Conway would be working.

Conway saw a good deal of Leanda during the five days' wait, and his admiration for her steadily increased. She was intense where Spyros was concerned, and very single-minded, but she wasn't in the least strident. Having made her position plain, she showed no tendency to dwell on her country's wrongs, and any fear Conway might have had that he'd have to listen to a lot of tedious harangues proved quite unfounded. Her main interest now, like his own, appeared to be a practical one.

He managed to find out a little more about her—that her father had been a well-to-do businessman with a cosmopolitan background and no politics; that she had been educated at an English school in Switzerland, which accounted for her lack of a Spyros accent; that both her parents were now dead.

BY the sixth day all was ready, and they flew off to Paris with a stack of brand-new luggage appropriate to a young couple who had recently married and a credit in Conway's bank totalling nearly fifteen hundred pounds.

In Paris they made the notional changeover to the married state and picked up two United Kingdom passports from an address that Metaxas had given them. One, a rather battered one, was in the name of Michael Cornford, gentleman, born in Belfast, with a photograph—skillfully made to look old—that Conway had had taken in St. Jean de Luz for the purposes of the forgery. The other was new and shiny, the property of Leanda Cornford, nee Owen, born in Baginor, Wales. The Welsh touch had been Conway's idea—it might help to explain, he thought, Leanda's distinctly exotic type of loveliness.

Both passports were stamped with a false entry into France via Calais a fortnight before. Both were works of art. Conway hoped they would also prove serviceable, since he was now committed for the first time in his life to a considerable illegality. But he felt no real anxiety—their front was a good one. Who would be suspicious of a young, wealthy, and highly presentable couple who were flying to Mombasa to look at a yacht they'd seen advertised, with the idea of spending the bleak English winter cruising under romantic tropic skies?

They changed planes at Nairobi and reached Mombasa in the evening of the second day. There they drove to the Ambassador Hotel on Prince Charles Street, where an elegant suite had been reserved for them. Only one of the rooms was equipped as a bedroom, but the suite was spacious—much more spacious, Conway said with a grin, than Thalia would be! He found the unusual situation amusing and intriguing.

Leanda, as she had said she would, took it completely in her stride. Her public attitude had been affectionate; now that they were alone together she was coolly businesslike and detached. Conway was much more aware of her physical than she was of him. As he climbed into one of the twin beds, he was reminded of those matter-of-fact young women whom agencies provide to spend innocent nights with prospective divorcees. Any kind of passion would have seemed a breach of taste, as well as of contract. In fact, they both slept well in the deep privacy of mosquito nets.

First thing in the morning

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"MARGARETA"—Shirtmaker dress has a button-through front, matching button trim on two bodice pockets. The material is no-iron poplin, and color choice includes avocado-green, lilac, pale pink, emerald-green, rose-pink, sunshine-yellow, bolero-blue, and white.

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"No. I'm against violence and terror. Its results are too horrible."

"I agree with you. . . . What was that particular frightful thing I heard on the radio while I was at sea—a description of some village where three young men who wouldn't join your movement were mutilated and killed, as a lesson to others. Perhaps that wasn't true. I don't know."

"It was true. It was in Meos. I wasn't in Spyros then—I'd been forced to leave because the police wanted me again, and I was already working for Victor—but I know it was true. It was the most ghastly thing that has happened—almost unbelievable. . . . There has been so much killing and being killed, so much hate and misery. I can understand that, to some people, violence seems the only way. The English have been stupid and smug and deaf to argument. But I'm sure it's wrong. My friends

a fine, humane man, and a wonderful leader. He hates violence—he worked in the Resistance against the Nazis during the last war and saw more than enough of it then. He is clever and farsighted and patient. Once he is free he will end the terror—he will negotiate a settlement, and the English will go. Then we shall have a peaceful and happy country again."

Conway said, "H'm!"

"You sound unsympathetic, Mr. Conway—yet you are an Irishman, you should understand what it feels like to live under the English."

"In Ireland," Conway said, "that was a bit before my time. I can't say I've any personal grudge against the English. I wouldn't say I'd any love for them, either. I don't like the way they're always pushing other people around from the highest moral motives. I don't like being pushed around myself, and I don't like pushers."

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Continuing ... A HERO FOR LEANDA

from page 55

Conway telephoned their contact, Ionides, who ran the Transport and General Mercantile Company in Mombasa. The agent said he'd come straight over, and he turned up in a car just after ten, smoking a huge cigar. He was a fat, physically lethargic man. Conway liked him at once. There was nothing lethargic about his twinkling dark eyes or his quick intelligence, and it soon became clear that he had the whole situation very much in hand.

He was, it appeared, Metaxas' agent only in the personal and political sense. The two had known each other in boyhood and had kept in touch; they shared the same attitudes over Spyros and the same hopes of Kastella; and when Ionides had learned that Thalia was for sale he'd snapped her up, ostensibly on his own account. Everything had been done discreetly, and the close association between him and Metaxas was not generally known in Mombasa, so that Conway and Leanda could deal with the agent openly.

They had a short talk, and then Ionides took them to lunch at his pleasant verandahed bungalow. Afterwards he got out plans and maps so that Conway could study the city and its surroundings.

Mombasa, Conway discovered, was built largely on an island, which was linked to the mainland by a pontoon bridge on the east and a causeway on the north-west. Southwards lay a broad lagoon, and beyond, the narrow exit through the reef to the Indian Ocean.

Thalia — which they would now go and look at, Ionides said — was lying hauled out above an inlet called Mbaraki Creek, not far from the Yacht Club. A few minutes later they were on their way in the car.

Conway, judging his prospective ship as sailors do, by "a blow in the eye," had an immediately favorable impression. Her lines, as he'd already learned from the drawings, were modern, but not exaggeratedly so, and he guessed she would be reasonably comfortable and sea-kindly, without being slow. Even out of her element she made a lovely picture, with her dazzling white hull, her impeccable mahogany, her chromium fittings and instruments.

He walked slowly round her, not wishing to hurry the first pleasurable impact. The draught was about five feet, which should give her a good grip of the water.

Presently he followed Leanda up the short ladder to the cockpit. Aboard, he carried out a thorough examination. The ship was obviously in excellent condition, practically new. She was strong, too — many of the oak frames, he saw, were doubled. With her thirty feet of length and nine feet of beam, her accommodation seemed spacious after Tara's — a main saloon, with a fixed table between two settee berths and all mod-cons leading off it; an open cockpit aft; and a fore-cabin with one bunk. The galley at the after end of the saloon, with its stainless-steel-covered bench and swinging two-burner paraffin stove, left nothing to be desired.

There was a roomy navigation space with a chart table and drawers below full of Admiralty charts — including, Conway noted, a complete set for the Indian Ocean. He examined the food bins, the ventilators, the chain locker. He took a look at the carefully stowed sails, noting with approval that they were all tanned and proofed against mildew.

MIKE opened up the engine—a diesel in fine condition which he reckoned would give Thalia at least eight knots. It seemed unnecessarily powerful for such a yacht, but the speed might well come in useful. He checked the various tanks aboard and found them all full of diesel fuel, none of water, except for a five-gallon emergency tank. The water supply was by means of a filter-and-chemical apparatus, which could change salt water into fresh as it was wanted. Conway had used a similar apparatus himself ever since it had come on the market, and found it wholly satisfactory.

He finished his survey and stood by the tiller, looking forward with absorbed delight. He had loved Tara, but she hadn't been in Thalia's class. This ship was the stuff of dreams. Now that he had seen her he felt sure she could be altered to make her a good ocean single-hander. It would take time, but already he could see himself resuming his travels in her — if only he could carry out Metaxas' mission successfully.

Presently he became aware of Leanda beside him. She had barely spoken to him during his tour of inspection. Now she

said, "What do you think of her, Mike?"

"What do you?" Conway asked, smiling.

"She's luxurious — wonderful. But will she do?"

"Ah," Conway said, "it's a bit early to tell you that. Let's go and talk to Ionides about launching her."

The agent was sleeping in the car, but he woke at the sound of their voices. "Well?" he said.

Conway was still looking at Thalia. "She's a lovely ship."

"She cost nearly six thousand pounds," Ionides said.

"Well, if her performance is anything like her promise I'd say you got her at a knock-down price. . . . There's only one change I would suggest, that we could make in the time. That white paint's a bit bright."

"Too visible on a dark night?"

Conway nodded. "We might have to go over it with something else. . . . Anyway, when can I take her out?"

"Tomorrow afternoon," Ionides said. "I'll arrange for her to be put in the water for you in the morning."

The south-easter that blew constantly from the sea at that time of year was of moderate strength when Conway and Leanda returned to Thalia next day. "A perfect sailing breeze!" Conway said, in visibly high spirits.

Afloat the little ship looked even more attractive than it had done the previous day. "The loveliest thing man ever invented," Conway said poetically, "a sailing ship." He stood looking at her for a moment in an attitude almost of worship. Then he got busy.

Leanda sat by the tiller, watching him as he sorted out what seemed to her a hopeless tangle of sheets and halyards. She was beginning to doubt if she would ever be very useful, but at least she could keep out of his way, and she found him interesting to watch.

All his movements were unhurried—so much so that Leanda grew impatient at his deliberation. But at last he gave the signal, and the two smiling negroes from the boatyard cast off the lines, which he coiled in a leisurely fashion as Thalia blew gently away from the shore. Then he hoisted the big red mainmast and they bore away towards Kilindini.

They sailed down past the docks, where cars and cement and agricultural machinery were being unloaded from huge ships on to scorching wharves.

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They sailed along the edge of mangrove swamps, and turned and sailed almost to the reef. They sailed past a pink cliff-like pile known as Fort Jesus, and right through the old harbor, where Arab dhows with great triangular sails and wonderfully carved stems and sterns were unloading.

The trials lasted for three hours. In that time Conway tested Thalia on every point of sailing, experimenting constantly with the sheets and the tiller, seeing how she lay hove-to, judging her speed on a reach, beating out across the mouth of the lagoon in an exhilarating cloud of spray, and seeing how she came about in the swell, first on one tack and then on the other, and how she took the seas as they came up under her stern. Most of the time he was silent, and Leanda asked no questions.

When he had finished with the sails he started the engine, and they cruised up and down for another hour, testing Thalia's speed under power and getting a rough idea of the fuel consumption.

It was after five when they tied up, and a clammy sea mist was beginning to creep in, making the air seem chill. Even then Conway hadn't finished. With Leanda's help, he put the pram dinghy in the water, and they went for a short row round the anchorage. The dinghy, with two people in it, had very little freeboard, but it would be safe enough in smooth water.

As they rowed back to Thalia Leanda couldn't restrain herself any longer.

"Won't you stop being a

sphinx now," she said, "and tell me whether she'll do?"

"Oh, yes," Conway said, "she'll do."

"You mean you'll take her to Heuresse?"

"I'll never have a better chance of getting a boat like this of my own."

"And what about me?" she asked anxiously. "You can't say I got in the way. Will I do?"

"The thing is," he said in his old bantering tone, "would you be a congenial companion?"

"Mike, please!"

He looked at her eager face. "I reckon you'll do," he said. "We'll go and tell Ionides the trip's on."

THE agent was scarcely less delighted than Leanda over Conway's decision. That evening he arranged for the dispatch of a coded message to Metaxas telling him the news. Afterwards he raised the crucially important question of where Kastella would be put ashore, supposing the expedition was successful. The harbor of Mombasa, he said, though comparatively easy to find and enter, was under too close supervision to make it suitable for a secret landing from a yacht—and Conway agreed.

A much better place, Ionides

thought, was a small town called Malindi, some forty miles up the coast to the north. It was a holiday resort, popular at weekends because there was a wide gap in the reef there and surfing was good. He himself had a holiday shack

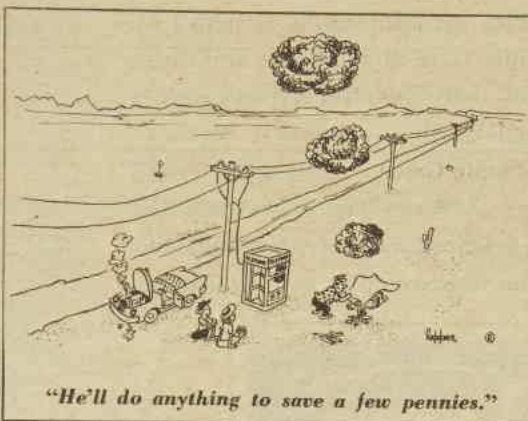
Continuing . . . A HERO FOR LEANDA

from page 56

just outside the town, which might be very useful. He suggested that Conway and Leanda should go with him next day to do a bit of reconnoitring.

First thing in the morning, therefore, they set off northwards in the car. There was a fair amount of traffic on the route, but between the road and the sea the flat coastal belt seemed sparsely populated. There were one or two attractive coastal villages—groups of square, palm-thatched houses

The last one of all was Ionides'—a white-painted wooden shack, on a concrete base, set deep among the trees and backing on to a sandy track scored with wheelmarks. The agent took a key from under a pot beside the door and led the way in. There were two small rooms, with some light holiday furniture and a lot of seaside equipment.



built of coconut poles plastered with coral mud, where innumerable small children played in the sand.

Otherwise there was little to be seen but the featureless maze of the palm trees that rattled their stiff dark plumes against the blue-green background of the sea. The car was checked several times by sluggish creeks that ran deep inland between banks thick with foliage. It was nearly twelve before they reached Malindi.

Once there, Ionides led the way straight to the beach, so that Conway could see for himself what the approach from the sea was like. A quarter of a mile from the shore, the gap in the reef was clearly visible—a stretch of unbroken water several cables wide. As the rollers came surging in over the shallows, they broke in white-capped waves with a loud, incessant roar. No dinghy would live in that kind of sea. But to right and left of the opening, where the reef acted as a breakwater, the lagoon was almost motionless.

"What do you think of it?" Ionides asked.

"Quite good," Conway said after a moment, "provided the weather's calm outside . . . What's the depth of water in the lagoon?"

"It is shallow, but never less than six feet."

"Are you sure of that?"

"I am quite sure—I have fished here many times."

Conway nodded. "Then I could bring Thalia through the gap and anchor her in the lee of the reef, out of the surf. From there it would be an easy row."

"Could you find the gap at night?"

"With a bit of luck I could. Surf always shows up well. I won't say it wouldn't be tricky, but anything's going to be tricky on this coast."

Ionides laid an approving hand on Conway's shoulder.

"Good! Now I will show you my shack, and tell you the plan I have thought of."

They turned to the right along the shore, skirting the seaward edge of the trees. Among the elephant-grey trunks of the palms, dozens of tiny holiday huts were dotted. Most of them were of wood and thatch. A few were more permanent concrete bungalows of a modest type. After a quarter of a mile or so the huts began to thin

out. "Just a bathing-hut, you see," Ionides said. "Now this is what I would suggest. You would bring the yacht inside the reef and row Kastella ashore, as you said. You would set him down a little farther along the beach than this, perhaps two hundred yards farther, where there are no huts. You yourself would return immediately to the yacht, without landing, and put to sea. The most important thing of all is that no one should see the yacht, for otherwise there might be questions. Your last task would be to disappear quickly."

"Kastella would walk to his right, along the beach. The first bungalow would be mine. It would be locked, but the key is always kept under that pot, and you would have told him about it. On the table, I would have left money for a telephone call. At daybreak, or just before, he would continue along the track to the right. After four hundred yards,

there is a telephone box. He would ring me up at my home. I would have left my telephone number with the money."

"In a couple of hours I would collect him in my car. Very soon after that I would have put him secretly aboard one of our ships for Europe . . . How does that strike you, Mr. Conway?"

"It all sounds most efficient," Conway said. "Of course, I can't give you any idea when to expect us. It could be four weeks, six weeks, eight weeks—there's no telling. You'd have to stay put in Mombasa."

"I shall stay until I hear from Kastella, or until I learn that the expedition has failed. I think everything will go quite smoothly. In any case, Kastella will be in no immediate danger once he is ashore. No one knows him here. If anything went wrong with the arrangements, he could take a bus into Mombasa and come to my house. The telephone call is merely a simpler and quicker way of arranging transport."

Conway nodded. Presently he walked down the beach to the water's edge, and turned, and studied the shape of the trees against the sky, memorising the outline. Against the stars, it would look much the same. And Ionides' shack, a blotch of white among the palms, would help to guide him in.

"All right," he said, as he rejoined the others. "Malindi it is!"

IT only remained now to make the final preparations for the voyage and Conway and Leanda threw themselves with zest into the task. Thalia's inventory of spares and equipment was already so comprehensive that Conway had only to check through it and make sure there were no gaps. But there were large quantities of tinned provisions to be ordered and stowed—sufficient to give an ample margin of safety for three. Day by day Thalia sank lower in the water, and still there were things to be remembered.

It was Leanda who pointed out that Kastella might well join them with no more than

the clothes he was wearing, and that he would need all sorts of things for the journey back. She made a list—"Clothes for Our Leader," Conway called them, with an irreverent chuckle. For the first time in his sailing career, too, Conway equipped himself with tropical evening clothes, matching Leanda's smart dresses, so that they would be able to take part, if necessary, in Heuresse's social life. He also bought a varied pile of books to replace those he lost in Tara, and a double-barrelled, twelve-bore shotgun as a replacement.

"I was once attacked by a spearfish," he told Leanda, "a horrible brute nearly ten feet long, with a three-foot spear that would have gone through Tara's hull like butter! I always carried a shotgun since then."

There were other things to do besides getting supplies aboard. With a slight feeling of regret, Conway had Thalia's white hull repainted a darker color, explaining to the boatyard that he couldn't stand the glare. As soon as the paint was dry he began to take Leanda out and give her sailing lessons.

Ashore, they both behaved as though they were about to set out on an exciting holiday trip. The act was necessary, for by now there was a good deal of local interest in their plans. Ionides had already introduced them to the Yacht Club, of which he was an honorary member—it would be thought very odd, he said, if they didn't mix with the local enthusiasts.

Their story was accepted, too—that they were bound for the Seychelles, and hoped to come back via Mauritius. No one seemed to find the project unreasonable in a ship like Thalia. After a few convivial drinking sessions, Conway was able to plead pressure of preparations and stay away from the club.

In just over a fortnight they were ready. On the last night but two they moved from the hotel into the yacht, so that Leanda could get used to life aboard ship while conditions were still comfortable, and any gaps in their arrangements could be detected in time.

On the last day they saw the emigration people and the Customs and got clearance for the Seychelles without difficulty.

To page 60

TEENAGE PROBLEM



BUT DOCTOR—WHY DO I FEEL SO LISTLESS THESE DAYS?

"At seventeen, Meg, you're going through a stage common to many boys and girls. You're trying to do too much—too quickly. You're over-taxing your strength—and most likely not eating properly at the same time!"

"BUT—I GET PLENTY TO EAT, DOCTOR."

"The usual teenage snacks and sweets, I expect. It's not good enough Meg. I'm going to put you on to a course of concentrated vitamins and minerals . . . VYKMIN CAPSULES."

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VYKMIN Vitamin-Mineral Capsules bring you the modern way to good health and greater energy. They supply a balanced daily intake of vitamins, plus important minerals so vital to your daily diet. Take just two every day (one black, one red) and you'll feel your health and vitality improve. You'll see your skin glow with true health—in a very short time.

9 VITAMINS—4 MINERALS

The daily dose of one red and one black capsule supplies:
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Vitamin B₂ Riboflavin (1 mg.).
Vitamin B₆ (0.1 mg.).
Vitamin A (5000 I.U.).
Vitamin C (300 I.U.).
Vitamin D (750 I.U.).
Vitamin E (1.25 mg.).
Vitamin PP Nicotinamide, 10 mg.
Phosphorus, 15.2 mg.; Calcium, 30.4 mg.; Iron, 17.3 mg. and Manganese, 0.5 mg.
Laboratory fresh—hermetically sealed in gold foil.

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A PRODUCT OF SCOTT & BOWNE

VY127

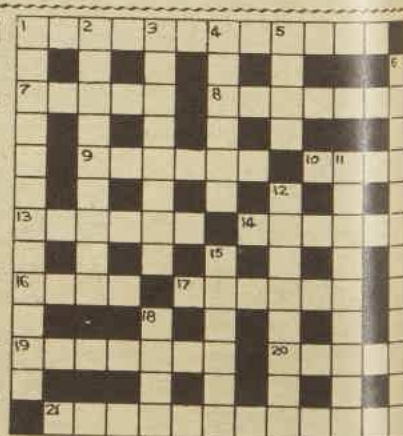
THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- Gun before food makes a very common soldier (6, 6).
- If it's excellent she is there (5).
- Seaman who is outwardly a miner (7).
- Ring Ma for supplying weapons (6).
- Poems written with modesty (4).
- Small huts in cabs (6).
- Married woman, but in a hospital she may be single (6).
- Listeners growing on corn (4).
- Though inwardly a rag people keep car in it (6).
- Trigonometrical ratio, made by a sunburnt, short gentleman (7).
- Nothing to subsist in an evergreen tree (5).
- Middle-Eastern time for literary entertainment (7, 5).

PRIMAGE SCORE
ONLITRIV
DAVITMAURICE
SOEIBOR
MICRONBUNNY
CELE
KNEADSLETHAL
EH
MEANS OCCULT
ALPTOFS
HALYARD PRANK
DOIOAMMI
ISTER GALLOON

Solution of last week's crossword.



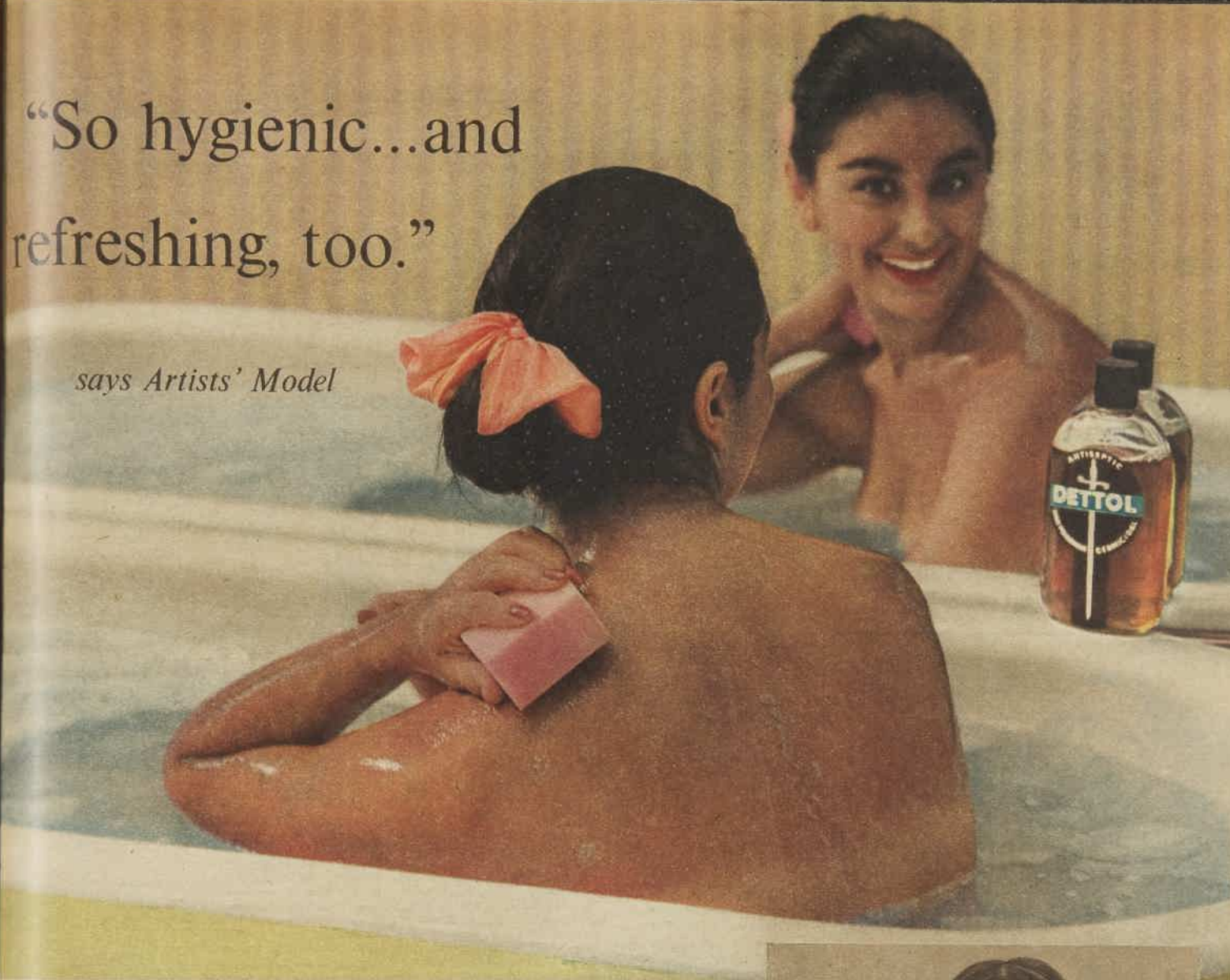
Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

- Nicest office (Anag., 12).
- Australian treeless plain (9).
- Decoration showing its name in its centre (8).
- Stimulate me in a receptacle for holy water (6).
- Dreadful and mostly anger (4).
- Foreboding, men present it (12).
- Rend a king when getting gloomy (9).
- Small cake made of ground almonds, white of egg, and sugar (8).
- Virgil's birthplace was near here (6).
- Plant in rather beautiful surrounding (4).

"So hygienic...and
refreshing, too."

says Artists' Model



Judith Godley — well-known Artists' Model — says, "After a tiring day I add a little Dettol to my bath water. Dettol makes a wonderful difference... makes me feel really clean, and refreshed!" And so will you! Dettol is perfect for personal freshness — a pleasant, hygienic precaution, too. Why not enjoy a Dettol bath tonight?

DETTOL... the safe, effective antiseptic...
guards your family against the risk of infection

On the cut or scratch which may lead to blood poisoning... use Dettol! Use it in every emergency where speedy, thorough cleansing of a wound is essential... in all important details of body hygiene (especially in the bath)... in the room where there is sickness to help pre-

vent the infection from spreading... to disinfect linen and crockery.

Dettol is the safe, effective yet gentle antiseptic... a good friend in need at all times. Make a practice of always having it handy in your home. Fragrant Dettol does not stain, does not pain.



"Mummy! Pussy scratched me!" First aid?... first Dettol! Harmful germs can lie in the most unexpected places. A cut... scratch... an abrasion — quick, the Dettol! Wise mothers always have Dettol handy in the house. Prompt attention with Dettol helps to guard against the risk of septic infection.



When illness strikes... you can help prevent the infection from spreading by giving strict attention to hygiene. Soap and water and Dettol are your best weapons. Wash your hands frequently... disinfect the patient's linen and crockery... with soap and water and Dettol. Pleasant, gentle Dettol is harmless to everything but germs.



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AVAILABLE ONLY AT ALL CHEMISTS



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Start the Weekend well with

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1/- from your Newsagent.



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Nylon need
Reckitt's Blue
for perfect
whiteness.

NOW!
Specially
for your
washing
machine.

**Reckitt's
Liquid
Blue**

Afterwards there was final business to do with Ionides. He brought greetings and good wishes from Metaxas, received that day by code, and the news that a further thousand pounds had been paid into Conway's account.

The two men completed some rather technical financial arrangements, devised by Metaxas, which would seem to show that Ionides had made a genuine sale of Thalia to Conway, and at a good profit, if anyone should ever get around to questioning him.

Then, with a surprisingly emotional little speech about the importance of the enterprise, Ionides wished them a safe passage, and left them. In the evening, several Yacht Club members dropped in to say goodbye, and stayed for drinks. But by eleven peace had descended on the creek. Conway spent a little time with his charts and the Indian Ocean Pilot, while Leanda cleared up. Then they turned in.

At dawn they sailed. As soon as they were clear of the harbor, Conway streamed the patent log and set Thalia on her course. Heureuse lay due east, in almost the same latitude as Mombasa, but with the wind heading the ship from the south-east and likely to go on doing so the best he could steer without starving her was eighty-five degrees. Leeway on

Continuing . . . A HERO FOR LEANDA

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the long beat would carry her still farther to the north, but one tack towards the end of the trip would put that right. At present the south-easter was a gentle sailing breeze, about force three, just sufficient to keep Thalia's sails asleep and pulling steadily at around four knots.

CONWAY was fully occupied for a while, satisfying himself that all was well, trimming the sails to suit the wind and the ship, noting the angle of the wake to estimate the leeway. Then, around eight, he gave the tiller to Leanda. She was still very much of a beginner, but the breeze was steady, and all she had to do was keep an eye on the compass and steer the right course.

He watched her for a moment, then gave her an encouraging nod, and went below to prepare breakfast of cereal, eggs, and coffee. When the food was ready he called Leanda to eat and took the tiller himself. Then he breakfasted while she steered. The test in Mombasa harbor had shown, as he'd expected, that Thalia wouldn't sail herself satisfactorily to windward, so while present conditions lasted they would always have to eat separately.

Afterwards Conway washed up and made all shipshape in the saloon, and then went to sit beside Leanda in the cockpit.

The low-lying Kenya coast was no longer visible; there was nothing to be seen in any direction but water and sky. Probably there wouldn't be anything now until they neared Heureuse, for this was one of the loneliest oceans in the world, right off the shipping lanes.

At noon he took his first sight, more to familiarise Leanda with the drill than because he needed to know their position so early.

They went through the drill three times, and then Conway went below to make his simple calculations. The third reading gave them a position only a few miles different from dead reckoning. In six hours they had covered nearly twenty-five nautical miles.

"Is that good?" Leanda asked.

"It could be a lot worse," Conway told her. "I've sometimes sailed all day and finished up farther back than when I started!" He made the first pencilled cross on the track chart, and the first entry in the log.

Leanda prepared the lunch, and Conway cleared away, and at two in the afternoon they started their regular watch-keeping — four hours on and four off during the day, which would give them time for sleeping, and two-hour stints during the night. Leanda had insisted that there should be no "weaker vessel" stuff while conditions were easy, and Conway was ready enough to agree.

So far he had scarcely had to touch the sheets. The wind remained true and steady. A few clouds gathered towards evening, but there was no sign of any appreciable change in the weather. As the sun plunged into the sea, leaving a glorious sky behind it, Leanda said: "This is a very, gentle baptism for me, isn't it? Rather different from that dreadful picture of sailing you drew for me at St. Jean de Luz."

"It's a chance for you to get your sea legs," he told her. "The thing is, the south-east trades are about the most reliable winds in the world, but we're at the extreme northern edge of them here, and at this season of the year they're moving south. They should carry us to Heureuse, with luck, but

on the way back we'll be in the doldrum belt, and that's a very different kettle of fish. There'll be storms and calms — both pretty unpleasant."

"Oh, well," Leanda said, "sufficient unto the day. It's heavenly now."

As the quick tropical darkness fell, Conway lit the navigation lamps and the cabin lamps, and took a last look round the deck. Then, in the snug saloon, Leanda made up the bunks and prepared a light supper, and they ate their separate meals.

There was a sharp warm shower around eleven, when

water up over the starboard rail with a strength that seemed out of proportion to her size. She also attended to the simple but repetitive job of filtering the day's supply of sea-water through the rubber bags of the patent device and adding the little cubes of chemicals that made it drinkable.

At first she had been a bit doubtful about using sea-water for drinking, but after the first day she had to admit that it tasted good and that the advantages of having an unlimited supply without the need for storage were overwhelming.

In between, when she wasn't cooking or filtering or swab-



"Isn't it wonderful that the grandchildren are going to be here a whole week?"

Conway was at the helm, but it soon passed. At midnight Leanda took over again, slightly apprehensive in the empty darkness, but determined not to show it. The ship, with its slight heel and its hissing wake, gave an illusion of speed, of rushing furiously through the night, and she kept a sharper lookout than was necessary. But the nervousness soon passed. The luminous compass card glowed comfortably, the navigation lights threw cheerful pools of red and green on the heaving water.

Conway, resting in the dim saloon, knew from the sound and motion of the ship that all was well, but he watched Leanda through most of her two hours. Without raising his head he could see her face—small, intense, concentrated—in the compass glow. He found it a companionable sight.

When he relieved her at two, he took a mug of tea out for her. "Anything to report?" he said, with a glance at the sail.

"Not a thing."

"How did you like your first night watch?"

"It was all right," she said. She suppressed a yawn. "It seemed rather a long time."

He laughed. "I once sat at Tara's tiller for twenty-eight consecutive hours, in a storm."

"I don't believe it!"

"It's true. I was so tired at the end I was breathing from memory! Okay, you'd better get a cat nap—four o'clock will be round in no time . . ."

In a day or two they had settled into a regular, though by no means wearisome, routine. Leanda did the domestic chores and most of the cooking—which she soon found was one of the toughest jobs aboard. But she pretended that she found it a pleasant change from being a secretary-conspirator, and Conway believed her.

Apart from cooking, she swabbed down the decks every day, heaving buckets of crystal

bing, there was steering to be done, and clothes to wash, and the ravages of sun and salt to be made good. One way and another, she never seemed to have a moment to spare. Conway found her extremely efficient, philosophical over minor hardships, and tactfully self-effacing when he was busy.

Getting enough sleep was her main problem. She had not yet learned to drop off at will, as Conway always did, and she found the watch-keeping disturbing. She could have slept perfectly at the tiller, where the compass card had a mesmerizing effect on her, particularly at night, but the thought of Conway rushing out to see why the sails were flapping was too awful to contemplate.

The saloon was hot in the daytime, in spite of its ventilators, and scarcely bearable when some of them had to be shut to keep out flying spray. So, occasionally, was the thought that there was only an inch of wood between her and the ocean, and that where they were it was about three miles deep!

But gradually she got used to the conditions, as by now she was completely used to the motion of the ship, and in the end she slept adequately.

Conway was busy most of the time. There were the regular daily jobs—taking the log readings, checking the chronometer with the radio time signal, taking sights from the sun at noon or, if necessary, from the stars at dusk or dawn, marking up the chart, writing up the log. There were the occasional jobs—filling the lamps and stove, giving a touch of grease to the blocks, cleaning the chromium fittings, running the engine for a while to keep it in shape, checking the stores.

For short periods, when it wasn't his watch, he would lie and read, or listen briefly to the radio news before switching off to save the battery. But mostly, when he wasn't sleeping or working, he was on deck with Leanda.

Occasionally, some unusual

incident would break routine. Leanda, in her time, liked to go forward the bows and lean out over the pulpit to watch the ship cleaving the sea — a tractive but over-stressed head," Conway called. From there she sighted a spouting whale, which unpleasantly close to Thalia, she finally disappeared.

Once, too, an unusually shark came right along, turning on its back to show its vicious teeth were clearly visible and then scrapping in against the keel of the ship, stayed around so long that way went to get the shark from the fore-cabin to drive away, but he'd scarcely appeared when it shrank, and they didn't see it again.

As one similar day followed another, with nothing new to them but the same blue waste, it was only marks on the track chart convinced Leanda they were getting anywhere at all. One morning as Conway came from the saloon with coffee, suddenly said, "You know, Mike, there might be no else on this planet except two!"

"It's not a bad thought," said with a grin.

She ignored that. "It's hard to keep anything in perspective. The world seems remote. I have to keep reminding myself that we're actually on a terribly important mission, that there's a man called Kane on an island somewhere out there, and that we're our way to rescue him. It doesn't seem real."

"That's how you get at Conway said."

"But I want it to be real."

"If we kept on sailing for month or two you probably wouldn't care any more. You get the cosmic view."

"Like you?"

"That's right. Human nature seems pretty trivial in the middle of the ocean."

"Including the antic of earning twenty thousand pounds?" Leanda said. "I say that was pretty small against the background of the universe. You're not very consistent."

Conway said, "Let's drop the subject! . . . How's the coffee?"

THEY continued to run down the latitude, and by the end of the first week they had made good nearly four hundred and eighty miles. They had had one excellent day's run of ninety miles, but the wind had freshened, came from the same quarter, and they had enjoyed an exhilarating beat through a choppy sea with salt spray flying over the bows and the mainsail hard in the drum. They had had one day of thirty-five miles, when the trade wind had seemed to be dying away altogether, but the average had been kept up partly because of an east-going current which, in good weather and poor, carried them steadily towards their objective.

Leanda, by now, was shaped up into quite a professional sailor. She watched everything that he did, and when she didn't understand why he asked. He responded to her interest, explaining and demonstrating with the patience of a devotee. They got on excellently together. After a week of close companionship they were both more friendly and more personally interested in each other.

One evening, when Leanda was steering and Conway was sitting opposite her in the cockpit, slicing a length of time, suddenly said, "You know, I brought you."

Leanda said, "Because I cook, I suppose!"

To page 62

PATTERN FOR BEGINNERS

F5169.—Beginners' pattern for an easy-to-make dress for a small girl. Sizes 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Requires 1½ yds. 36in. material, 2yds. contrasting bias binding. Price 2/6.



F5169

Fashion FROCKS

F5426.—Attractively styled dress has a short, back-buttoning jacket. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5yds. 36in. material for dress, 2yds. 36in. contrast material for jacket. Price 4/—.

F5412.—Pretty, full-skirted dress has a wide, bertha collar. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires (short sleeves) 5½ yds. 36in. material, (three-quarter sleeves) 4½ yds. 54in. material. Price 3/9.

F5416.—Slender dress has slightly bloused bodice, contrasting trim at the centre front. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires (short sleeves) 4yds. 36in. material; (three-quarter sleeves) 4½ yds. 36in. material, plus ½ yd. 36in. contrast material. Price 3/9.



F5412



F5416



F5426



F5429

F5417.—Slim-skirted dress is topped with an unusual, button-tabbed jacket. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.

F5429.—Feminine dress features knife-pleated skirt, swathed collar. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires (short sleeves) 6½ yds. 36in. material; (three-quarter sleeves) 7yds. 36in. material. Price 3/9.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

• Needlework Notions are available for six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

No. 108 — EMPIRE-LINE DRESS
The dress, belted at the Empire line, is obtainable cut out ready to make in spotted cambric, with a color choice of pink and white, blue and white, red and white, green and white. Sizes: 32 and 34in. bust 38/3; 36 and 38in. bust 39/6. Postage and registration 2/6 extra.

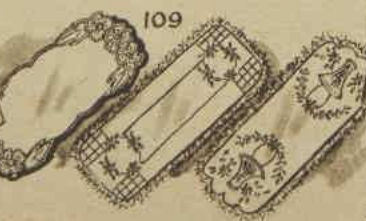
No. 109 — THREE D'OLEYS
The d'oleys are obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider on Irish linen. Color choice includes white, cream, blue, lemon pink, and green. Size 3 x 11in. 1/3 each, postage 3d. extra. Set of three 3/6, postage 6d. extra.

No. 110 — GIRL'S DRESSING-GOWN
The practical dressing-gown is obtainable cut out ready to make in a pretty floral seersucker. Color choice includes pink and white on a pale blue ground, and blue and white on a pale pink ground. Sizes: 6-8 years, 24/6; 8-10 years, 26/9; 10-12 years, 27/3; 12-14 years, 28/6. Postage and registration 2/9 extra.

No. 111 — MATERNITY SMOCK AND SKIRT
The smock and skirt are obtainable cut out ready to make in check gingham, with a color choice of pink and white, blue and white, red and white, green and white, black and white. Sizes: 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Smock 18/6; skirt 16/3. Postage and registration 1/9 extra for each.



F5412



109



110

• Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 86-D, G.P.O., Hobart, New Zealand readers send orders to Box 8344, Wellington, N.Z. C.O.D. orders will be accepted.

AS I READ the STARS

By EVE HILLIARD

For week beginning August 17



ARIES

The Ram

MARCH 21-APRIL 20

★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Lucky color for love, yellow.
★ Gambling colors, yellow, black.
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday.
★ Luck in a youthful attitude.

★ Whether sixteen or sixty, good fortune comes to the young in heart. Smile at those around you and wonderful things happen. A disappointment brings compensation, a pleasure missed presents the opportunity to enjoy something far more exciting. Be flexible, fit in with the plans of others, regard last-minute changes as exhilarating.



TAURUS

The Bull

APRIL 21-MAY 20

★ Lucky number this week, 9.
★ Lucky color for love, rose.
★ Gambling colors, rose, blue.
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Thursday.
★ Luck in starting a new cycle.

★ There's a fresh wind blowing which indicates change. Face it bravely; it brings new factors, interests, activities. If the old love has grown cold, a new romance is in the offing. If your finances have been troubling you, there's the possibility of a better job within a short while. If you can't have what you want, examine the compromise offered.



GEMINI

The Twins

MAY 21-JUNE 21

★ Lucky number this week, 6.
★ Lucky color for love, navy-blue.
★ Gambling colors, navy, green.
★ Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday.
★ Luck in experience.

★ Once you have the know-how you can do things twice as fast. Short cuts, efficiency always appeal to you. You've learned by trial and error, by careful study, and now you cash in. You may be called on to direct beginners or those whose skill is below yours. Be patient if they seem slow. Set an example. Don't be an exhibitionist.



CANCER

The Crab

JUNE 22-JULY 22

★ Lucky number this week, 8.
★ Lucky color for love, black.
★ Gambling colors, white, black.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Saturday.
★ Luck in practical affairs.

★ This week is your last chance to put your finances on a sound basis. Balance the budget, spend wisely, plan for future needs. Your judgment should be excellent; you can afford to expand conservatively. Your nearest and dearest may be astonished at your money sense, but if you descend to penny-pinching it will become irksome.



LEO

The Lion

JULY 23-AUGUST 22

★ Lucky number this week, 7.
★ Lucky color for love, silver.
★ Gambling colors, silver, gold.
★ Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday.
★ Luck in your personality.

★ Honestly look yourself over. Are you as attractive, poised, charming as you wish? Study yourself. Find how you look to others. Could your clothes do more for you? Do you wear colors which clash? Does your hairstyle suit your face? It isn't money but brains which makes the grade. Live up to your beloved's dream picture.



VIRGO

The Virgin

AUGUST 23-SEPTEMBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 3.
★ Lucky color for love, mauve.
★ Gambling colors, mauve, grey.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Saturday.
★ Luck in completing a task.

★ If you're making your first dress or one for a special occasion, you'll finish right on time. If you're doing amateur interior decorating, you'll be ahead of schedule. If it's a stunt to raise money for charity, it's a record harvest. You leave no stone unturned to make a success of your project. When your effort is over you can relax.



LIBRA

The Balance

SEPTEMBER 24-OCTOBER 24

★ Lucky number this week, 9.
★ Lucky color for love, red.
★ Gambling colors, red, navy.
★ Lucky days, Friday, Saturday.
★ Luck through friends.

★ The more people you know the more you'll be in touch with various activities. Friends elect you to a committee, invite you to share in their good times. You meet the friend of a friend and link up with a small crowd which has many new ideas to give you. Be sure to include the man in your life on all suitable occasions.



SCORPIO

The Scorpion

OCTOBER 25-NOVEMBER 22

★ Lucky number this week, 3.
★ Lucky color for love, violet.
★ Gambling colors, violet, green.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Friday.
★ Luck in advertising.

★ Don't expect the world to come to you. If you'd like to join a club, take on a voluntary job, make friends with people you admire. Did you feel shy at a function where you knew few of those present? Others are timid also; take the first step, start a conversation and you'll soon be acquainted. Show qualities of friendly initiative.



SAGITTARIUS

The Archer

NOVEMBER 23-DECEMBER 20

★ Lucky number this week, 6.
★ Lucky color for love, blue.
★ Gambling colors, blue, black.
★ Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.
★ Luck in a high place.

★ This could be a tall building or the top of a hill. You could find inspiration there, make a permanent friend, or merely discover a spot to which you gladly return again and again. If on holiday, you go farther afield than usual. Beware of taking personal relationships for granted. A third person could cause complications.



CAPRICORN

The Goat

DECEMBER 21-JANUARY 19

★ Lucky number this week, 4.
★ Lucky color for love, orange.
★ Gambling colors, tan, orange.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Thursday.
★ Luck in a brainwave.

★ You have a bright idea and you carry it out immediately. You may launch a community enterprise. You might make a proposition to a relative which would be of mutual advantage. If a parent, you arouse the enthusiasm of children in an effort to improve home surroundings. Shrewd, practical thinking will do any trick.



AQUARIUS

The Waterbearer

JANUARY 20-FEBRUARY 19

★ Lucky number this week, 5.
★ Lucky color for love, green.
★ Gambling colors, green, white.
★ Lucky days, Saturday, Sunday.
★ Luck in a family festivity.

★ If it's to celebrate a 21st birthday, an engagement, a marriage, or a wedding anniversary, perhaps a better job for the man of the house or a new home, do your utmost to make it a wonderful occasion. It need not be so very expensive if you hunt for novel ideas, unusual decorations. Such events bind the family together.



PISCES

The Fish

FEBRUARY 20-MARCH 20

★ Lucky number this week, 8.
★ Lucky color for love, brown.
★ Gambling colors, brown, green.
★ Lucky days, Thursday, Friday.
★ Luck in the commonplace.

★ There's danger you or someone dear to you could run off the rails in a spectacular way, going into emotional explosions, or undermining economic security through foolish extravagance. Play safe. The ordinary routine, which you can handle, may not be exciting, but it brings few headaches. Steer clear of eccentricity.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

Continuing . . . A HERO FOR LEANDA

"No—but you're a nice person to have around. I've kind of got used to you."

"You'll look well if I've spoiled you for sailing alone," she said.

"It'll certainly be very different."

Leanda gazed around the empty sea. "I simply don't know how you can bear it on your own. Nothing to look at, week after week, except water! . . . It's not my idea of seeing the world."

Conway grinned. "Wasn't it John Stuart Mill who said that the best way to see the world was to get away from it?"

"Was it? You're always quoting funny little tags."

"Pearls of wisdom, accumulated at Tara's tiller!"

"Well, I still think it's an extraordinary way to live."

"For that matter," Conway said, "I find your way of living pretty extraordinary . . . Sneaking about with leaflets, rioting in the streets, being sent to gaol, organising political propaganda . . . You can't say it's natural. Most girls of your age would be thinking of getting married and raising a family."

"I've plenty of time for that."

Leanda said. "I'm only political about Spyros, you know. Once it's free, I shall turn to other things. I'll be glad to . . . But you—what happens to you in the end? Are you going to be an Ancient Mariner?"

"I might be . . . Old Joshua Slocum never got tired of it."

"Who was he?"

"He was a man who sailed round the world on his own—till he disappeared. He was supposed to have been run down in the dark."

"What a dismal prospect!"

Leanda said.

"Oh, well, maybe I'll get fed up with it in the end . . . Perhaps I'll be like the sea captain who retired."

"What sea captain?"

"He'd spent forty years afloat. One day he put an oar over his shoulder and walked straight inland. He walked and walked, until one morning, after many weeks, a boy stopped him in the street and said, 'Hi, mister, what's that thing over your shoulder?' Then the sea captain knew he'd reached a place where he could spend the rest of his days in peace!"

Leanda smiled. "It's a nice story. . . . Perhaps you'll go back to Ireland in the end. People say it's lovely."

"It is indeed," Conway said. "Pretty as a picture . . . I remember a place my father and mother used to take me to for picnics sometimes—the wild pansies grew so thick on the dunes you could scarcely move for them, and the fuchsia flowers in the hedges were as big as plums."

"What did your father do, Mike?"

"Oh, he did a lot of things, but towards the end he was keeping a small hotel, a holiday place, up in the wilds of Donegal. He was very sentimental about Ireland. He'd have liked me to take over the place, the way fathers do, but I was tired of the bogs and wanted to get away on my own. So he paid for me to go to Dublin, to the university, and I became an engineer."

"And then what?"

"Then I went to Canada—Montreal, Quebec, all sorts of places. That's a fine country, Canada. I was there quite a while, helping to build bridges and dams and things. The trouble was I couldn't keep still—I'm a real wanderer. I started sailing, first on the lakes and then on the sea, and I got mad about boats, and in the end I just packed up and sailed away and I've been sailing ever since."

By the end of the tenth day, Thalia had been blown so far

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to the north that a change of course was essential if they weren't to miss Heuresse by fifty miles. Leanda, whose eagerness to reach the island and get on with the rescue operation was growing steadily now they were so near, suggested they should use the engine and motor straight there. But Conway was against that. Later on, he said, they might have to rely on the engine a good deal, and as it wasn't at all certain they'd be able to get the right sort of diesel fuel in Heuresse they'd better husband what they'd got.

The whole trade in the luxuries of life is brought into existence and supported by the requirements of women.
—Leo Tolstoy

Next morning early, therefore, he put Thalia about, and they started a long tack on a course a little west of south. The wind had fallen light, and they had to keep going all day and all night and part of the next day before Conway was satisfied that they would make Heuresse on one more tack. Then, with the island well over the lee bow, he turned the ship again on to the 85-degree course.

There was a little excitement next morning when Conway, at the tiller, suddenly called "Sail-ho!" and Leanda came rushing up from the saloon to see a three-masted schooner bearing down on them from the north. Conway thought she was probably trading between the Seychelles and Mauritius. She was soon hull down, and for the rest of the day Thalia had the sea to herself again.

THAT evening Conway began studying his arrival charts. Heuresse was the largest of a group of islands and islets that rose from a shallow underwater plateau. The long, deep-water crossing was almost over; soon Thalia would have only a fathom or two under her—and the dangers of coral were very fresh in Conway's mind. But on the west, he was relieved to see, there appeared to be a broad, unobstructed approach through the cays and islands. Provided the chart showed all the hazards, there should be no serious difficulty.

It was Leanda who, on the fourteenth day, suddenly announced that she could see a tree growing out of the ocean. It was the top of a coconut palm, rising from some invisible spit of sand perhaps ten miles away on the starboard bow. Soon other trees appeared, singly and in clumps. There were islands now on both sides—most of them, according to the chart, uninhabited cays, but some with little copra-trading stations and a scattering of huts. There was an exciting tang of wood smoke in the air.

Conway took special care with his sights that evening, getting a perfect fix from three stars just before darkness blotted out the horizon. They had now only about thirty-five miles to go, but these would be the most hazardous miles of all. There was no question of alternate watches any more. Conway took the tiller, his ears alert for the warning sound of surf. Leanda, beside him, watched for any flock of white. But they heard nothing, and saw nothing, and sailed peacefully on.

It was a heavenly night, warm as a caress. The stars were brilliant. Over the tip of the boom, to the north, the Plough swung gently, upside down. Away to the south, the Southern Cross blazed. The air was sweet with the scents from the land.

Conway looked down at Leanda. "Well," he said, "only a few hours more. I must say I feel quite sorry."

"It's been a good trip," Leanda said.

"It's been a very short trip. I don't feel ready for the land yet."

"We've got a job to do," Leanda reminded him. "We're not just out for a sail."

"I can't think of jobs tonight," Conway said. He gazed up at the starlit canopy of the sky. "Lovely, isn't it? The great out-of-doors . . ."

"Beautiful."

"What was it Stevenson said? 'To live out of doors . . .'"

Abruptly, he broke off.

"To live out of doors—what?" Leanda asked.

"It's odd," Conway said, "but I can't remember the rest of the quotation . . . Look, if we've got to keep awake all night, why don't we have some coffee?"

It was a splendid and exciting dawn. Against a flushed sky, Heuresse stood out boldly, straight ahead and very close. It looked big and solid, a considerable chunk of land. Unlike the other islands they had seen, it rose impressively to a granite knob so high that the top was wreathed in cloud. Coconut palms climbed far up the hillside from the empty beaches. Everything looked lush and green and inviting.

Leanda, studying the shore through the binoculars, said softly, "I wonder where we shall find him!"

Conway grunted, and bent over his chart. The island, fifteen miles long by about ten at its widest part, was shaped like a pear drop, and it was the pointed end they were approaching. The capital, Port Edward, lay on the other side of the point, a mile or so up the coast. As they closed the land, the high ground took their wind, and Thalia's sails drooped.

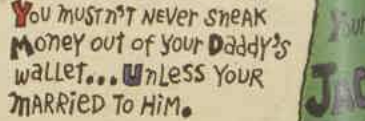
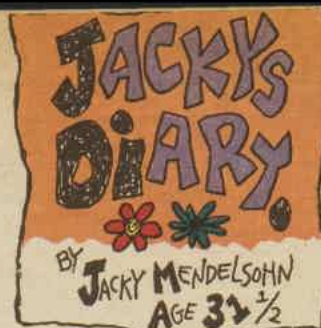
Conway started the engine, and they motored round the promontory over a glassy sea. There was a tall white lighthouse marking the end of the harbor channel. As soon as they were in plain view of the port, Conway let the anchor go in four fathoms and hoisted the yellow "Q" flag—"My vessel is healthy and I request free pratique."

Leanda prepared breakfast while he wound in the log line and scraped it clean of the sea creatures, large as olives, that had somehow managed to get a grip of it, even though it had been spinning all the while. Then, for the first time since Mombasa, they ate a meal together, a cheerful celebration. They were just clearing away when a launch came out with the port doctor, a young colored man who welcomed them warmly and quickly gave them permission to enter the port.

They followed the launch in, steering between fierce-looking submarine cliffs of coral that made them glad of the pilotage, and tied up at the quieter end of the quay under directions from the harbor master. In a few minutes Customs and immigration formalities were completed. They had arrived!

To be continued

Printed by Congress Printing Limited for the publisher Australian Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY





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Winter Diet

Good looks must have a good diet and, at this time of the year, it is good to concentrate on proteins. Meat, fish, and reducing cheese supply winter "fuel" without adding weight. Vitamins are also important, the juice of a lemon in a little warm water, orange, or grapefruit juice should be taken first thing in the morning. Diet is as important as skin care during winter and good news knows, morning and night care with oil of skin is a top priority which must not be forgotten.

Margaret Merrill.



Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE, Master Magician, and PRINCESS NARDA have trapped the mysterious Invisible Thief in the fake Mandrake Laboratories. The thief had hidden Narda in a back room, but Mandrake tricked the thief into coming under his

hypnotic power. Under this hypnotic spell the thief could do nothing except what Mandrake commanded. Mandrake has released Princess Narda and has commanded the Invisible Thief to make himself visible. NOW READ ON:



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